

NOVEMBER, 1944

TEN CENTS

the Canadian woman's magazine



Are more boy babies born in wartime?

Even in normal times more boy babies than girls are born, and the ratio is actually increased during and after wars, say statistics . . . but whether your infant be boy or girl, the most important human experience you can know is this miracle of birth.

As you watch the gradual, fascinating unfolding of this new personality—with its hopes and problems—you realize that while society is geared to protect your new son or daughter upon arrival, the protection of your baby's future lies in *your own* hands. You must train and guide it and provide for its future development. And you want peace of mind regarding its future security.

Here life insurance . . . a protection which every thoughtful father and mother insists upon . . . comes to your assistance. It provides for the future with a certainty which savings alone cannot equal.

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THE FUTURE BELONGS TO THOSE WHO PREPARE FOR IT

Says *Mr. Gold Seal*,



"I'M AT MY BEST WHEN
THE CHIPS ARE DOWN"



I'm a much more determined character than I look: You see, I have an inborn sense of responsibility. That's why, in addition to devoting our machine-shop exclusively to armament specialties, I accepted the challenge of wartime shortages and went all-out to maintain the quality of my product, Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs and Congoleum by-the-yard. I reflected that by thus assuring a dependable source of colourful, cheery, work-saving, budget-easing floors, I would in my own quiet way, be doing a real morale job. And thousands of Congoleum fans across Canada, seem to agree with me."

HOW TO HELP MR. GOLD SEAL MAKE GOOD

You can get added wear out of your Congoleum floors with very little effort. Brush and mop them regularly and renew the brightness of their surface with an occasional waxing. Make sure too, that the floor underneath is smooth and free from crevices or knobs. If it's a rug, move it every few months to "spread" the traffic. Yes, a little care will pay big dividends.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL *Rugs*

Another Wartime Reminder from Frigidaire :

HOW TO FIGHT FOOD WASTE WITH YOUR REFRIGERATOR

Check yourself on these Daily Rules for the big job of keeping food safe these wartime days

It's always Summer in your kitchen! That's why your refrigerator is as important in Fall and Winter as in the heat of July. Foods must be protected at all times to guard health, prevent waste. Now, in wartime, it's even more important to know how and where to keep foods, what to store in your refrigerator—what to leave out to save space.

Some of the important rules for keeping food appear on this page. You'll find others in "101 Refrigerator Helps"—a new booklet offered free by Frigidaire to users of all makes of refrigerators. Also it's filled with recipes, hints on meal preparation, tips on how to give vital refrigeration equipment the best of care.

First thing to remember—most foods contain a lot of moisture. If this is lost, they get tough and tasteless. Also vitamins are destroyed. Unless your refrigerator is a high humidity type, *cover foods* to keep them moist.

Give perishables prompt attention! Never let exposure to room temperatures rob foods of nutritive values, appearance, flavor. Always refrigerate as soon as possible.

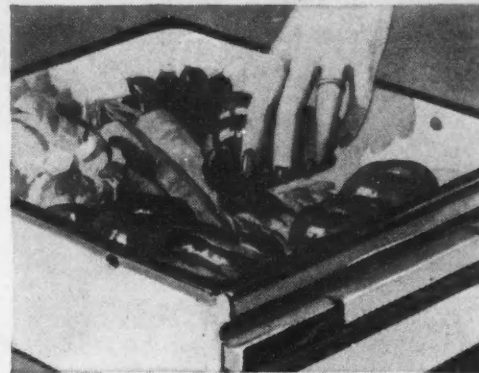


Invest in Victory

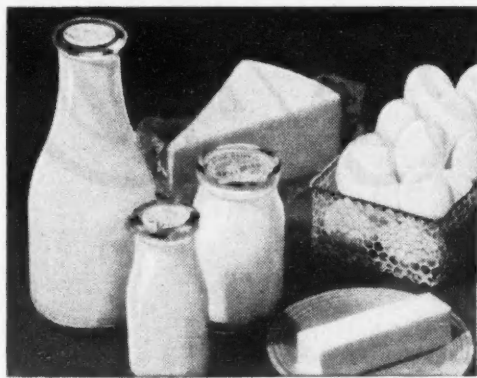


Fresh Meat may be kept uncovered in meat compartment or loosely wrapped just below freezer. If not used soon, wrap and freeze immediately. Wash poultry thoroughly, pat dry, wrap in waxed paper, store in meat compartment. Always wrap fish. Freeze if kept longer than 24 hours. For more information on meat keeping, see "101 Refrigerator Helps."*

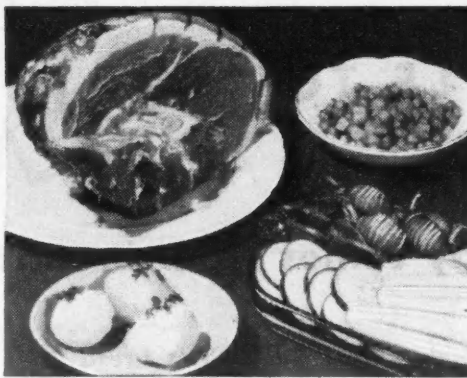
BUY VICTORY BONDS



Vegetables and Fruits require moist storage. Wash, trim and drain leafy vegetables immediately. Pile them loosely in a covered container to prevent bruising. Soft, fresh fruits and berries should be sorted, spread on a shallow pan, refrigerated. Do not cover. Never wash berries before you store them. Other tips in "101 Refrigerator Helps."*



Dairy Products are highly perishable. Refrigerate milk and cream immediately, continuously. Butter needs a tight cover to protect flavor. Eggs need refrigeration, too. At room temperature they lose freshness far faster than in a refrigerator. "101 Refrigerator Helps" * gives many more helpful details.



Leftovers should be stored immediately after meals. Use promptly. Put cooked meats in meat compartment, or covered containers in coldest part of food compartment. Keep leftover cooked vegetables in covered dishes to prevent drying and mingling of flavors. See ways to use leftovers in "101 Refrigerator Helps."*

Do's!

- Do be sure your refrigerator keeps Safety Zone Temperatures—from 32° to 45° or 50°.
- Do remove food from store wrappings or packages.
- Do wrap and freeze ground meats immediately if not to be used within 24 hours. Same applies to "variety" meats like liver, sweetbreads.
- Do separate ground meats into usable portions before freezing. Place waxed paper between portions.
- Do refer to "101 Refrigerator Helps" * for more hints.

Don'ts!

- Don't crowd perishable foods out of your refrigerator by overloading with bottled goods, jellies, relishes, etc.
- Don't let milk stand at room temperatures—or pour unused portions back in bottle.
- Don't leave odorous foods uncovered.
- Don't freeze more ice cubes than you need. Use the space for storing frozen foods.
- Don't guess about food storage. When in doubt, refrigerate.

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GARGLE Listerine Antiseptic Quick!

Literally millions of colds and sore throats due to colds are transmitted by direct contact such as a kiss or a handshake. Millions more are transmitted by eating from utensils loaded with germs. Still other millions travel through the air by way of a cough or a sneeze, and still other millions develop as a result of lowered body resistance which often allows germs to get the upper hand.

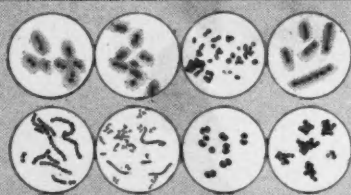
If you've been thus exposed, better gargle right away with Listerine Antiseptic . . . attack the germs associated with colds and their sore throats before they attack you.

The prompt and frequent use of Listerine Antiseptic may help you to head off a cold entirely or reduce its severity once the cold has started.

Fewer Colds In Tests

Listerine, you see, reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders" that so many nose and throat specialists say are responsible for some of a cold's most distressing symptoms.

You can see how important it is to guard against a "mass invasion" of the tissue by these ugly customers. (See panel above.)



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

The "Secondary Invaders"

Above are some types of "secondary invaders", millions of which may exist on the mouth and throat surfaces. They may cause no harm until body resistance is lowered when they may invade the tissue and set up or aggravate the troublesome aspects of the infection you call a cold. You can see how important it is to attack them before they get the upper hand.

Note How Listerine Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

Listerine's quick germ-killing action, we believe, explains its impressive record against colds as shown by tests conducted over a period of 12 years.

Regular twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users in these tests had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than non-garglers. Moreover, their colds, when they did develop, were generally milder in character and of shorter duration.

Surely, when you feel a cold coming on it is just plain common sense to start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic. Meanwhile, get all the rest you can and eat lightly.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

MADE IN CANADA

Foreword and Footnotes



I. A. R. WYLIE, whose signature has been affixed to a long line of best-sellers, contributes our opening short story this month, "Don't Marry for Love," a charming light-hearted yarn in which two, or even three, nicely complicated romances are case-historied before your very eyes. Having many times picked up the Wylie autobiography, "My Life with George," we are in a position to tell you that this clever writer has had a life stranger than her own fiction—a weird London childhood with an irascible, unpredictable and completely extraordinary father, many times married, and "who dodged his last creditor on his deathbed"; a girlhood freedom that started with solitary bicycle tours when she was 11 years old; two years of feverish activity with the Pankhurst suffragettes in Britain; extensive travel adventures paid for by the sweat of her brow and the diligent employment of her pen. She has never married; the "George" in her life is the nagging subconscious which keeps her at work. All her editors and publishers are ready to pay George a bonus!

IF YOU like murders nicely presented between the covers of a book, you must certainly have made the acquaintance of Perry Mason, and once having met him you're bound to know that smart secretary of his, Della Street, one of the most knowable young women in popular fiction. It wasn't by accident that the author, Erle Stanley Gardner, chose a friendly, alert business gal like Della as his sleuth's right-hand-man—not at all! Gardner, who is rather like Perry in his dynamic mastery of all angles and his keen judgment of people and situations, thinks a good secretary is a pearl of great price, feels that a boss who doesn't give her his complete confidence is missing something pretty valuable in business. Gardner should know, because his big-time writing career, bulking well over a million words a year, necessitates a battery of capable secretaries, and to them he gives full credit for their share in his success. Chatelaine editors join him in his gratitude, for that exclusive article which you'll read on page eight came to us in immaculate



copy form, with never an erasure nor a misspelled word—a perfect transcription from the author's dictating machine into which (we've heard tell) he fires his ideas with the rapidity of a machine-gun. (Gardner in typical pose above.)



HUNDREDS of thousands of Canadian women will spot that letter in our cover picture for what it is: a blue air-letter form from overseas. It's one of those hastily scribbled notes that lots of us have learned to live on, from week to week and year to year, for three, four and five years now. Our Cover Girl's smile is the genuine article, too, for those rings on the third finger, left hand, are her own, and the man in her life is on service far afield. No wonder she smiles happily after reading those lines: "The socks were most welcome and like the other stuff came in the nick of time! This business is going to be over soon and I'll be home again—with you!" Speed the day.

Don't Marry for Love

by
I. A. R. Wylie

"She trusts me," Mr. Smith retorted. "She knows I love her." "How nice," the girl said, "to be a horse."



THE young man in the overalls spread-eagled his long legs in order to balance himself. He and his motorcycle looked as though they had crossed the continent in a deluge without stopping. The machine was caked with dirt. The young man had the makings of a luxuriant black beard, mud up to his eyes and an expression of ferocious purpose. He asked, "Is this the Hotel Beau Séjour?" and the man with the green baize apron who had come through the French windows onto the balcony to have a look at the newcomer said it was. There the conversation halted for a moment. The man with the apron was middle-aged and had a thatch of handsome grey hair and a cheerful complexion. His eyes suggested that in his youth he had enjoyed life vigorously and that he still enjoyed it, though with more detachment. The young man squinted up at him through the

late afternoon sunshine that filtered down between the maple trees. The apron seemed to puzzle him.

"Who are you?" he asked rather rudely.

"My name is Smith," the older man answered unruffled. "As the last male survivor of the staff I am known as 'Our Mr. Smith.' I cultivate and arrange our flowers. I curvy our putting green and the three remaining saddle horses. I sustain the morale of the female staff with sex appeal, and in my off moments I answer pertinent and impertinent questions." He leaned his elbows comfortably on the stone balustrade. "And who the heck are you?" he asked.

The young man gave an unwilling snort of laughter.

"My name's Tobias Randolph. Even my enemies call me Toby. There's a girl in that gilded

CHATELAINE FOR NOVEMBER



HELP YOURSELF TO

BREAD

1/4 of Canada's food energy comes from bread!

NO WONDER bread rates first in your wartime diet! Bread gives you plenty of *extra* energy to help you meet the strain of wartime living.

Today you're doing more. You are working harder at home. You are working harder on your job. Two slices of bread each meal are no longer enough to keep you going. You need *at least three slices* of energy-rich bread every meal for *extra* body fuel.

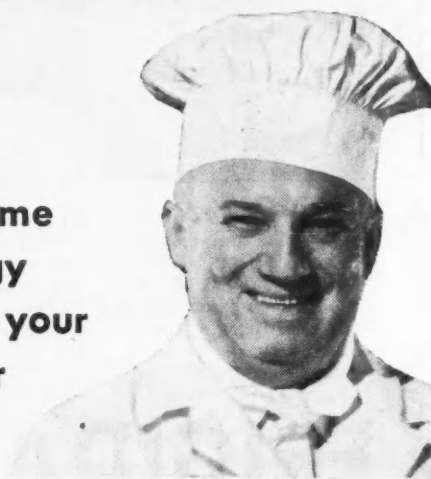
Bread is one of the best and the cheapest sources of energy there are. It's almost solid nutrition—your biggest energy food value in wartime.

Good, wholesome baker's bread supplies the *lasting* energy many other carbohydrates don't provide. And baker's bread is easily and quickly digested. Every crumb is utilized. There's no residue for the body to dispose of.

Make delicious, crispy-cruled baker's bread the starting point of every meal you plan. Serve it plain, toasted, in snacks, sandwiches, and in dozens of appetizing recipes.

Your whole family—especially the children—need energy-satisfying baker's bread. Eat plenty of it—at *least three slices* every meal.

**Buy
wartime
energy
from your
baker**



The bread your local baker supplies takes on added importance in wartime. It is one of the richest and cheapest sources of food-energy. And made with milk, or eaten with milk, it is an important source of protein for building and repairing muscles.

*Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast
as a contribution to the advancement
of Canadian National Health*

*** IN WARTIME EAT ONE MORE SLICE OF BREAD EACH MEAL ***

clear blue eyes of an innocent but gay wisdom that seamen seem to inherit from their calling. At the moment the gaiety was overcast by an expression of perplexed anxiety. He said, "Hullo, my girl!" and she said, "Hello, dad," and came over and kissed him. "Waiting, as usual?" she asked.

"Your mother dressed," he said. "But she won't come down to dinner. She doesn't feel so well. It's the journey. And there's an orchestra. You know how she hates orchestras."

They both glanced across the room to the closed door. They were both seeing beyond it to the lovely fragile woman stretched gracefully and wearily on her chaise-longue. They were both feeling the same thing about her, but differently. Patricia wondered about the man beside her. Being in love with Mother must be a bit of a heartache. But then being in love with anyone was a heartache. Better not to be in love at all. "Howard's made it," she said. "He caught a plane. He'll be here over the week end."

"According to plan," the Captain said. "He must be a great comfort to Headquarters." He glanced down rather shyly at the girl beside him.

Her mother, years ago, when she had been young and happy, must have been as beautiful, and perhaps had the same look in her eyes, eager and secretly afraid, laughter-loving and afraid of laughter.

"Made up your mind?" he asked.

"Yes, dad."

"So young Toby's out on his ear?"

"Quite out," she said.

"Well, he's a sailor. I like sailors."

She smiled and took his arm.

"I like them too. I don't like cheats."

The Captain pulled a sad little grimace. She wasn't quite fair, perhaps. But all the same he understood. He'd seen how Claire, her mother, had felt, and still felt. There were some hurts that went on and on—like the ripples on a pool after a carelessly tossed stone. Oh, damn that scoundrel! And yet if there hadn't been just such a scoundrel, he, Captain James Bentick, would never have loved or at least never have married. Things like that perplexed a simple-minded fellow. So much good came out of so much evil.

"Well—let's go!" he said sighing.

They went out onto the corridor, closing the door softly. The Bentick suite was on the ground floor, so that Mother could walk out straight into the garden. At the end of the corridor was the dining room where an elderly three-piece orchestra was playing the Blue Danube. Patricia felt the man beside her quiver. He was a wonderful dancer. But he didn't dance any more. Because Mother couldn't. It was her heart—that cleverly mended but still broken heart.

A young man in a lieutenant's perfectly cut uniform came to meet them. A neat colorless fellow, the Captain thought sourly. Rich as Croesus. So he wasn't marrying Pat for money. Just for what he called love. So he was safe as the Rock of Gibraltar and just about as stimulating. He wouldn't cause Pat's heart a pang. Or an extra beat.

"Hullo, Howard."

"Hullo, Sir. Hullo, Pat—"

All the "Hullo's" expressed and out of the way, Howard Carstairs took the girl's arm and held it possessively.

"You see, I made it, darling. A whole week end!"

She smiled up at him. The Captain had often wondered how screen stars conjured up looks of rapture at the drop of a hat. Perhaps all women had the trick. Unreasonably disgruntled, he led the young couple into the dining room, walking with an exaggerated quarterdeck firmness so that his feet shouldn't fall into three-quarter time.

MR. SMITH, in charge of the Beau Séjour's scanty room service, wondered about the unknown lady whose order he was preparing. A chicken wing and toast Melba suggested someone delicate and rather wistfully lovely. Mr. Smith laid a daffodil across the napkin. It gave the whole tray an air of subtle and understanding tribute.

But Maude, the waitress, grumbled.

"Sick folk," she said, "ought to stay home."

At the door he stopped and grinned at her. "And bring some of your darn money with you, sweet."

"If you were sick, sweetheart," Mr. Smith said courteously, "it would be a pleasure to bring your dinner to you."

Maude said, "Oh, Mr. Smith!" and tossed a be-bowed head at him. But she went off in high good temper just as Tobias Randolph lurched into the pantry with a precariously piled up load of dirty dishes. Even washed and shaved and squeezed into the last departed waiter's dinner coat he looked wayworn. He had black circles under his grey eyes. A hundred miles on a motorcycle and an empty stomach and a cracking heart had played havoc with him.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

"I took a peek round the screen. No. I don't blame you." Mr. Smith began polishing the array of spoons lying in wait for him. "Has she seen you?" he asked.

"Just now. I got balled up again on that left and right business and she looked up at me. She was all prepared to smile and be nice about it." He grinned. "Well, I'm tough," he said. "I'm still alive."

"If she's that mad," Mr. Smith said, "she doesn't love you."

"But she does. Absolutely. I know. It's just the money. Money's the devil. You're out of luck if you haven't and you're ditto if you have. She has and I haven't—"

"Which lays you open to the darkest suspicion of being after hers." Mr. Smith seized on a sullen-looking teaspoon and breathed on it. "Are you?" he asked.

"I am not. Why should I be? My folks are solid and I'm quite a bright young man. I'll make my way anywhere. If it wasn't for all this trouble I'd even make it in the Navy."

"You should have told her."

A faint red crept up under Tobias' pallor.

"That's the hitch," he said. "That's where my doggone foolishness comes in—"

Mr. Smith realized that the bright young man was now about to tell all and pushed a chamois leather into his hands.

"Polish while you talk," he said.

"Sure. You see—we met at a canteen shindig. She was one of the hostesses. I pretended I didn't know who she was—treated her just like any other nice girl. I thought she'd get a kick being asked out to a movie and a bite at the corner hamburger. Well, we both got the kick." Tobias dropped his spoon to illustrate forked lightning striking. "At first sight," he said. "After that it was sort of hard to tell her. And then—well, as bad luck would have it she found out that I'd known all the time that she was rich as Croesus. So the fat was in the fire. She thought it was just another smart new play—"

"Couldn't you have explained?"

"I tried." An expression of sheer perplexity came into the boy's face. "It was the darndest business. I'll swear that somewhere inside her she knew I was telling the truth and that she ought to believe me. But she just couldn't. It was as though someone—not her at all—had dropped a sort of iron screen between so that she couldn't even hear properly."

"Most baffling," Mr. Smith agreed.

"Then she asked me—supposing her mother cut her off with a dime, would I still marry her? And I said of course I wouldn't—"

"For Pete's sake!" Mr. Smith exclaimed in sheer exasperation. "What made you say that?"

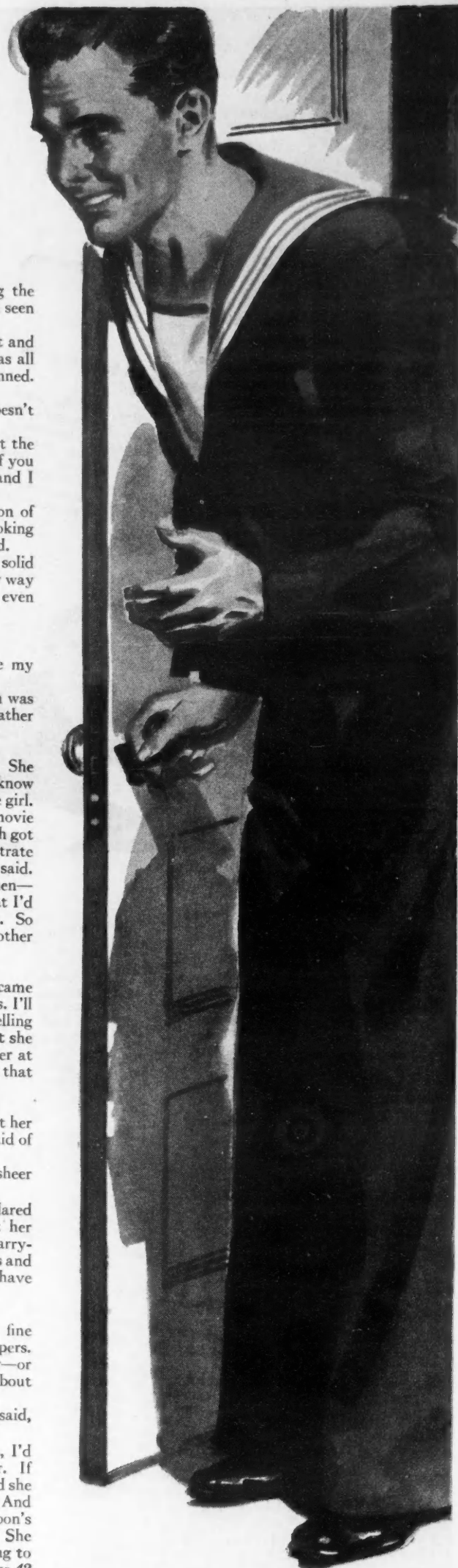
"Because it was an insult," Tobias declared indignantly. "If she couldn't trust me about her rotten money she didn't trust me at all. Sure. Marrying a rich girl's no cinch. A man's got to have guts and character. Well, I've got 'em and she ought to have known it."

"She certainly ought," Mr. Smith admitted.

"Besides—it wouldn't work. One of these fine washing days she'd throw it at me with the diapers. She'd say, 'Look what I've given up for you!' Or—suppose I get bumped off. Think how I'd feel about it!"

"According to all accounts," Mr. Smith said, "bumped off people are singularly indifferent—"

"I wouldn't be. Whatever or wherever I was, I'd worry. I'm not just crazy about her. I love her. If that pie-faced General's pet would do her any good she could have him—" He stopped to get his breath. And then he went on very soberly, "Just once in a coon's age, brother, two people get made for each other. She and I were made for each other and I'm not going to let a lot of stinking money + Continued on page 42



sepulchre of yours called Patricia Bentick. I want to see her."

"Does she want to see you?"

"The last time I heard she couldn't bear the sight of me. And you can't blame her."

"I don't," Mr. Smith assured him.

"A schizophrenic numskull, a psychological moron"—young Tobias seemed to have forgotten his companion's existence and to be addressing himself exclusively—"a smart-aleck and double-distilled wise-guy who gets himself off on the wrong foot—"

"What sort of wrong foot?"

Mr. Smith wanted to know. "Flat or cold?"

Mr. Randolph came back to Mr. Smith with a distrustful scowl. Then, penetrating the depths of the innuendo, tore at the zipper of his overalls.

"Do I have to undress every time someone wants to take a crack at me? See that? It's a sailor's collar. I'm a sailor. Plain. No stripes. No medals. No girl. No nothing. Just 10 days leave and a marriage license."

Mr. Smith apologized.

"Your dress misled me. My age and a peptic ulcer explain my own civilian apron." He cocked his head consideringly. "Broke?" he asked.

"Dead. I had to give two months' pay for this pile of animated junk. Couldn't get here without it. Not in time. A hundred miles cross country. No decent train connections. Made it under four hours. Now look at me!"

"I am looking. I suggest that a shave might modify Miss Bentick's unfavorable and no doubt unjust judgment."

The young man rubbed his chin and looked at his hand in glum astonishment. In spite of his aggressive manner Mr. Smith suspected that he was really very unhappy, and he confirmed the suspicion by saying violently, "She's the very devil. I can't live without her." Thereafter staring up at the spring green overhead as though he had just caught sight of something of absorbing interest. His rather full but kindly and good-humored mouth had tightened like a trap. "I've tried it," he said bleakly. "It's no soap."

Mr. Smith drew himself up leisurely.

"College man, I presume?"

"Do I sound that educated?"

"At intervals. And there is an undisguisable *je ne sais quoi*, as the French say, with a no doubt superior accent, about us lads. . . . Incidentally, in your progress through the halls of wisdom, did you learn to distinguish your right hand from your left?"

"My bo'sun says not."

"A useful accomplishment—especially among waiters. Failing that—can you peel potatoes?"

Mr. Randolph's mouth relaxed.

"I do nothing but—"

"Good. The Beau Séjour needs you. Go round to the back entrance. Say our Mr. Smith sent you. Tell 'em you're a young man working his way through the Navy. They'll fall on your neck."

Young Tobias showed nice white teeth.

"Thanks, brother."

He gave his machine a vicious kick and it roared furiously back at him. A minute later he had vanished in a cloud of blue smoke and Mr. Smith sauntered back into the dining room. It looked, and was, expensive. The Beau Séjour which catered considerably for the Capital's exhausted inexpendables and in spite of declining menus kept up its prices gallantly. The square table, set in a favored position by the window, was laid for four and carried a charming arrangement of daffodils and a reservation card. The latter bore the names of Captain and Mrs. Bentick and Miss Patricia Bentick. The fourth seat had been left anonymous. Mr. Smith patted a drooping daffodil with a mixture of affection and admonition and it at once assumed a more cheerful attitude. Daffodils were Mr. Smith's favorite flower and they would do anything for him. But then flowers, as a whole, were reasonable creatures. Not like human beings. This Tobias fellow, for instance. There were probably a million Patricias in the world—good Patricias, lovely Patricias. But no, Tobias had to have this particular

You always meet such interesting people at a resort hotel! There's the distinguished Captain, with his neurotic wife; there's Patricia, rich and stubborn, and Toby, poor and determined. And, most important, there's Smith, jack-of-all-trades, who understands heart repairs too. Don't miss this!

Illustrated by Harry Timmins

Patricia or break his heart. Probably he'd break it anyway. Which was another phase of human self-deception. Because broken hearts, in Mr. Smith's experience, went on ticking nicely and in a few months their absurd owners wouldn't know the difference.

HER BEDROOM window looked out over the driveway, so she heard the motorcycle. And afterward she remembered that she had heard it and that her heart, for no reasonable reason, had taken note of it by a skipped beat. She was looking at herself in the long mirror at the time, and reflecting that she was really very lovely. And why shouldn't she be? If she had been born incurably bald instead of with wavy chestnut hair, with a squint instead of grey well-spaced eyes, and a hunchback instead of slender perfect bones, Mother, as the daughter of a stock exchange wizard who had seen Permanent Depression coming round the Corner and dodged it, would have done the trick for her. Mothers like that could do anything. Or almost.

Her dress was charming too. Very simple in accord with the grim times and very expensive in accord with Mother's unalterable good taste.

No, Patricia Bentick could take no credit to herself for being what one exuberant young man had called "an eyeful."

The telephone on her writing table buzzed discreetly and she took down the receiver. She said, "Oh, it's you, Howard?" And then with more animation, "How wonderful! Yes—of course. Dad and I will be right along."

She put back the receiver and went into the adjoining living room. The Benticks' suite was the Beau Séjour's best, and decorated so tastefully that it had no taste at all. But in a few hours Mother had made it beautiful—with little touches that you hardly noticed, or perhaps with just herself.

A tall broad-shouldered man in a naval captain's uniform stood warming himself by the fireplace. He, too, was appropriate—a distinguished-looking fellow with



Perfect Secretary

lucrative, he made me president of the company. He retained the title of Sales Manager.

I went to San Francisco and moved into my new office and somewhat diffidently started to "familiarize myself with the business."

J. T. came into the office full of bustle and efficiency. "Okay," he said, "let's get going. Now I've got to go up to the Northwest. Here's a file of correspondence from the Blank Manufacturing Company. They've been manufacturing on a big scale for half a dozen large companies, but they realize that it's only going to be a question of time until these companies start making everything for themselves. Therefore, these people want to get a start in the jobbing business. They have unlimited capital and all the manufacturing know-how, but they can't seem to get to first base. They've offered to pay my expenses back to the plant which is near Chicago. If we can satisfactorily analyze their sales problems they'll appoint us as sales agents in this territory with a \$500-a-month guarantee."

I murmured that this was most encouraging.

"You do that," J. T. said, "and I'll go up to the Northwest."

I looked at him in startled surprise. "Are you crazy? These people want you. They've been attracted by your record. I don't know anything about sales."

"Well, how are you going to learn?"

"By experience, I suppose."

"All right," J. T. explained patiently, "this is where you get the experience."

I saw no reason to waste time arguing when I had a perfect defense, so I merely said, "All right, J. T., if you can fix it up without making any false representations so that these people would just as soon have me come to the plant as you, I'll go."

I smiled in premature triumph as he picked up the file and went out.

Late that afternoon a wire came in from the Blank Manufacturing Company: "Be glad meet Gardner twenty-seventh."

I looked up the telegram J. T. had sent the Blank Manufacturing Company. It read: "J. T., our sales manager unable expert your sales activities for 30 days, but because this due no fault yours, will

send E. S. Gardner, our president, at no extra cost. If agreeable, he will arrive your plant, twenty-seventh. Wire."

That was all there was to it.

In those days getting a Pullman reservation simply necessitated walking up to a ticket window and putting down the money. That night I was headed for Chicago. I arrived on the twenty-seventh. I was met by the sales manager of the plant. Wherever possible I kept my mouth shut. There were times when I had to say something. At such times I was painfully conscious that I wasn't saying the right thing at the right time. I wasn't saying the right thing—period.

I met the president. I met the advertising manager. I met the directors. I went through the plant. Various and sundry processes of manufacture were explained to me. I was shown some of the sales records and given a brief outline of some of the sales difficulties. The atmosphere became progressively cooler.

LOOKING BACK on it now, I can realize that they were merely hitting the high spots, giving me a general outline so that I could put in the next week or 10 days making an intensive study of what I wanted to investigate. But I didn't have the faintest idea of what was usual procedure in such cases. Therefore, when this first survey was completed, somewhere around quitting time, I suggested that I would like to start dictating while everything was fresh in my mind and asked if it would be possible to get some stenographer who was generally familiar with the sales setup so that dictation would be facilitated.

They looked at me rather strangely, but finally arranged with the secretary of the regional sales manager of the Western zone to stay that evening and take down my dictation.

Everyone else went home.

I suggested to this girl that we go out and get something to eat, and she thought that was a splendid idea. By the time we got back to the office we were pretty well acquainted. She was irritated over something that had happened that day and told me about it. From then on it was rather an easy matter ♦ Continued on page 57



Name Miss O. J. Waters.

Job Secretary to Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defense, Ottawa.

Remarks First woman in Canada to know about the invasion; she received word at 4 a.m. when Minister was out of town. A 14-hour day at her desk is no novelty. An accomplished musician but has had to set aside hobbies for duration. Says she wouldn't for worlds have missed living, and working at her job, at this time in history. Doesn't smoke or drink—even coffee or tea. Believes secretary needs perfect health and nerves, alert interest in job, respect for chief.



Name Miss Eileen Macdonald.

Job Secretary to M. W. Wilson, President Royal Bank of Canada, Montreal.

Remarks Joined the bank staff in 1922 and immediately took extra-mural banking course through Queen's, winning her FCBA—undoubtedly a good foundation for present position. Hours vary according to work in hand; doesn't hold with clock-watching. Bowls and swims a little but most interesting hobby is writing, under pen-name of W. E. Mack; two mystery novels and some short stories published. Never expects to write best seller but "I couldn't be happy if I didn't have a ladder to climb."

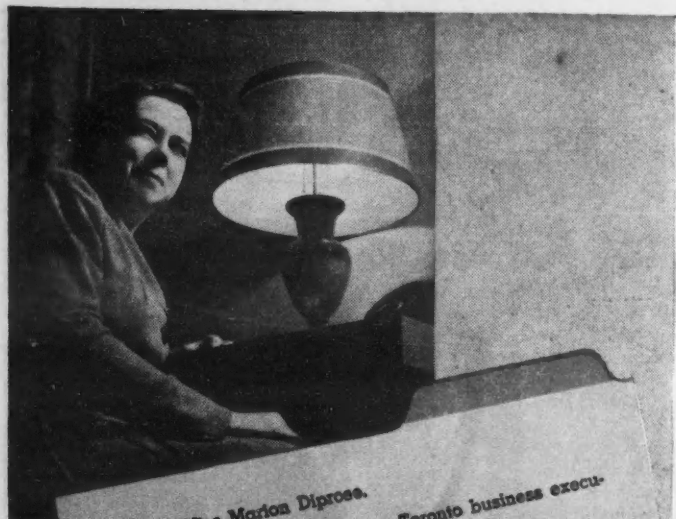


Name Miss Margaret Catherine MacDonald.

Job Secretary to Clarence Wallace, President of the Burrard Dry Dock Co., Vancouver.

Remarks Graduate of the University of B. C. in Arts and Education, taught for some years before mastering shorthand and typewriting. Was personal financial adviser to private clients, and in her spare time still enjoys helping families balance their budgets. Secretary to lawyer before latter joined Army; has wide knowledge of legal matters. Loves present exciting contact with wartime shipbuilding. Hobbies: week-end farming and beekeeping in Fraser Valley.

The clever fellow who dreamed up Della Street, famous secretary to Perry Mason, lawyer-sleuth, has some pretty important convictions on the subject of the Gal in the Outer Office. All secretaries will want to read this article — and all bosses should be made to!



Name Miss Marion Diprose.
Job Secretary to E. P. Taylor, Toronto business executive associated with some 50 companies.

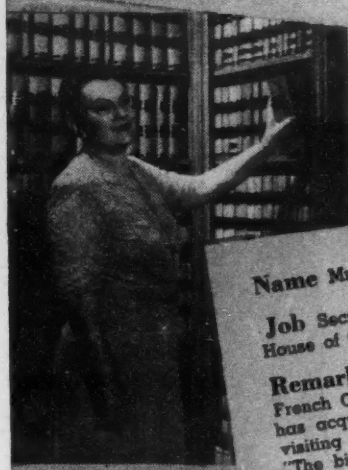
Remarks Native Torontonian. Has held the same job for 13 years and never a regret. Mr. Taylor's big war job as head of British Purchasing Commission necessitated non-union hours for weeks on end. Her only outside activity is the Red Cross. Believes a good secretary must adjust her moods to moods of boss. To know how to spell and deliver clear carbons for the filing cabinet are top requirements in a secretary, she says.



Name Miss Rita Campbell.

Job Secretary to the Executive Officer in Postmaster-General's office, Ottawa.

Remarks When her boss is away, she is keyman. Doesn't find it necessary to work after hours, but goes pretty fast between nine and five. Formerly had her own insurance business, but likes the secretarial field. Thinks success can be measured by amount of service and interest offered spontaneously in execution of cut-and-dried duties. Business world recognizes that extra service and it eventually works to the individual's advantage.



Name Mrs. Y. L. Kipp.
Job Secretary to Hon. James Glen, Speaker of the House of Commons, Ottawa.

Remarks Grandmother of five; mother of four. French Canadian but through association with Speaker has acquired a Scotch burr to her English. Meets all visiting celebrities (Churchill, de Gaulle) and says, "The bigger they are, the nicer." Formerly worked in government stenographic pool. pinch-hit during Speaker's former secretary's illness. Was remembered for cheerful efficiency when vacancy occurred. Has three monkeys on her desk to remind her of favorite philosophy: "See no evil, speak no evil, hear no evil."

The Case of the

by Erle Stanley Gardner

THE perfect secretary functions so smoothly that the boss not only gets 90% of the credit for what she does, but the big lug usually thinks he is entitled to it. Many a big executive stripped of his secretary would be something less than a stuffed shirt minus suspenders.

There are men who claim an ideal secretary should be as colorless as a dormouse, flitting back and forth from the boss's private office as noiselessly as a shadow, as impersonally as the typewriter on which she pounds out her work. And then, of course, there's the burlesque-show idea of the secretary, consisting mainly of a pair of silk stockings surmounted by an elegant chassis, with a swell complexion and oo-la-la eyes. I suppose there are some girls who fit both pictures, but for my money, a secretary should be thoroughly feminine and thoroughly aware of it. By that, I don't mean she should dangle sex around the office, but she should be truly feminine.

I have seen secretaries who were so pretty they'd take your breath away, and yet weren't truly feminine. They didn't seem to be even human. They'd sit at a desk making motions, their faces masks of dumb mascaraed beauty. On the other hand, one of the most attractive secretaries I know would be considered downright homely if she kept her face in repose. She doesn't. Her personality shines through a muddy complexion, makes you forget an irregular figure, and leaves you with the impression of a magnetic personality stroking your purring ego with a truly feminine touch, and getting business done rapidly.

We don't know what personality and magnetism are, but they're associated with dynamic action and not with static reserve. I don't care how externally beautiful a secretary may be, the minute she ceases to be dynamic she ceases to be magnetic. And I don't care how unbeautiful a secretary may be, judged by Hollywood standards, the minute she throws an efficient feminine individuality into action, she becomes an invaluable office asset. A good secretary always has plenty to do, and in the doing of it she has

an opportunity to develop her personality and bring her individuality into play. That's why some of the most attractive secretaries I know probably wouldn't be classed as glamour girls if you judged them by the standards with which you'd pick a bathing beauty. But they've learned how to turn on feminine personalities which leave the cash customers gasping for air. Just watch the visitor's fatuous face as the secretary reaches for the phone which leads to the private office, says, just before she picks up the receiver, "Good morning, Mr. Blank. The boss is busy right now, but I'm certain he'll want to see you. Just a moment and I'll tell him you're here."

Around a family, the less glamorous girl is made to feel like an ugly duckling by her more attractive sister, and sometimes by sister-dazzled parents. In a busy office she doesn't ever get to be a secretary in the first place unless she throws her spirit and individuality into her work, and once she does that, she reveals charm she never even knew she had. The masklike beauty of the glamorous sister whom mother has always felt will wind up in Hollywood is pallid when compared with the magnetic charm developed by the secretary-sister who goes to work in an office and blossoms out into that most perfect of all girls—the perfect secretary.

All my business life I've been a quantity producer. I couldn't have turned out the work I did if it hadn't been for some mighty efficient secretaries. Many of my readers wonder if "Della Street" is real. The answer is that she's a composite. For some 10 years my secretaries were three sisters, each of whom had a strong individuality. Each supplemented the other's talents—and then romance laid them low. They travelled with me, met men who appreciated intelligent attractive girls. Being a really good secretary is the shortest cut to matrimony that I know—or at least to dozens of matrimonial offers.

For my money, the man who wants a demure secretary to check her personality with her hat and coat when she comes to work is a man who is probably henpecked at home and eager to assert his masculine "superiority" in the office where there's no back talk; or else he has an exaggerated ego that revels in discipline, purely for the sake of discipline. Of course, ideal secretarial mannerisms vary with personal tastes, but the offices I've seen that turn out the most work in the smoothest manner in the shortest time have secretaries who radiate efficiency and personalities that are distinctly feminine.

A good secretary comes pretty close to knowing what's going on in the whole business. She has the ramifications of the business literally at her finger tips. If anything's the matter she's pretty apt to know it. She may or may not know what should be done about it. After all she isn't supposed to be an executive, but she's a shrewd, observing, wide-awake woman whose feminine intuition, delicacy of perception, and quickness of mind detect things that quite frequently escape the masculine eye of the big boss himself.

MANY A business would run more smoothly if the boss occasionally sat down for an informal chat with his secretary and asked for her suggestions.

I can illustrate that last by a case in point.

Some years ago when I was a country lawyer, a sales executive whom I will refer to as "J. T." called on me for some legal work and became sufficiently impressed with the way I handled his problem to suggest that I should associate myself with him in big-time sales.

J. T. was really one of the best salesmen I have ever known. It didn't take him long to convince me. To make his offer

Can a girl be in love with a man she's never met? With a face in a snapshot, a signature on a letter? That was Judy's problem, brought into sharp focus that night another face looked into hers, said, "Hello," and kissed her — hard!

Valley Hospital was just two and a half hours away by train. And after that she wondered how soon it would be all right to write again in the role of friendly entertainer, and not look foolish.

Her tension lasted two days, then left her flat. After all, if he didn't answer, what did she have to write about? "I work in a lawyer's office and the suburban trains are crowded. My cousin lives with us..." Humdrum facts, and he'd probably hate whimsy!

The end of the week there was a letter for her on the hall table. She saw it before she had her hat off, and raced with it to her room. She dropped on the edge of her bed, turning it over slowly, afraid to open it, as if she knew in accepting the fact she must forfeit the dream. Then she slit one end and took out the single sheet. The neat black script burned darkly in her eyes. The room was silent except for the whisper of turning paper. She sat quiet long after she had finished reading, remembered fragments still with her.

"It's certainly swell of you to write. I hope you'll do it again soon. Time's a bit longish and letters mean a lot..."

The eggs had boiled hard. Judy took them off the stove and ran cold water over them, cracking their shells with the back of a spoon. Then the front door bell rang. She heard Gwynne's delighted whoop, and a sound like a bright bass chord. The Navy had arrived! She should have gone in at once, but stood instead, obstinately picking at the shells.

Almost immediately + Continued on page 25



He was a good subject, Judy had to admit. She worked freely and well, not flattering; a little ruthless, really, because — she couldn't find a reason that made any sense so she let it go at that

I Want Your Picture

by EDITH BRECHT

Illustrated by Holmgren

WHEN THE telephone rang in Sutton's Law Offices that autumn morning, Judy Taylor answered it, and it was her cousin Gwynne. "The absolutely most marvellous men out of this world just blew in town!" Gwynne gasped, and waited.

Judy, unmoved, waited too. Her cousin had shared six months of living in the Taylor household and Judy was used to announcements of a similar color. But Gwynne broke the moment of sterile silence with, "Is it all right to party at the house tonight?"

"Sure thing!" Judy fired back, simulating heartiness, but not caring one way or another, lapsing frankly into mental deafness while Gwynne bubbled of personalities off a ship. The time Judy would have cared seemed remote—though it was just two weeks back, but those two weeks presenting such an indifference to new men and parties, the evening was forgotten before she hung up. She recalled it on locking Sutton's door at exactly five-one.

The late afternoon crowd streaming for the suburban station swallowed Judy. The treading of service men around her netted her conscious glance.

No more stark evenings now when Gwynne goes out! No more trying not to be wooden when she brings new men to the house! Everything different, because of a letter from a man in a snapshot!

The smile on Judy's warm red mouth was so infectious, a young Navy officer speeding head on saw it and returned it in kind. Judy hurried by, humming inside herself. "Everybody loves the Navy!"

It was a Navy crowd Gwynne was having out tonight. "Well, let them come!" And Judy queued on the local for Chadds. "Let the whole fleet shove in! I've an Army man myself!" Which of course wasn't true. She hadn't anything but an answer to a letter she'd written Colonel Bracombe's son who was in hospital.

Judy was almost dressed when the front door opened on a gust of adolescent laughter. That would be the Prentiss boy next door, bringing Gwynne from the station. Perry Prentiss was only 17 but over-size. They were never too young nor too old for Gwynne. Judy wiggled into a slim green wool, and brushed her brown curls, wondering how Cuylers Laboratories managed with Gwynne on its staff. She stopped on the way to the door to hover over her writing desk, took a letter from a pigeonhole, studied her name in the neat black script, then tucked it back again. On the way downstairs she passed Gwynne coming up. Her parents were out, and Gwynne and she were eating in the kitchen. Judy went out, and got things started. Swirled a gay checked cloth over the kitchen table, dealt plates and silverware swiftly, reheated browned beefstew and corn sticks. That done, she fished salad stuff from the icebox, and called Gwynne.

Their meal over, Gwynne whipped about the lawn cutting some asters, her blond mane blowing. "Gotta be festive," she cried, cantering in with a sheaf of color, past Judy, who had started making sandwiches. "Gotta get firewood, too! The damp has my marrow in bouillon cubes!"

Later on, on her way upstairs, Gwynne hung over the banister to shout the living room fire was smoking and what should she do about it?

Judy put eggs on to boil and went in, poked a log

back and opened a window on a darkening saffron sky. She plumped cushions while the smoke cleared. The fire catching, its dancing light touched the floor boards of the old low-ceilinged room, making them shine. Sometime she'd be getting the place ready like this for Ben Bracombe. When he was well again and came to see her, she would. The thought sent her scudding at the window to bang it down, as if by speed she could hide her feelings or hurry the time. Back in the kitchen she thought how funny the whole thing about Ben was.

FOR YEARS he'd only been a snapshot in a wallet his father showed when he stopped at the Taylors'. And he'd have stayed just that, if Gwynne hadn't come there to live. For the instant Gwynne arrived the atmosphere stepped up. It brought Judy face on with her own pace and made her see how slack it was. She'd excused it before, because the boys she'd grown up with were away in service, and Chadds was out pretty far in the country. But Gwynne met new men, and the country didn't stop her half-way. It made Judy realize something else was wrong, and she bumped her nose on her own reserve. Saw she was too stiff when she met new men. She talked it over with Gwynne after some double dates that Gwynne made flopped.

"You aren't yourself," Gwynne criticized. Judy agreed. "I have to know people well to unfold."

"There isn't time," Gwynne pointed out. "Not these days. Everything moves fast."

But the dates that hadn't clicked, plus Gwynne's popularity, hurt Judy's ego. She began discrediting the things she did have, like thick-lashed eyes that made you wonder what color they were, and a voice any girl would want. It backed her into herself and made her build defenses. Made her supply dreams for the things she lacked, and that was where Ben Bracombe came in. For in digging around for something to support her private life that had its core in reality, the last picture the Colonel showed of Ben in uniform came to mind, and the whole idea, which was only a very small seed to begin with, took root and sprouted. And each time Gwynne went out and Judy stayed home it grew a little more, until at last it raised up tall and blooming as a faker's tree, thrusting its branches into her everyday thinking. It hadn't been difficult to turn Ben into a real person; the Colonel had talked so much about him. Once he said, "The boy resembles his mother."

Remembering that, Judy questioned her father about Mrs. Bracombe's appearance and got, "She has a high color. Blue eyes and black hair. Some Irish, I guess."

That meant a spoonful for Ben, to make him love laughter and music, and be a little hot-headed. And what Judy didn't know about him she made up, even to the kinds of food he liked. She made him love tennis and hockey, and to like to watch her sketch. Crayon portraits were Judy's hobby. She did them well. So well, she made one of Ben's head one day, from the snaps remembered and the dream invented, and the man who looked out at her with pleasantly intent eyes was so flesh-and-blood, and come-to-life, Judy had a momentary feeling of embarrassment, as

if she had forced him into her presence against his will.

Then two weeks ago the Colonel came again. He dropped in to dinner on his way west, and her mother shifted places and tucked him between Gwynne and herself. And seeing his massive square-faced bulk so suddenly at the table next her seemed more of a dream than all her thinking of Ben, until the Colonel said:

"Don't believe you people knew Ben was wounded in Italy. They brought him across, thank goodness. I came east to see him at the hospital."

Judy's edges shrank. "Pretty bad leg injury. Coming along, though. Take a little time. Have a snap somewhere." And the Colonel's big blunt fingers were feeling back of the isinglass in his wallet. Then Judy had the picture. She'd seen so many; Scout stage to college team; only the others never mattered. Just the one before this, in uniform. But the Colonel was saying: "Sorry you people never met the boy. Pity we live so far west. You girls would like him." And the Colonel's hard-angled face grew unbelievably soft. "Hasn't a girl yet," twinkling at Gwynne, and at her. "I was thinking, maybe you two would be kind enough to drop him a line some time. Letters mean a lot to a young fellow laid up . . ."

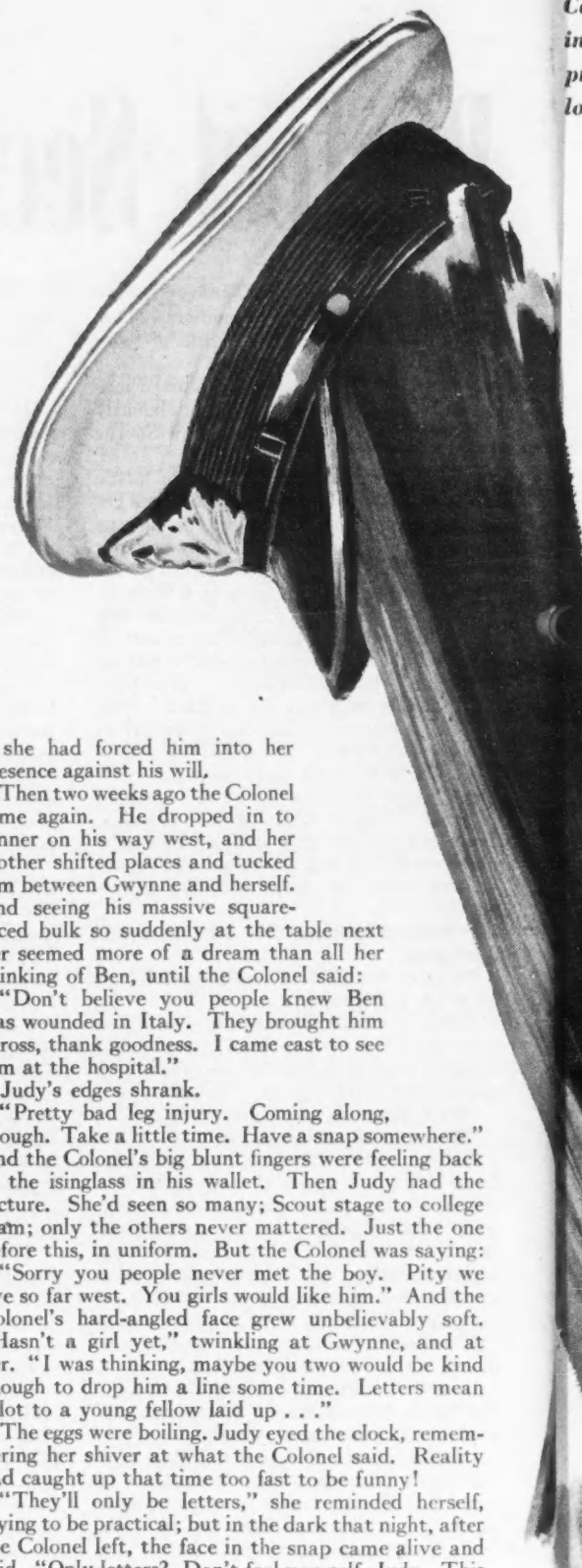
The eggs were boiling. Judy eyed the clock, remembering her shiver at what the Colonel said. Reality had caught up that time too fast to be funny!

"They'll only be letters," she reminded herself, trying to be practical; but in the dark that night, after the Colonel left, the face in the snap came alive and said, "Only letters? Don't fool yourself, Judy. This is the beginning of things between us. You're what I've been looking for, for years. I've seen all the girls in the world, including Heddy LaMarr, and you're for me! You make me feel the way I want to, with a girl; contented, and comfortable." Here the dream was cut by reality flashing, *It can happen!*

Then Judy lay quiet. What if Gwynne wrote too! And just for a moment she saw a nurse hand Ben Bracombe two letters. Saw his hand reach out and open Gwynne's and read it; put it down, and pick hers up. And as he read he smiled. After all he was reading letters, not meeting girls!

"Crack-pot!" Judy smiled, snuggling into her pillow.

She wrote the first letter so many times it lost all meaning. She'd put it beside her bed in an unsealed envelope, and reach for it the first thing in the morning, pretending she was Ben Bracombe. Then she'd study the handwriting as if she'd never seen it before, open, and read what she had written, and end by tearing it up. But at last, with a desperate sense of fluster, she got one off, figuring the approximate time it would take to reach him. The Fair



much use to him. But to Paris we went because it led to the field of Waterloo where his grandfather George Byng (Field Marshal, the Earl of Strafford) had held the Farm of Hougoumont on the day of the great battle. In the family that old gentleman went by the name of "Toes," having lost those appendages from frost-bite in the ill-fated Walcheren expedition. He had always been one of Wellington's most trusted generals, and it was considered part of my education in Byng lore to visit the scene of his final fight.

So in Paris we stopped for a few days, and when we wandered into the Madeleine, Julian, bored with even a modicum of sightseeing, suddenly asked in an all too audible voice, "How do we get to the Morgue from here?"

It was a conundrum I couldn't solve, the Morgue not having been one of the places my parents visited when they brought me to Paris. So out we stepped, and having asked a policeman for the direction, made for the Morgue. On its steps my husband said hesitatingly, "Are you coming in?"

"Well, you don't think I'm going to wait outside, do you?" I retorted. He was silent for a moment, then mumbled something about, "It's not always a pretty sight." Evidently he had belated qualms about the place to which he had brought me. However, in we went, and saw the bodies of three unfortunates taken out of the river, and lying on marble slabs like fish in a fishmonger's window. It wasn't particularly horrible, yet hardly what one would choose for an afternoon's entertainment, added to which it was the first time I had seen a corpse, and frankly I didn't enjoy it, though I wasn't going to say so. I often wonder if any other man ever took his bride to the Morgue on their honeymoon? I doubt it.

BY THE time I found my way into the Byng family both Lord and Lady Strafford, my husband's parents, had been dead a long time—much to my regret, for they would have interested me enormously, she being sweet, gentle and humorous, though completely under his domination; he, also with a fine sense of humor, plus a will of iron and absolutely archaic ideas of life. He married twice—fruitful vines in both cases—first, Agnes Paget, daughter of Lord Anglesey; secondly, Harriet Cavendish, daughter of Lord Chesham, and her husband's junior by many years. When the would-be bridegroom first told his friend Billy Chesham that he wanted to marry his daughter, he was turned down flat, for Chesham knew him as a man approaching middle age, with a fierce temper, most extravagant habits—racing both horses and yachts, and keeping open house in London and the country, while nothing but the best was good enough for him. Also he already had six children and there was no money with which to make any settlement on a second wife and her possible offspring. However, the refusal didn't stop the determined suitor who startled his friends by cutting out at one fell swoop all his extravagances. Away went yachts and horses, away went the luxuries, and hospitality ceased to be widespread. Rigid economy became the order of the day both at Wrotham Park and in St. James's Square, and a most Spartan existence began. It was cheese-paring to the limit, and, though the food was good, because most of it came from the farms, it wasn't lavish and the host prided himself on his economical carving. Luxuries there were none; the children's clothes were of the fewest and

✦ Continued on page 45

Mollie McGee, courageous Canadian newspaperwoman, was among the first war correspondents to enter liberated Paris. When she hopped off a transatlantic air transport a few weeks ago and made a beeline for Chatelaine offices, we persuaded her to pause for a moment (a) to be photographed and (b) to write down those first vivid impressions which will, we believe, be memorable for you as they are for her



I'll Always Remember My Two Weeks in Paris

I'll always remember the long road in and the way the sun poured its blessing on us as we drove through villages and open country. The thousands of uplifted arms with "V"-signing fingers, the hand-made Allied flags that fluttered from glassless windows. The white linen sheet bearing the crayoned words, "Thank You," which stretched across our narrow road at Romany. The huge purple dahlia that a bystander threw into my lap when we slowed down at Rennes.

☆☆

I'll always remember the two young Resistance men who jumped on the sides of our car as we came through Versailles in the dusk, rifle shots sounding in the distance. Each grabbed a uniformed man in the front seat, kissed him heartily on both cheeks, asked us to give them a lift to Paris. Between them they had killed 36 Germans with hand grenades, waved German revolvers as evidence; when they quieted down they confessed they were hungry. And I'll never forget that scene in the deepening twilight, when the people of Versailles moved out from the tree-bordered boulevards and called greetings to us. It was too dark to see faces, but there was the excited clamor of voices, and what light there was showed up the summer dresses of the women, the silhouettes of rifles slung over the shoulders of the men, and the hand-lettered armbands and signs of the F. F. I. The great gloomy mass of Louis' palace seemed an appropriate background for this scene from a later French Revolution.

☆

I'll always remember arriving in Paris at the Place de l'Opéra under the escort of those two shabby heroes who had hitch-hiked with us, and who were busily digging meat out of cans, and using "requisi-

tioned" German knives to do it. The huge hotel was without electricity or welcome. The maid who let me lug my bag upstairs looked at me coldly and remarked to another, "So they've brought a woman too." She warmed up when I spoke to her in French. The hotel had been a Gestapo headquarters, and only half an hour before she had been ordered to take extra towels to one of the master race on the floor above mine. The intelligence officer grinned when I flew down to report the episode. "Sure, there are hundreds of them still here," he said. "What do you expect? We're travelling a lot faster than they are, now."

☆☆

I'll always remember our food those first few days. My breakfast in the dining room of the Grand Hotel (1,000 rooms) when I devoured three pieces of dry black bread washed down with clear ersatz coffee. My lunch, as guest of Rosette de Pourtales, daughter of the famous writer—when we sat around the table in one of the most beautiful flats in Paris and divided a can of sardines, a few fried potatoes from last year's crop, bread and a bit of stale cheese which had been received from Switzerland. (It was strange to watch the progress of the meal reflected in an almost priceless antique mirror hanging on the wall.) My supper, back in the hotel again, served by white-coated waiters on fine china and damask cloths, and consisting of K rations, with half a dried-fruit bar for dessert. I woke up hungry that night, soaked my dry army biscuits in a glass of water, munched them happily, and went back to sleep.

☆☆

I'll always remember my first tour round the city, the burnt-out tanks in the Place de la Concorde, the German prisoners who had ✦ Continued on page 62

Lady With a Past

by Viscountess Byng of Vimy

Lady With a Past is Chatelaine's condensation, in four parts, of the lively memoirs of Viscountess Byng of Vimy, soon to appear in book form under the title, "Up the Stream of Time" (Macmillans of Canada). In Part I in the October issue the author reviewed her restricted Victorian childhood in England and in Canada, where she spent a year; her Greek and British ancestry; her debut in London, and many fascinating incidents of her early years. Since 1940 Lady Byng has been a wartime evacuee living in Ottawa.

PART II.

"The Man I Married"

I FIRST met my future husband in November, 1897, at the house of Sir Reginald Talbot, then commanding the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot. I had heard a good deal about "old Bungo" from his brother officers in the Tenth Royal Hussars, who considered him something of a freak because he was bored with society and also worked harder at his profession than most young officers of those peaceful days. It was only the fact that his General had invited him to dine which made him accept that particular night, grudgingly enough, as he told me afterward. He was, I knew, immensely popular, with a pretty wit and an unusual amount of quite unconscious charm.

We fell in love at first sight, though we didn't marry till April, 1902, because the South African War intervened. Long before that we saw a good deal of each other out riding, but his ideas of courtship were calculated to puzzle any woman, for he was never the same two days running. On Monday he would be in his most enchanting mood; Tuesday he would treat me as a pal and a man; Wednesday he would hardly remember that I existed; Thursday he would be icily polite; Friday he would thaw a little, and by Saturday be back in Monday's delightful mood. What could anybody make of such vagaries? And to cap it all, he left for the war without saying a word, though he told me afterward that twice, during those final days, he started to ride over to Crookham and propose, but turned back, afraid lest anything might happen to him and I should be bound to him. Fortunately the modern youth isn't so scruple-ridden, but says his say before he rides forth to war. Anyhow my man went away in silence, but after a time began to write, gradually showing that he cared, and finally proposing by letter and asking me to cable a reply, which I did, and because the cable went from Aldershot signed "Evelyn," which happened to be the name of Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood—at that time a power in the Army—I can only think that owing to the signature and its somewhat peremptory tone it was mistaken for a message emanating from that distinguished old soldier. Whatever the cause, it was given priority, being transmitted by every known process in those days, and though the Light Horse were far out on the veldt, it was received within 18 hours of its dispatch. Julian kept that cablegram in a frame on his writing table for the rest of his life and would show it to people saying, "Look what a peremptory woman I was fool enough to marry."

However, the main thing was that it brought him back with the minimum of delay, because he went to Kitchener with it and got three months leave granted to him in which to get married, an almost unheard-of act on Kitchener's part, for he hated to see his best men get married as he thought it spoiled their careers.

Having lived for four years with those amazing scallywag fighting men of the South African Light Horse, which he had raised and commanded, it was hardly surprising if my prospective husband returned



Viscount Byng of Vimy, Commander-in-chief of the Canadian Corps during the war of 1914-1918; Governor-General of Canada 1921-1926. This striking portrait, which shows the great soldier in his Field-Marshal's uniform, was finished only a few days before his death. It was painted by de Laszlo and now hangs in Lady Byng's home at Thorpe-le-Soken in England

with some odd habits and a strong American accent, for there were many of that nationality among this queer outfit of all nations. I remember the first day as we sat in the Crookham drawing-room, he calmly flung the dregs of his teacup into the fire, to my mother's speechless horror. She stared at him in a stricken silence of which he was blissfully unconscious, and later said to me in a scandalized voice, "My dear child, he's a perfect savage. Will you ever be able to break him of such habits, do you think?" He didn't need much breaking once he found himself back in his customary environment, though I did discover that his ideas as to what was needed in a house seemed a trifle odd. For instance, it was quite a matter for debate as to whether or not curtains were needed in

the drawing-room. He said no—I said yes. It was natural because throughout his soldiering life he had lived so long in barracks, or mean lodgings, that he had forgotten home comfort; however, in the end he understood and became almost as particular about the equipment of his home as I was.

MY HUSBAND selected Paris as the first pause on our honeymoon. Not that Paris was at all up his alley—he hated shops and wasn't the type to sit patiently in fashionable dressmakers' establishments during his wife's prolonged fittings, as I have seen some docile husbands do; he detested sightseeing, and his French serviceable enough, couldn't keep pace with that spoken on the stage, and therefore theatres weren't

Suspicion is an ugly thing, especially when it comes between a husband and wife long separated by war. It was the appalling party with Chuck and Naida which opened Burr's eyes



"Oh, Burr, darling, I'm so sorry you had to find out this way. Even with your last letter I just didn't dream you'd be here so soon . . . Please give me a few minutes . . . it all comes off, really it does. And then I'll tell you how thrilled I am to see you. Oh, Burr . . . Burr . . . I just can't believe my eyes."

Burr couldn't believe his either. As she started toward the bedroom he suddenly came into voice.

"Marjorie Hendricks, stop right in your tracks and tell me what the devil you're up to?"

Margie was already throwing off the jacket and unfastening her blouse. She grinned at him.

"I'm working in a steel mill, Burr."

Burr's eyes popped. He didn't know what he thought he was going to hear, but he certainly hadn't expected that.

"You're what?"

But Margie had whirled into the bathroom now and turned on the shower and Burr was left to pace up and down the room until she could explain.

It seemed hours, but Burr knew, from experience, that it was only a very few minutes, before Margie reappeared. Her hair was a mass of moist little tendrils that gleamed golden in the lamp light. She was radiantly fresh and lovely, her slim figure wrapped in the heavy satin robe he had given her for Christmas. There were only the unfamiliar and telltale smudges of weariness under her large eyes to remind him that something was going on here that he did not understand. He opened his mouth to speak when she flung her fragrant self into his arms. She was half laughing, half crying as she clung to him and he gave himself up to the ecstasy of knowing he was back where he belonged. He picked her up in his arms, carried her to the sofa and settled himself comfortably in one corner.

"And now please, sweetheart, start at the beginning and slowly, in words of one syllable, tell me the whole cockeyed story."

There really wasn't very much to tell. Margie had fooled around, half-heartedly, after he went away. Bored to death. She saw an advertisement for workers in a new steel mill. Instruction would be given, pay to start at once, with a raise as soon as actual work began. She would have told him about it before only she wanted to be sure she could stand it physically, first. Transportation presented a serious problem for her.

"You know, getting back and forth through that industrial area, down there, at queer hours, was the stumbling block. I knew you wouldn't want me to come home alone after the midnight shift."

"Margie Hendricks, you aren't on the midnight shift!"

"Sure I am. It goes in rotation and I get my turn. As a matter of fact I like that and the four to midnight better than any."

"H'm. But . . ."

"After I applied, the personnel manager found that one of the men in my department lives just beyond us here and could pick me up regularly."

There was a slight pause and Margie added, "I knew you'd appreciate my having a good strong man along."

He did appreciate it . . . kind of.

"Name Chuck?"

Margie nodded. "Chuck Anders. Nice guy."

Burr was still in a fog. "Margie, what can a frail little curly top like you do in a steel mill? Do you work in the cafeteria, or do you ride one of those fancy kiddy cars and deliver . . ."

"Burr Hendricks, I'll have you know I work on a shaper."

Burr shouted with laughter. "Wahoo . . . wahoo . . . and why, pray, would you have any need of a shaper?" he asked, running his hand gently down the curve of her body.

"A shaper, dear layman, is a machine to . . . it's a machine that shapes. Oh, Burr, I've learned a lot of things. While I was training, I learned to knurl. You know, knurl one . . . pit two . . ."

Margie had dropped her head down on his shoulder wearily, and her voice dragged a little.

"And then you know, Burr, there are all kinds of interesting—"

But Burr had other things on his mind and had lost interest in the steel business. Being in love with Margie was the most wonderful thing in the world, next to being loved by her. And the filthy little gamin who had stood in the doorway tonight was completely forgotten for the lovely armful of wife he held so close, now.

WHEN MARGIE wakened she put out her hand to touch his cheek, almost before she had her eyes open.

"Oh, Burr, it's so awful to do that and not find you there. I put out my hand to touch you for weeks after you had gone. Oh, Burr, I love having you home."

He pulled her close and held her.

✱ Continued on page 18

JACK
REAY

On The Job

by ANN HALL

Illustrated by Jack Keay

WEDNESDAY, 8.15 p.m., on the train coming up from the eastern port, Burr Hendricks (Lieut., Ordnance Corps) sent a telegram. He hugged himself with excitement and thought his message cute.

Mrs. Burr Hendricks,
Apt. A, Terrace View,
Westwyn.

Madam your very remarkable husband before going to new duties is being returned to you for a period of two weeks during which time we advise a program of relaxation and recreation in recognition of his brilliant record.

The ARMY PER B. H.

Thursday, 8.15 p.m., Burr Hendricks took the same telegram from under the door of Apt. A, after the janitor let him in, read it and thought it very un-cute.

The panic he had experienced at the station was coming back. In disappointment and alarm he had searched through the crowds for Margie. Then good sense had taken charge and he realized that she would be at home, waiting for him. Once, before he had been shipped overseas, there had been a mixup about his leave, and poor Margie had waited at the station three hours only to get back home and find he had been trying to reach her all evening on Long Distance. This time she would think it better to stay put and wait for whatever might happen.

But Margie wasn't waiting . . . she wasn't even home. She hadn't been home . . . for at least all of this day. She hadn't got the telegram. He swallowed hard and stepped inside.

The air was stale and dusty, the living room was littered with overflowing ashtrays and newspapers; a milk glass, a half-eaten sandwich, a bright scarf and a pair of gloves cluttered up the coffee table. Burr stepped to the dinette and opened a window, noticing the ferns and plants on the ledge were limp and wilting for lack of water.

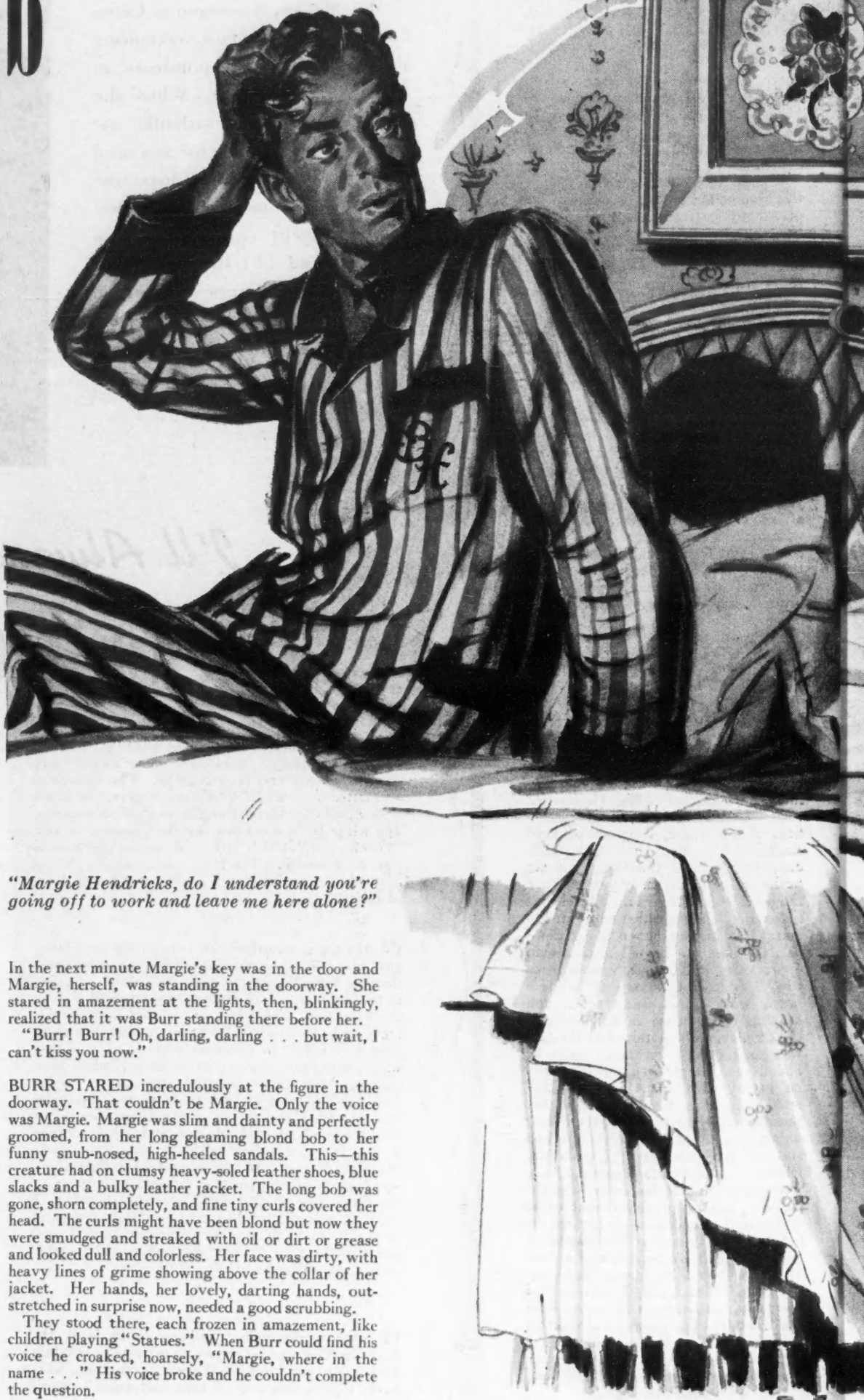
"Welcome home," he said in a hollow tone and knew he had never been so miserably let down. What under heaven could have happened? Margie had no family to summon her unexpectedly. Nobody who would . . . No, he couldn't think of any place where she might have gone so hurriedly.

The small but perfectly equipped kitchen bewildered him even more. Empty cans were on the drainboard, plates and cups in the sink. Margie, the immaculate little housekeeper, had obviously just walked out and left the Hendricks menage in a mess. Why? Why? Whatever the reason Burr knew it must be something pretty darned important. A girl like Margie wouldn't change her type in the five months and sixteen days he had been overseas. Margie wouldn't change ever. That's what a fellow counted on.

A car whirled into the driveway, below the windows, and stopped. A door slammed and he heard laughter, then Margie's voice sang out. "Thanks a lot. See you tomorrow, Chuck."

Burr swallowed hard and tried to keep a tight rein on his imagination as a masculine voice answered, "Good night, Margie." Steady. Steady. Everything would be explained in a minute.

It wasn't, actually. At least not in the next minute.



"Margie Hendricks, do I understand you're going off to work and leave me here alone?"

In the next minute Margie's key was in the door and Margie, herself, was standing in the doorway. She stared in amazement at the lights, then, blinkingly, realized that it was Burr standing there before her.

"Burr! Burr! Oh, darling, darling . . . but wait, I can't kiss you now."

BURR STARED incredulously at the figure in the doorway. That couldn't be Margie. Only the voice was Margie. Margie was slim and dainty and perfectly groomed, from her long gleaming blond bob to her funny snub-nosed, high-heeled sandals. This—this creature had on clumsy heavy-soled leather shoes, blue slacks and a bulky leather jacket. The long bob was gone, shorn completely, and fine tiny curls covered her head. The curls might have been blond but now they were smudged and streaked with oil or dirt or grease and looked dull and colorless. Her face was dirty, with heavy lines of grime showing above the collar of her jacket. Her hands, her lovely, darting hands, outstretched in surprise now, needed a good scrubbing.

They stood there, each frozen in amazement, like children playing "Statues." When Burr could find his voice he croaked, hoarsely, "Margie, where in the name . . ." His voice broke and he couldn't complete the question.



SAID A MAN TO HIS WIFE...



SAID A BOY TO HIS MOTHER...

"

*It's the best chicken soup
I ever tasted"*



When the men in the family agree so enthusiastically about a dish, it must be something pretty fine. Well, it is! Everybody knows the most important thing about chicken soup is the *chicken*—and Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup has it aplenty. The stock is so rich it fairly glistens. And all through the soup is just what you like to see and taste—full-flavored, tender chicken meat.

Yes, Campbell's use exactly the kind of chickens Mother herself chooses, and so generously that even the white rice is steeped in chicken goodness. You and your family will enjoy bowls of this good soup often!

Made by Campbell's in Canada



Look for the Red-and-White Label



In this good game I always aim
To make a straight, true shot;
And then recoup with good hot soup—
That *always* hits the spot!

Campbell's CHICKEN WITH RICE SOUP

KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus • Beef • Bouillon • Celery • Chicken with Rice •
Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Consommé • Cream of Mushroom • Mock Turtle • Ox Tail •
Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetable-Beef • Vegetarian Vegetable.

The Future Is Nobody's Business

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Illustrated by Charles Bryson



Ever wonder what life will be doing to you ten years hence? Mrs. Upton never gave it a moment's thought until that afternoon when the strangest clearest vision swept down on her — and left her gasping!

MRS. UPTON had never felt so tired in her life. It was actually a relief to collapse into the dentist's chair and have Miss Quibell, Dr. Plewes' pretty assistant, wrap her tenderly in a transparent coverall and tie a linen bib about her neck.

Dr. Plewes bent above her, and Mrs. Upton leaned far back and dropped her jaw. "I'm afraid we're going to have to do considerable exploring of that lower left molar," he said. "The nerve is alive—fortunately."

"That's good," Mrs. Upton said rather bleakly.

Dr. Plewes murmured something to Miss Quibell, who wheeled up a gleaming plastic object that looked a little like a miniature cenotaph. She fitted Mrs. Upton gently with a nosepiece and placed a rubber bulb in her hand. "Now you just press the bulb and you won't mind the drilling," Dr. Plewes said cheerfully.

"It's perfectly safe, I suppose," Mrs. Upton said.

"Oh, perfectly safe," Dr. Plewes assured her. It wasn't ordinary gas, he went on to explain, but a special formula designed to reduce the mental strain under the drill. "The hand relaxes naturally when you've had enough."

He popped a cylinder of absorbent cotton into Mrs. Upton's cheek. "The last person who used it told me the sensation was rather like a first-class jag," he

said. "Only there are no unpleasant after-effects."

Mrs. Upton, rendered speechless, widened her eyes a little. She had never in her life experienced a jag of any sort.

"Makes you feel good," Dr. Plewes explained. "You won't notice the drill."

Mrs. Upton pressed the bulb and drew a deep breath. Nothing happened. She pressed it again and then again. And now she began to notice an odd and pleasant sensation, a feeling of lightness and easy detachment. Dr. Plewes hovered beside her, oddly luminous in his white jacket and giving off a faint agreeable odor of wintergreen. . . . Now what was it that had been depressing her when she came into the office? The repair man hadn't turned up to fix the washing machine and probably never would. She had left Lillian locked up in the house, and she was probably having kittens in the linen closet again. Butter coupons, and children's suspenders, and two good sheets still missing from the laundry. She relaxed contentedly and all the trivialities that had oppressed her seemed to shred and vanish, borne away on a careless tide of well-being.

Mrs. Upton pressed the bulb fervently, opening her eyes very wide at the same time to assure herself that

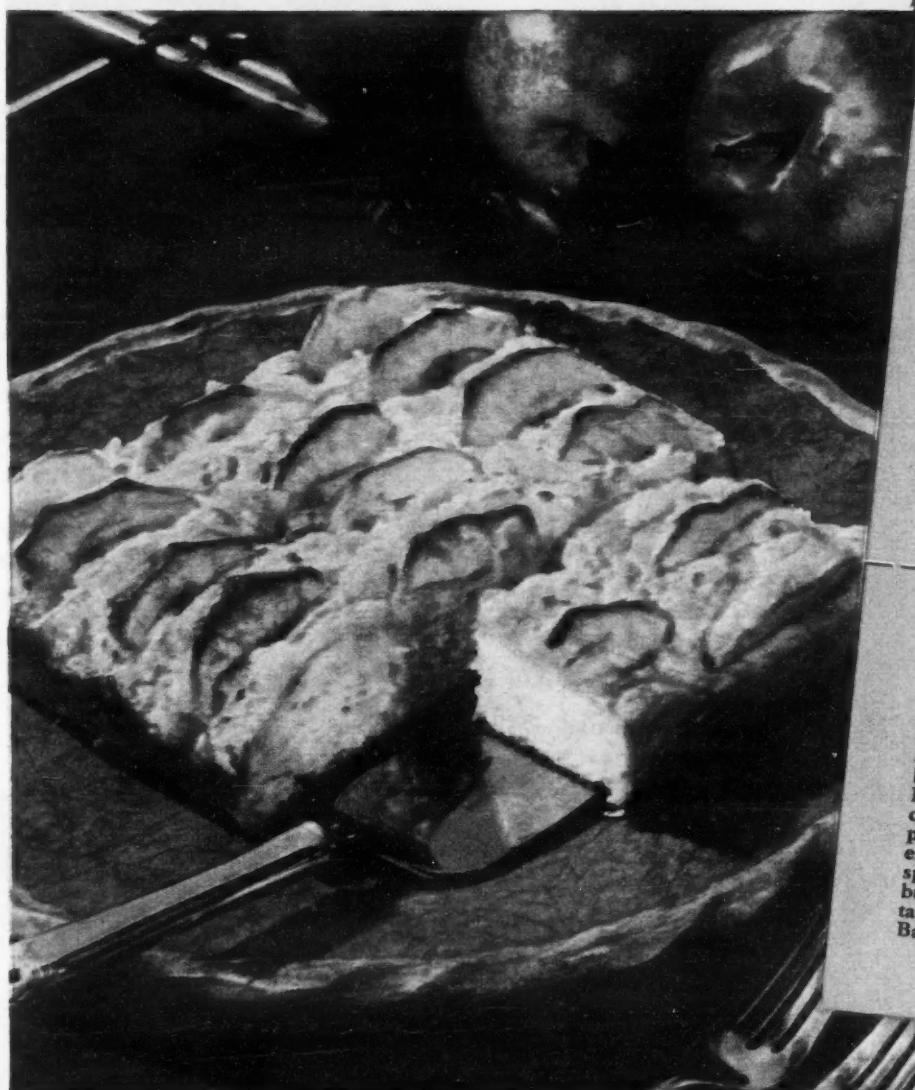
she was perfectly conscious. She could see Dr. Plewes bending thoughtfully above the glittering instruments on the tray before him—like a golfer, she thought with detached amusement, picking a club for a particularly bad hole. She leaned back happily and eye and ear seemed to pick up a whole little symphony of sights and sounds that she hadn't noticed a moment before. The running faucet in the basin at her elbow kept up a continuous pleasant gurgle. A flag outside the window flung itself out proudly, drooped and streamed again in the high bright afternoon. Far down in the street below a girl in a vivid red dress picked her way between gleaming car fenders with the grace and agility of ballet. "A little wider, please," murmured Dr. Plewes, and began to drill. Mrs. Upton relaxed happily. For all it troubled her, Dr. Plewes might have been exploring the lower left molar of a stranger in the next block. "I must get one of these things for the living room," she thought, happily afloat in the bright expansive air. "It's exactly what one needs to restore perspective." With a little slip cover to match the drapes, it would fit in perfectly and never be noticed.

Though still wide awake and brilliantly alert she now noticed for the first time that the gleaming tray before her had become an instrument panel which she was working with the greatest precision and authority, while over her head a propeller blade whirled rhythmically. "Why, I'm flying," she thought delightedly, and wondered that no one had ever told her how simple flying really was. "Only I must get home," she thought, suddenly remembering Lillian and her interest in the linen closet; and the next moment brought the

Continued on page 39



It's a Dutch Apple Cake



and it's **STINGY WITH SUGAR!**
Tender and light — made with **MAGIC**

Try this luscious, sugar-sparing Dutch Apple Cake if you're hankering for something *really* different. Its crisp, fruity goodness makes a grand finish to any meal — yet the recipe calls for only a small amount of your precious sugar!

And to help insure finer baking results, always use Magic Baking Powder.

Cakes — biscuits — baked dishes — just can't help but be lighter and more delicious when you use Magic. It's so pure, so wholesome, so unfailingly dependable. Follow the example of leading cookery experts — use Magic for sure-fire baking success.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| 2 cups flour | 1 egg |
| ½ tsp. salt | 4 tbs. sugar |
| 4 tps. Magic Baking Powder | 6 tbs. milk |
| 4 tbs. butter | 2 apples |

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt; cut in butter with two knives; add sugar; mix lightly. Drop egg into cup, unbeaten, add the milk; ice cold. Turn on to floured board, shape the dough; put on greased sheet. Pare and cut the apples into eighths; press into dough in parallel rows; sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and dot with butter, mixed together in the proportion of two tablespoons sugar and half a teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in hot oven 400°F. 20 minutes.

MADE IN CANADA



They come back strong



—when you eat
your milk, too!

STRONG, sound teeth are necessary equipment for good health . . . good looks . . . good speech . . . good growth.

Of course you want your boy or girl to have this priceless advantage. One way to insure it is with good nutrition, in which milk plays such an important part. Especially Carnation Milk, double-rich in its valuable nutrients, and reinforced, through irradiation, with extra vitamin D. That's the "sunshine" vitamin—the one that helps deliver calcium and phosphorus straight to the bones and teeth.

Let Carnation form the basis of your meal planning. Work it into tempting, milk-rich dishes. Give it to the children to drink, diluted with an equal quantity of cold water. Plenty of milk—plus regular trips to the dentist and good use of a tooth-brush—can go a long way toward building the healthy, beautiful teeth you long to see your child have.

VEAL BATTER PIE

1 cup Carnation Milk mixed with 1 cup water
1 egg beaten light 1/2 tsp. salt
1 lb. veal, cubed, seasoned 1 cup flour
Pour milk into egg. And salt. Make a well in flour. Pour in egg-milk mixture. Beat till very light. Place meat in greased baking dish, pour batter over it. Bake in 350° F. oven about 1 hour.



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Cram full of menus, hints and recipes. To get your free copy, write Carnation Company Limited, Toronto, Ontario.



IRRADIATED
Carnation Milk
A CANADIAN PRODUCT "from Contented Cows"

On the Job

Continued from page 15

The whirr of the alarm clock bounced her out of bed.

"Great stars, I have to hurry! I meant to go to market before I left. Oh, well, we have enough for breakfast . . . you can have your lunch out and then we'll have sandwiches for a snack tonight."

Burr swung up on the side of the bed as she whipped into clean blue overalls and blouse.

"Margie Hendricks, am I to understand that you are going off to work and leave me here alone?"

Margie was clumping around now in her heavy leather shoes.

"But Burr, darling, of course I have to go. I might be able to take a day off later but they say the stuff we're producing is terribly important. Anyway, I'll be home tomorrow, all day. Now come on, you make toast and fry the eggs and I'll write a list of things we need at the store. You go to that big market down on the corner. We need soap and matches and cold cuts . . . and then . . ."

Burr felt a dozen sharp remarks come to his lips and he wisely forced them back. No use making a row now . . . but by gosh, this couldn't go on. Not possibly. Here he was home again—after being on the ocean, in camps, and in dreary pubs, and dodging robots. Here he was, home, and he could "eat out"; he could spend his time buying soap and matches and cold cuts and junk . . .

She glanced up at him several times as she made out her list, started coffee and slapped together some sandwiches for her lunch box.

"Please, darling, don't look so glum. Tomorrow I'll be home all day and I don't have to go back until eight o'clock Sunday morning."

"Sunday morning!" Burr's voice cracked in his indignation. Why Sunday was the best day of their life! It was the day of complete do-as-you-please in the Hendricks home. They either slept late or they got up early; depending pretty much on the Saturday night before. They either went for a walk or they lounged around; they either went out to dinner or they cooked something special for themselves. Sometimes they had guests in—a regular crowd—sometimes they refused to answer the telephone or door. Sunday was *their* day. Nothing ever interfered with Sunday. And now . . . Well, Burr felt the time had come to let one of those sharp remarks loose. It was choking him to death anyhow.

"Say, look here . . ."

An automobile horn sounded and Margie leaped to her feet.

"Uh, oh! There's Chuck and he gets furious with me if I keep him waiting. 'By, darling . . . get all the stuff in and we'll have fun tonight.'"

H'm. So Chuck always gets furious . . . sounded like a blame husband. Stark with indignation, as she gave him a quick darting kiss, Burr simpered sarcastically, "Have a nice day, dear, and bring me something pretty."

Margie laughed deliciously and was gone. Burr tried not to go to the window and look down on the driveway, but that took more manhood than he possessed. There was Margie, shrugging into her heavy jacket, throwing her lunch box into the seat ahead of her, laughing and chatting with the occupant of the car. Burr could not see him, but he did see his hand reach out to unlatch the door and he felt a sudden chill. It was a big hand, strong and hard.

He turned back to the desolate apartment and knew he had never felt so abused, so miserable, so unhappy. He began to clear up the living room and ended by cleaning the entire apartment, thoroughly, viciously. You can't make your way up in the Army for a couple of years without knowing a lot about cleaning up, and Burr went right through the rooms, his annoyance driving him hard. He even started the washer and did up Margie's work clothes. As he progressed the whole picture struck him funny. He was certainly playing the role of the little woman, all right. He watered the plants, he waxed the floor. Soon he would go to market, then hurry home and maybe have time to shower and slip into something fresh. He chuckled. What a crazy setup.

And then he sobered dourly. One thing marred the humor of it for him and now he faced it deliberately and could not get rid of it. Chuck Anders. A nice guy. A guy with big strong hands and a clear voice. It was darn nice of him to share his car with Margie . . . but a sudden picture in Burr's mind made him catch his breath in apprehension. There was a guy who picked Margie up bright and early in the mornings and found her sweet and fresh and full of her own inimitable charm and pep. A guy who brought her home at odd hours; midnight, dawn . . . tired and dirty, maybe discouraged and blue. Well, the man wouldn't be human if he didn't try to comfort her, would he? Margie might not have picked Chuck Anders out of a crowd to hear her weary heartache but propinquity or whatever-the-heck had brought it about. It would be only natural, wouldn't it? Anybody would welcome a chance to comfort little Margie Hendricks. Sure they would.

Burr Hendricks had always had his feet on the ground; had always been sensible and reasonable. Suddenly now he felt cold and desolate. A fine state of things for a man just home after six months. Oh well, mustn't grouse too early in the game. And there was still that vivid memory of the long sweet hours of the night before.

THERE WAS a knock at the door and there was Eleanor Merritt, from across the hall. She was tall and spare-looking, but she had on a gay feminine dress, silly-looking rope-soled sandals and a flower tucked in her dark hair. That's the way wives ought to look, he thought, with a nostalgic ache in his throat.

Eleanor almost jumped when he opened the door.

"Gracious, I just knocked as a matter of habit. Margie's never home and I can't keep track of her crazy hours. What on earth are you doing here?"

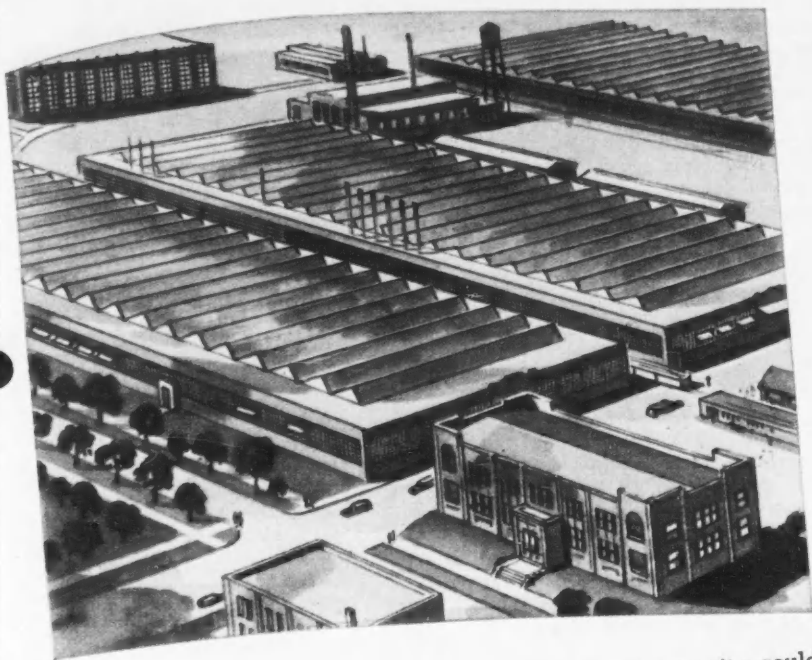
"The answer to that seems to be kitchen fatigue. But tell me, how do you make your custards set? Custards are so nourishing, I always say. After a long hard day's work I think a person needs nourishing, don't you?"

Eleanor shrieked with laughter and said, "I'm on my way to market, want to go?"

He didn't, but he went anyway. He pushed a metal carrier over the congested area of the vast food fair. He stood for hours at the meat counter among the knot of housewives. He tried to buy butter and was told he had to have a coupon. Margie should have reminded him. Marketing, he decided, took second place to manoeuvres in the field.

When they reached the apartment
+ Continued on page 22

WITH CANADA...



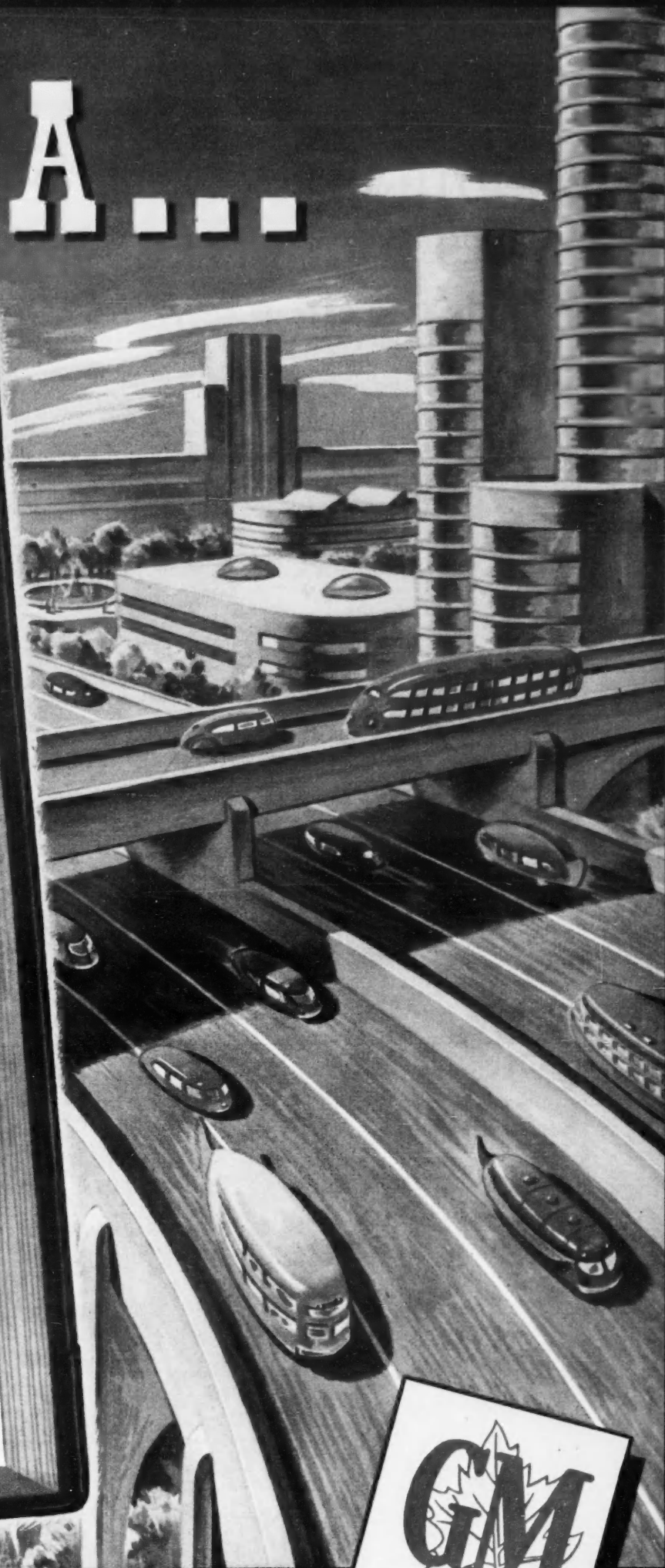
fully designed and honestly constructed as care and integrity could make them.

Their fame spread. The years that witnessed a vast, disorganized tract of land evolve into a lusty, thriving nation, also saw the thriving carriage business, now guided by far-sighted sons of the founder, expand into General Motors of Canada.

In this Anniversary year, General Motors offers grateful thanks to a Canada that in peace made possible the production of more than a million and a half civilian cars and trucks . . . thus providing the incentive for coast-to-coast highways and stimulating the pioneering of land and resources dependent on transportation for development.

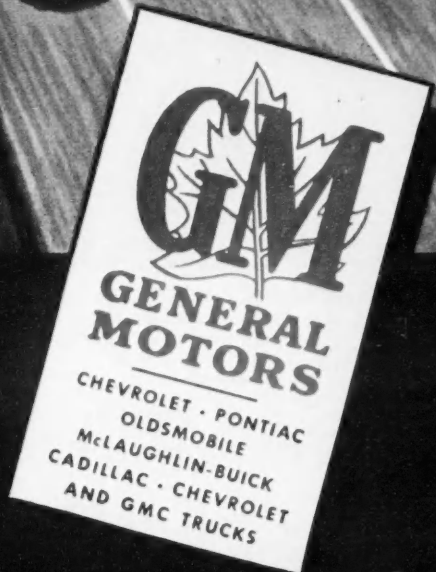
In war, the Company is proud of the manner in which it was able to back up a fighting people with a record production of front-line weapons ranging from vast numbers of military vehicles to automatic guns and speedy bombers.

Strong down the years together, the fledgling nation and the fledgling industry have climbed to splendid heights . . . will climb still higher. General Motors is proud to be a tried and proved part of Canada's very structure . . . of her past, her present, and her future.

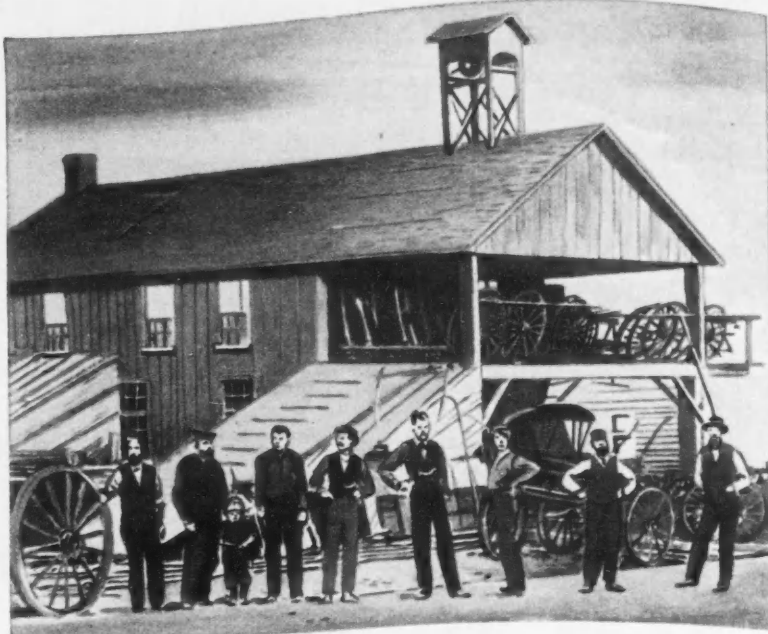


GENERAL MOTORS

Better Things for More People



GROWING UP W



An early print of the original McLaughlin plant and staff at Enniskillen, Ontario. Second from left is the late Robert McLaughlin, founder of the company which is today General Motors of Canada.

-FOR **75** YEARS!

In the year 1869 there seemed little to justify man's faith in a glorious future for the Dominion of Canada.

But men there were who *did* have faith . . . who believed the stumbling child would some day walk erect—a nation, powerful, populous, integrated—with humming factories and easily accessible markets.

In the village of Enniskillen, Durham County, Ontario, one of these men, the late Robert McLaughlin, expressed this faith in action, launched a carriage shop, staked his future on Canada's.

With the pride and endeavour of true craftsmen, he and four employees laboured together to build wagons and carriages as skil-

GENE
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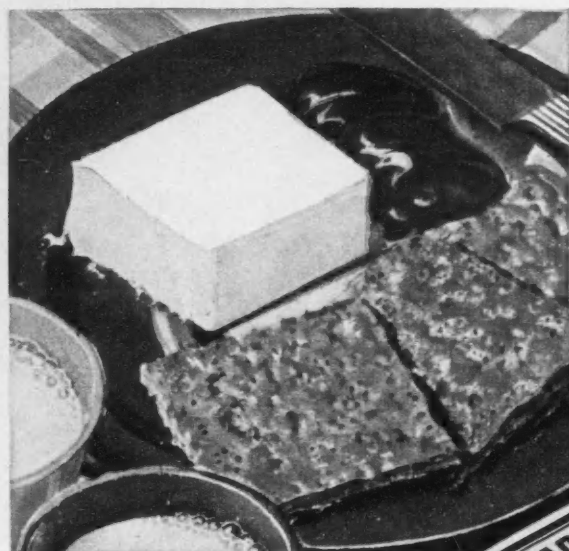
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again, Burr asked Eleanor in for a drink. They had two. It was nice and companionable to hear a feminine voice; to listen to feminine laughter. He'd been with men so doggone long he'd forgotten how girls waved their hands when they talked, how their eyes sparkled and their teeth flashed. They went to Eleanor's apartment and made sandwiches and talked and laughed some more.

Everything was going along congenially, cozily. Eleanor suggested another drink and Burr, suddenly, and without much apology, rose and walked across the hall to his own home and closed the door. There was no sense in deliberately going out for trouble that way. That was the way things got started. A man starved for companionship... a man feeling abused and hurt; a lonely man and a lone woman.

There you were. Wouldn't it be the same with Margie and that nice Chuck Anders? Driving together in his car; a lonely woman and a lone man. And he poured himself another drink and was doggone sorry for that prince of good fellows, Lieut. Burr Hendricks.

But, as he might have known if he had been on the beam, Margie's homecoming changed everything; made everything all right—almost. She showered and changed in a flash. Almost at once she was her beautiful little self; a bright striped housecoat, squat crazy-looking espadrilles, a ribbon tied around her soft curls. She was his own Margie and precious and cute as could be. He was glad he'd come home this afternoon. He just couldn't imagine any woman meaning anything to him but Margie. He hustled around the kitchen, cooking sausages and waffles, tossing a salad.

Margie danced into his arms and hugged him happily.

"Oh, Burr, it's so wonderful to find you here, waiting for me."

"You'd be so nice to come home to," he sang in a shrill falsetto. And they laughed together and were happy.

Later, in the living room, sharing the big chair, she began to plan the next day with him. He had to report to Headquarters, they could go into the city, have luncheon and maybe see a movie.

Margie bubbled with laughter. "I didn't know a trip to town could be so exciting. Just having you along, seeing things together, laughing together, sharing it all with you; that's being married, isn't it, Burr?"

Burr leaned over to kiss her and said solemnly, "I guess that's what we're fighting for, honey." And was deeply ashamed of his earlier annoyance and peevishness. Saturday could be their day as well as Sunday. What difference did it make what you called the day? Just so you had a certain number of hours together. Sunday, after Margie had to go, he'd have a long sleep, read the papers and by four-thirty she'd be back and they'd have a wonderful evening together. He'd just been a gripe to be so disgruntled over purely imaginary stuff.

And then she said, "We'll have to get back here by five or five-thirty. I've asked Chuck Anders and his girl to come for dinner. I don't know her, but we can hope, can't we? I'll order before we leave in the morning. It's extravagant, but I just can't spare the time. Now what'll we have to eat..."

But Burr was not listening. Unconsciously he had slacked his hold on Margie's hand, his expression of contentment and happiness had faded. A cold misery crept into his heart. All of her plans had led up to this, then. A dinner

with Chuck Anders. A long evening, talking to Chuck Anders; seeing how companionable he and Margie were, how well they worked together. Oh, sure, they'd invited a girl for Chuck. A girl Margie didn't even know; somebody dug up for the occasion. Did they think maybe it would be too obvious if they just had the guy come alone? Was that why they had planned a foursome?

Margie was still rattling on about food and marketing. Try as he might Burr couldn't enter into the plans. He didn't want to be foolish; he was trying not go off half cocked. But... good gosh, he'd get up, light a cigarette and feel better. Then when he was back beside Margie, close enough to touch her warm soft arms or look into her lovely eyes it would all rush back on him. Chuck Anders was close to her... every day he was close to her. He could just glance up, any hour of the many they worked together, and see the sweet curve of her cheek, or the swift skilful movement of her hands. He didn't want to think these things, but they were crowding in now in earnest.

The afternoon didn't pan out very well. The call at Headquarters delayed them so they didn't have time for a movie; they missed the bus and were late getting home. This worried Margie, and Burr sat and watched her squirm and fret because she wouldn't have everything ready and perfect for her guest... well, all right, guests... but he knew. And what he knew he didn't like a bit.

Margie flashed around like a firefly when they got back. In an amazingly short time she had everything ready and perfect... the way she wanted it; including herself in a soft graceful hostess gown. And their guests arrived.

"Chuck, this is Burr. I guess you know as much about him as anybody does—all the talking I've done to you."

Burr put out his hand and shook the one he had seen from the window and found it strong and hard.

The girl was Naida Carrell, stunning in a brusque, capable sort of way. She had a good laugh and clear fine eyes. Clean cut and forthright were the words that occurred to Burr as he met her. You could tell by looking at her that she didn't know anything about the strangeness of this foursome. She had come in good faith, all right.

Forcing himself to be affable and hospitable, Burr tried to make conversation.

"What do you do, Miss Carrell? I mean do you have a war job or are you..."

Chuck Anders' voice crashed into the calm of his question and startled them all.

"Ask me what she does. I'm the lad can tell you. She calls it work, but it really is just being a party girl... darn near every night in the week. Handing herself around among the armed forces; they dance with her, they confide in her, they date her up. Oh, she gives 'em a whale of a time, I assure you. And that's work. What's more it's hard work. Settin' 'em up for a lonely guy, while he tells her she's beautiful is just like settin' 'em up for a planer down 't the plant. It's real labor. If they go so far as to propose she gets time and a half."

Naida Carrell's smile had dropped now and her face looked strained and sad.

"Please, Chuck. Let's not go into that tonight."

"Oh, sure, let's skip it. But we have to go home early because you worked so

◆ Continued on page 24

I Want Your Picture

Continued from page 11

the bell rang again. That would probably be Lydice Drant, and Sue Trent, and the friend they were bringing; a Myra somebody, Judy didn't know. It was, for a treble chord struck—with Gwynne high C! Then single notes played, and the whole clashed together.

"Dissonances," Judy said audibly, creaming egg yolks with a silver fork.

"What are?" an interested voice asked, and a tall thin young man with crisp black hair leaned against the kitchen door frame prepared to watch her. A young man with deep-set eyes and a wide humorous mouth.

"The voices in the hall," Judy replied, for some unaccountable reason not disturbed by his presence.

"You're Judy," the young man said slowly, as if checking with himself; his eyes, after a quick flick at her, following the alternate dashes of mustard and vinegar she was giving the yolks.

"I'm Judy," Judy agreed, dropping onion juice; her smile friendly, but her interest in her eggs; her manner the one she used when the Prentiss boy hung around Gwynne. This was probably one of Gwynne's dearest dears, sent to bring her forward. "And who are you?"

"I'm John," the tall young man said easily. And Judy saw that his eyes creased pleasantly at the corners, as if they smiled apart from the rest of his face.

"Any relation to Faithful John?" Judy asked, making talk to the accompaniment of her busy hands, as she might have with Gwynne.

"Who's he?"

"Someone in Grimm's Fairy Tales whose heart was bound with iron bands."

"That would be me all right," the young man said, blandly ungrammatical. "A stout heart, I take it."

"Only the bands burst."

"Why?"

"Because his heart was sorely tried."

"Not applicable, I'm afraid. Are those eggs devilled?"

"I've done my best," Judy said, heaping the egg whites with the golden filling.

"May I sample?" he asked, taking one. "Swell!" he said critically, and came back for another. "How about a cracker?"

Judy pointed at the warming oven, and set out some Camembert; adding tactfully, "Go easy; that's all I could find."

He was sandwiching a sliver of cheese between two crackers when the others surged out on them.

"Well, I'm darned!" a stocky red-haired chap cried. "Trust Holman to blitz the ice plant."

"Casanova to any woman who feeds him," a blue-eyed giant grinned.

"John's our best apple-polisher," a brown-skinned chap with nice white teeth said. Then they romped back to

the living room, dragging Judy and John with them, and danced.

The girl Myra, Lydice Drant had brought along, was a lovely dark-haired creature who started playing the field against Gwynne, then for no particular reason stopped it, and focused on John. They were one man short, and Judy was oftenest without a partner. She was indifferent to the fact, and hunted over old records to keep the gramophone going, watching, with a small sardonic smile, John Holman absorb Myra's dazzling glances.

"Eats it," she thought wryly, and didn't care. That letter upstairs was a shield against just such twosomes. You couldn't feel out of things with something like that ahead!

Then Stew, the big blond giant, stopped her thinking by giving her a twirl, followed by Hen, the brown-skinned chap, and Red. John Holman came too, and rumbaed capably and silently, but sooner or later Judy found herself back at the

records with an eye on the others. Once her glance met John Holman's. He had stopped to mend the fire and was talking to Myra, who posed near him like the incarnation of dark beauty. But his wandering eye caught Judy's, and held intently. She broke the glance with an effort, then saw the sandwich plate was empty. He had only been signalling for food. It sent her scornfully to the kitchen to make more sandwiches.

She worked with a sting in her fingers, when an interested voice asked from the

doorway, "Are those turkey paste?" And John Holman stood watching her again.

"They are, and you can have one!" Judy bristled. "My production can't equal your demolition!" She was annoyed at herself for caring about his appetite. He looked too thin to be so greedy.

But he didn't seem to mind her annoyance, and said:

"I'll carry the tray," when she had finished.

"Just so you don't stop on the way," Judy said sweetly. "The others might be hungry too."

His eyes threatened a smile, but he said seriously, "Tall people need a lot of food."

"They must," Judy observed companionably.

But he had halted and was clutching the edge of the tray to his chest. "I say," he said, as if the idea just struck him, "how about us sitting out here and eating a few before we go in? We can talk too, if you like."

Judy sailed ahead, not deigning an answer. But what provoked her most was that she kept recalling his good night when she went to bed.

"Fine evening," he had said, his lean hand holding hers firmly. "Enjoyed meeting you." It nettled Judy, just remembering. He'd been so shamelessly greedy. He rubbed her the wrong way, anyway. She slouched in bed, and recalled Ben.

"Get well soon, dear," she murmured, and dropped asleep.

LEGACY

(After Good-by)

By MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

You do not leave here wholly . . . ever!

Something that is yourself must always stay:

Your footstep on the threshold never Betakes itself entirely away:

The worn-down sill records your going,

And coming, too.

The wicker rocking chair Speaks in a ready whisper, knowing

You'll canter back and forward in it there,

If not this afternoon . . . tomorrow:

If not tomorrow, some time!

Until then, Out of the You-That-Stayed, I'll

borrow,

Certain your actual self will come again.

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● Because the needs of the armed forces always come first, new Kenwoods have until recently been very difficult to buy. With virgin wool more plentiful, there will be more Kenwoods available this year for civilian use.

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hard last night and you're going to work so hard tomorrow night."

"I—I'm sorry I mentioned it. Of course we don't have to go home early."

Naida turned to Margie and asked about the cheese canapés in an attempt to change the subject. But then, and later, all through the evening, any little thing would bring Chuck back to his ugly scathing remarks about the work Naida was doing at the canteen.

"She's not snooty, my Naida . . . not a bit. A colonel can take her home and bid her a tender farewell, but so can a buck private or a gob. Just so it's labelled patriotism, that's all that matters."

"Oh, shut up, Chuck, you sound as if you meant all that," snapped Margie.

Burr, trying his best to stay on an even keel, had a quick return of the desolation he had experienced earlier, at the intimacy of Margie's tone as she rebuked Chuck. And when Chuck meekly complied the feeling became intensified. Why would Margie and not Naida be the one who could control the guy? Why would a nice guy like Chuck Anders put up a noisy front like that unless he was trying to throw a dumb soldier off his guard? A cute trick, but not cute enough. Burr knew who was being taken for a ride; he knew who was trying to pull the wool over whose eyes.

The evening dragged through uncomfortably for everyone. Chuck blazed out every little while; Naida was embarrassed and upset and Margie was downright angry. If it was an act—and the fiendish little thought persisted that it was—Chuck was obviously overplaying it. Letting on he was so crazy about the other gal was all right as a stunt; but he didn't have to lay it on so thick. Margie's eyes sparked fire and the line of her mouth was stubbornly set in fury. And Burr was sick with thinking why she was so angry.

It grew late and later. Naida obviously didn't want to suggest leaving for fear Chuck would misinterpret her reason. Chuck evidently was determined to see just how late Naida would stay. And Burr was glad to postpone what he knew he would have to say to Margie when this all was over. Might as well get the thing out in the open and cleared up. That's the way he and Margie did things. A man didn't want to come home from a war believing in something, dreaming about something that no longer was real.

It was Margie herself who settled the departure question. Smiling pleasantly, but with the same furious fire in her eyes, she said, "Burr, darling, do you think the old wheeze, 'Let's go to bed, so these people can go home,' is still good, or shall I ask them if they've ever been thrown out of a better place?"

Naida smiled her gratitude, and she and Margie hurried to get her things. They were gone an incredibly long time. Chuck sat in sullen silence and Burr was darned if he was going to chatter.

The door finally closed on the two guests and for a moment Burr was sorry it was over. Because now—now he was going to . . .

Margie's voice, as she moved about clearing up, fluctuated in sharp angry tones.

"Well, that certainly was a flop—and a waste of time. That's the first time I've ever seen Chuck socially. He's been so darn nice to me about transportation, I've wanted to do something to repay him, but of course I couldn't until you were home. Of all the nasty dispositions I've ever known. That girl is a chump if she ever marries him. What a married life that would be; nothing but suspicion and horrid jealousy. I liked her, didn't you? She seemed sweet and genuine. How a decent-minded man like Chuck could look at her and think all the dreadful things he does . . . why it's just appalling. Think what it would be to be married to a person like that. No trust—no faith—just ugliness."

She was in the kitchen now and her voice floated in to him through the open door.

"She's really a grand person, I think. Don't you? She's doing a job down there too. It isn't all fun, by any means, and she does other war work during the day. She said she felt she had to help somehow and for a long time Chuck was working nights; she started in at the canteen just to keep from getting so lonely."

Burr was standing listening, his mind whirling with confused thoughts. And now Margie was there in front of him, just standing there quietly. Suddenly she put her head forward against his chest.

"Burr, I can understand that loneliness. It's dreadful. It eats your heart away. That's why I'm in the steel mill. I could have helped in the war effort in lots of other ways, but I wanted a job that would make me so dead tired I couldn't be lonely. It's only finding you here, when I come in, that's kept me from being dead, dog tired this week. I like the four to midnight shift because it takes me over that dreadful time of five-thirty to six, when you aren't coming home to me. I used to hear doors slam, keys in the lock and footsteps—men coming home to their wives—and gosh, I just couldn't take it. I didn't mean to tell you all this. I don't want to be a baby, Burr, but sometimes it's awfully hard. The late shift takes me out of here before all that homecoming starts in the apartment house; and I'm so sleepy when I get home I only have time for one pang . . . just the one that comes when I put my head down next to your pillow . . . and then I'm off to sleep."

Burr was holding her tight now, trying not to let the tears he felt burning in his eyes spill over. She stood back and smiled up at him and he stooped to kiss her, gently.

Sparks snapped suddenly in her eyes again, as she said, "It makes me so mad to see people wasting such precious hours by being ugly and beastly. Imagine not trusting the person you love! I thought Chuck had such good sense."

Burr looked into her eyes and said softly, "I don't think good sense has anything to do with it, honey. What a guy like that needs is a good kick in the teeth."

And Burr held her close again and knew in his heart it was true, even if the kick were only mental. ♦

WARTIME WEDDINGS

Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 403.

Complete information and advice on wartime etiquette. Subjects covered are: the formal wedding; the home wedding; military weddings; toasts, trousseau refreshments. Price, 15 cents.

Order your copy of WARTIME WEDDINGS today from
Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

"Yes, ma'am," John Holman said politely.

Judy's disdainful glance caught an amused eye. He was ribbing her.

Dinner was a cheerful affair. John Holman was adaptable, and her family liked him. After dinner the high school girl came, in place of the maid who was in munitions, and Judy took John around the garden.

They trekked along the lower edge of the grounds that had a country atmosphere in a thread of creek and willows, and Judy had the singular feeling that in coupling herself to John Holman's tall side she had walked with him before. And then she knew! It wasn't with John, but Ben, she had walked, in fancy! And it filled her with sudden impatience to have John gone, so she could get at her letter to Ben. But he wouldn't go, and Judy had to admit he was pleasant company. In the first place he looked as if he belonged in the out-of-doors. His body was lithe as the willow whips they ducked under, and his face quick with pleasure when they watched the squirrels in the walnut tree.

Then he asked suddenly, "If I weren't here, what would you be doing?"

"Writing a letter," Judy said.

He looked thoughtful at that, and said, "And after that?"

"Probably sketch."

"Do you?" with interest.

Judy nodded. "Crayon portraits."

"I say—do mine, will you?"

"Aren't you afraid?" she asked. "It's the spirit we catch, you know!"

He grinned. "And I'd be stuffing a sausage!"

Leaning against the fence, with the afternoon sun pouring on him, he was a good subject, as Judy, working quickly, had to admit. An irregular, easy-to-do face, long and strongly muscled, with a sensitive mouth. Very nice looking of a type, but not so handsome as Ben Bracombe. The knowledge gave her a peculiar satisfaction.

She worked freely and well, not flattering; a little ruthless really, because—but she couldn't find a reason that made any sense, so she let it go at that.

He studied the head when she was done and said, "You're good. What do you think of it?"

"Pretty good," she admitted.

"I mean the face. Do you like it as a face?"

Judy narrowed her eyes and said dreamily, "Ever think of a beard?" and handed it to him, with, "Here you are, mister. Give it to your girl."

RIGHT AFTER that Judy's private life grew disturbed. John Holman started leaving tracks all over it, and Judy wasn't pleased. He even intruded in her thoughts of Ben. In the last moments before sleep, when Ben came most vividly to mind, it would be John, she was thinking of, and she didn't want it so! She liked him, but that was all. He'd never been at all sentimental. Never even tried to kiss her, and she didn't want him to. They were just passing time—both of them; though she did admit he had done something for her. Got her over her silly woodenness with new men, and she was grateful for that. He'd given her so much assurance, it carried over in her manner with Hen and Stew and Ted. She knew she'd be at ease now with Ben when they met, which brought his last letter to mind.

"Can't tell you how good it is of you to write so regularly. Something to look forward to..."

She would see him soon.

Then the end of the week Lydice Drant gave a dance in the Drants' big house, and John took Judy.

It was a pleasant evening, but toward the end of it John danced with her out of the Drants' long living room into their hall and down its empty length, where he stopped suddenly, his arms still about her, and looked down at her.

"Hello!" he said softly, and without further warning caught her tight against him and kissed her; gently at first, then long and hard, as if he'd never let her go.

Judy felt the floor sink. It was like her most precious dream of Ben; darkness and light and spinning earth. Then Gwynne and Stew danced into the hall hunting a cranny, and Judy and John danced back, at least Judy thought she did, her feet light as her head.

She was glad they were sharing Stew's and Gwynne's car going home. She didn't want to be alone with John any more.

"I've played as long as I'm going to," she decided, with his hand holding hers possessively on the ride back; the sense of his nearness too assertive.

She hopped out when they stopped, smiled up at him, and said,

"Nice evening, wasn't it? 'Night, everyone!" and ran in doors, not caring how it looked.

The next day the mail brought a large square envelope for her. She opened the cardboard backing and took out the picture she'd made of John. She didn't understand at first, and then she did. She'd told him to give it to his girl, and he had. He thought she was it!

Judy stood holding the picture, feeling unhappiness burrow deep into the centre of her heart, then she wrapped it up again, and gave it to the Prentiss boy next door to leave at John's hotel with a note she wrote not too steadily.

Dear John: I love someone else. I'm terribly sorry if I've hurt you.

Judy.

She wondered if he'd call her, but he didn't.

"It's over," she said, and tried to dismiss it, but it wouldn't dismiss. It stayed right with her, tormenting her in a thousand little ways. Instead of the letter she was typing she saw John Holman's face as it looked when he watched the squirrels; saw the way his eyes creased at the corners when he teased her about his appetite. That kiss in the hall stole up on her with shock, and stopped her hands on the keyboard a dozen times in the morning. And the next day wasn't any better. Judy decided then she'd spend the following week end with Jean Carpenter and meet Ben in Fair Valley Hospital. That would help push the whole miserable thing away. She wrote Jean, and the endless week passed.

Judy followed Jean and the girls with her, down the long corridor toward the hospital recreation room. She had told Jean about Ben, and Jean had arranged with one of the staff to have Ben Bracombe among the boys who wanted to be sketched.

JUDY SAW him the instant she entered the room. He was walking around slowly, leaning on a cane. She knew him because he resembled his father. He may have had his mother's coloring, but there was the Colonel's strong-angled face as it must have been when he was young, softened and infinitely attractive, and the Colonel's

♦ Continued on page 31



AFTER VICTORY—Peace...

Victory means many things to many men. But it means one thing to all men—Peace and Freedom to enjoy the way of life we love best. We cannot have that freedom until this war is won... in Europe and in Asia.

Canada's Seventh Victory Loan is a challenge to all of us. Its goal has been set at \$1,300,000,000—the highest ever. This is a chance for each citizen to add his own individual strength to a last, tremendous blow. With victory in Europe in sight, we must not falter. Whatever your subscription to the last loan, try to make this one bigger. Victory and peace are worth it.

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THEY'RE ON THE BEAM

Of course you'd give the "shirt off your back" for the boys in the RCAF. But the Government probably wouldn't want it. The Government is fussy about shirts for its flyers. Shirts must meet exacting standards for fit and wear. The Government demands the maximum in shrinkage-control—every washable in a flyer's uniform must fit as well after laundering as it did before.

Shirts labeled "Sanforized" meet all government shrinkage requirements. When a shirt is "Sanforized" it will not shrink more than 1%, will have the perfect fit and comfort it did when you bought it. Don't be misled by so-called "pre-shrunk" labels. Whether it's shirts or sunsuits, pyjamas or play clothes look for the "Sanforized" label . . . it's your assurance of complete satisfaction.



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Checked standard of the trade-mark owner
The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark
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THE NEXT day was Saturday, and Judy had a letter from Jean Carpenter, a friend who taught art in an adjacent city.

"Calling all recruits, Judy! Every other Saturday I go with some friends to Fair Valley Hospital to sketch the boys. You're good at portraits, how about a week end with me to keep up morale?"

Judy blinked! Fair Valley was Ben's hospital! It was downright frightening the way Life was pushing her toward Ben Bracombe! Only she mustn't let it do it too fast. She'd go with Jean, all right, but not until her letters meant something special to Ben, and knowing that, she could be easy and natural when they met. Judy's head was garlanded with dreams.

The next day was Sunday and wore a bright face. Stew came for Gwynne the middle of the morning, and Judy planned a letter to Ben, but the telephone rang after Gwynne left, and Judy took it.

"Hello!" a recognizable voice said. Judy rejected subterfuge. "Oh, hello, John," she said. "Gwynne's gone out."

"Yes I know," he said. "With Stew."

"Myra dated?" Judy asked, and was immediately sorry.

"Yep," he answered, undisturbed. "With Hen."

There was a slight pause before he said, "Doing anything today?"

"No!" Judy said forbiddingly.

"The reason I asked," he continued, unchecked, "I was wondering if mebbe you'd have me to dinner, and we could take a walk afterward." He sounded hopeful.

"Stomach!" Judy thought bitterly, and said, "I don't know."

"What don't you know?"

"If one chicken could feed three Taylors and you."

"I promise to eat lightly," he said. "Only a wing, and a few other pieces."

"Well, come along then," Judy said wearily. Heavens, what a person! Couldn't get the girls he wanted so he dated Judy for dinner in her own house. She shouted to her mother. "A tall thin Navy man's coming to eat with us. He asked himself, and has an appetite like a market bag!"

Her mother laughed. "We'll try and fill it. He probably wants a home-cooked meal."

"But definitely!" Judy said with feeling.

At a quarter of one she spotted John's tall thin form advancing on the front door, two dozen long-stemmed roses and a box of candy under one arm. He gave the roses to her mother and the candy to herself, and Judy relented. At least he wasn't trying to batten on them. She also observed, as she left the room to help her mother, that her father liked him. He was offering him his own cork-tipped cigarettes and something in a glass.

Judy, lifting celery from ice-water, heard a familiar voice ask, "May I have a small piece, please. Just to stay me till dinner's ready?" And he was leaning against the door frame again.

"You must bear the imprint of a kitchen door," Judy said, and tossed him a heart. He nibbled it, then came over beside her as she arranged celery and olives in a dish, and hooked an olive.

"If you don't mind," biting it, with a side glance at her.

"Would it do any good if I did?" Judy asked. But her mother, coming out of the dining room, heard him and said, "Poor boy, he's hungry, aren't you?"



④
Before I even think of equipping our Kitchen Jim, I'm going to wait until "Wear-Ever" comes back. Mother's had hers for years and they're still as good as new. Some

Of Things to Come...



● Of course we're not familiar with all the dreams of Canada's gallant war brides, thousands strong, but we

have some inside information on one of them . . . that fervent hope that some day you'll have a snug kitchen stocked with shining Wear-Ever Cooking Utensils.

And what's more, we know this dream is coming true. For just as sure as Monday follows Sunday, Wear-Ever will be back . . . with the same exclusive attributes of easy cleaning, quicker economical heating, flavour and vitamin preservation, that won your mother's heart.

Perhaps you already have some cherished Wear-Ever Utensils. If you have, give them the best of care, and they'll be just as good as ever, long after you welcome back the Wear-Ever you need to complete your kitchen equipment.



"Wear-Ever"
ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

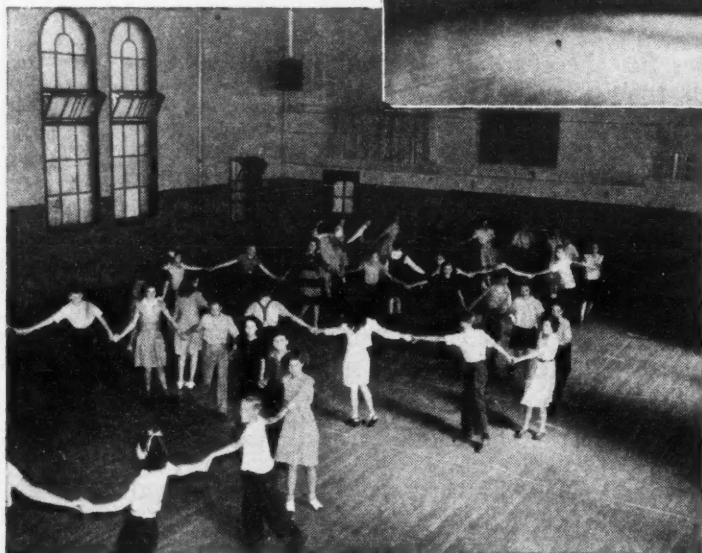
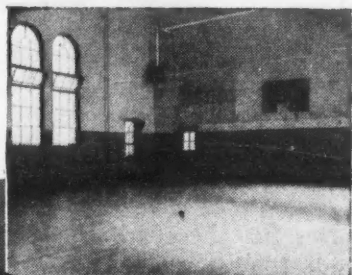
Schoolhouse

they were fed up with being told what to do and how to do it. Finally, after a certain amount of trial and error, a successful plan was devised—that members of the community itself would be the leaders in different activities. A trained organizer was brought in at first to start the ball rolling—then the responsibility of the project was placed squarely on the shoulders of the people themselves. This served a threefold purpose—it did away with any suggestion that a privileged group had come in to regiment and “boss” a less privileged one; it brought to light all kinds of hidden talent in crafts and leadership; it caused members of the community to become keenly interested in their own welfare; it built up a feeling of co-operation and of what it means to be a good neighbor.

THIS BUSINESS of turning schoolhouses into community centres isn't all clear sailing, of course. It takes a great

hours. New Brunswick, however, has embarked on a program for the construction of 40 or 50 new regional high schools which we hope will serve as community centres.

Mr. McMally, Deputy Minister of Education in Alberta, has the same fault to find with existing schools but hopes that better ones will be built in the future. “It is the opinion of this department that in every district where people think of group activities, their thoughts should automatically turn to the school as the centre and focal point for all the planning. Only in this way can understanding, tolerance and a sense of community solidarity be established.”



A large, airy gymnasium is now an important part of every modern school, and provides adequate space for folk and square dancing, which has a high popularity rating with boys and girls.

deal of organization and sound planning, and there are plenty of difficulties to be overcome—one of which is that many of our older types of schools are not adaptable for community use. They were built with the idea of classroom work only—the rooms are small and there are no recreational facilities. However, in many cases gymnasiums can be (and have been) added, and classroom walls can be knocked out to make two rooms into one, for lectures and discussion groups. The important fact is that, in future, our schools will be constructed with the idea of becoming community as well as educational centres. They'll be equipped with gyms, auditoriums, swimming pools and cafeterias or some kind of cooking facilities.

To quote the Hon. C. H. Blakeny, Minister of Education in New Brunswick, “Generally speaking, school buildings now existing are not good community centres. They have neither the facilities, the space nor the attractiveness which would induce adult groups to use them to any extent after school

hours. Miss Kathleen Gorrie, Supervisor of the Gordon Neighborhood House in Vancouver, finds the increasing interest in community centres throughout Canada profoundly significant. “Schools are the logical place for such centres. The present school buildings are rarely well adapted for this purpose—but the new ones could be. I have some fear that the desire for these centres will outstrip sound planning, which will require organization and leadership.”

IN TORONTO the Duke of York school is one of the new types, built with the idea of becoming a community centre. The Board of Education allows the staff \$2,000 a year for the financing of an extra-curricular program. The school is kept open every night in the week for group activities.

The teachers are so eager to make a success of it that they work nights as well as days—and this brings up another subject—the problem of overworked teachers. No man or woman can stay on the job of teaching 12 hours a day. It's too exhausting, both mentally and

“Henry has just that one queer streak”

“Did you talk to Henry again, Rita?” asked her mother anxiously.

“Yes, I did, and . . . well, he just brushed me off. Wouldn't talk about it. He won't even make a will. Just hates to think of a time when he won't be here . . . that's all I can make of it.”

“Your father was a bit like that, dear.”

“Yes. That's what I told him. Wouldn't you think that when he sees the struggle you've had, because Dad left so little insurance, he would do something about it. And each year Henry's getting older. It's a mystery to me. He's been so wonderful, so thoughtful and generous . . . but he just has that one queer streak.”

“You must try to make him face up to it. Don't let him leave you the way I was.”

“I simply will have to try something. I must!”



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A message from Life Insurance Companies in Canada

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Chests built by "Honderich" give the finest protection against dust and moths. The perfect gift for the woman who needs safe and ample storage for her precious woollens, or for the bride-to-be who wants a traditional hope chest in which to keep her trousseau. Sold by leading furniture and department stores across the Dominion.



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The Lighted

Our well-equipped Canadian schools are becoming flourishing community centres with windows ablaze with light six nights a week as parents and children work and play together

By Adele Saunders

"GOING TO the dance tonight?" a 10-year-old girl whispers to her friend across the classroom. The other looks droopy-mouthed and shakes her head, "My turn doesn't come for ages yet."

It's the night of the neighborhood square dance. Once a month Mrs. Brown, who has the largest house in the district, stacks her living-room furniture against the wall, rolls up her rugs and lets the dip-and-dive dancers take over.

Of course, only 16 children can crowd into the living room at one time, and there are over a hundred in that neighborhood who are enthusiastic square-dancers, so each boy and girl gets, at most, two chances a year. During these evenings the uninvited ones hang around outside, tapping time to the music and listening eagerly to the caller-off doing his stuff. Gee, they wish their turn would come soon!

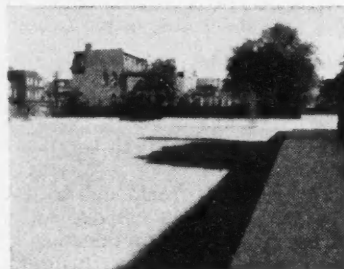
A few blocks away is the school. Its doors are locked, its windows darkened. The large auditorium, which could easily accommodate a hundred children at a time, is empty. This is one of our "unlighted schoolhouses," used from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., five days a week, 10 months a year and the rest of the time it stands idle.

whole neighborhood gets acquainted and takes pride in this meeting place—parents and children work and play together. This school plays a vital part in community life—it is being used to its full capacity.

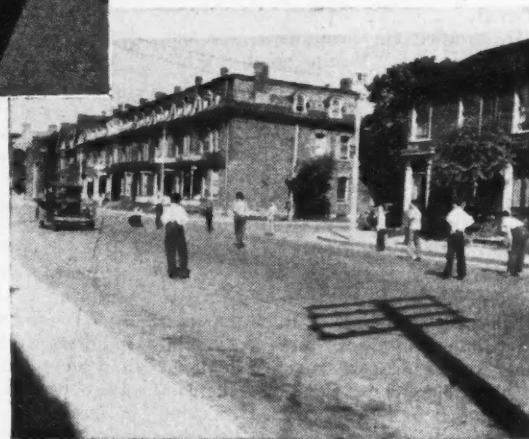
AT THE present time this idea of "the lighted schoolhouse" is sweeping Canada as a means of counteracting the rise in juvenile delinquency. One fact is certain. No child is born a delinquent. He becomes that way through some failure of his home life and the community—the home is chiefly responsible, but the community may be responsible for unsatisfactory home conditions.

To build up a healthy community, each family must feel a sense of pride in the neighborhood; a sense of belonging to a group and sharing responsibility. What better way can this be achieved than by having a central meeting place where parents and children can come for discussions, entertainment and general sociability? This meeting-place must be within the neighborhood itself—people can't travel miles to some other district. To build a community hall in each district would cost vast sums of money—so, what's the answer? The schools, of course! There's one in every community within walking distance of each family.

One of the first schools in this country to be made into a community centre was Rosemount public school in Montreal, situated in a crowded indus-



Dodging traffic is all part of the game to these youngsters, who must make their baseball diamond the middle of the street, while the spacious yard of the "unlighted" school is locked each afternoon at four o'clock.



On the other side of town there's quite a different scene, this same night. The windows of the school are blazing with light—there are sounds of music and laughter—it's a busy community centre, open every night in the week for all kinds of group activities. In the auditorium a play is being rehearsed; folk dancing is in full swing in the gym; cooking and sewing classes are in progress downstairs, with mothers and daughters trying out new recipes and remodelling clothes into the latest styles. The crafts room resounds with hammering and sawing—fathers and sons learn carpentry under expert guidance. The

trial area. During depression years, when unemployment was high and morale very low, the Parks and Playground Association joined forces with the Junior League to make this school a successful and full-time centre where parents and children could work and play together in after-school hours. It was a new experiment—and from it a great many valuable lessons were learned for future community planning. One of the biggest problems these social workers had to tackle was public apathy and the unpopularity of regimentation or officialdom of any kind. The majority of the people were living on relief and

physically. When four o'clock comes a teacher has done a full day's work and there should be a fresh staff take over for the late afternoon and evening activities. Volunteer workers could be signed up who were proficient in some particular craft or game and who were willing to take charge one evening a week. The year's program laid down by the Duke of York school, however, has been so popular and the classes so well attended that two more Toronto schools of the same type have started the same scheme this fall.

IN RURAL districts there is just as urgent a need for community centres as in our cities. But the majority of country schoolhouses are extremely limited in space and equipment—they consist, very often, of one or two classrooms, a great many are without electricity and have primitive heating arrangements. In spite of this, Simcoe County in Ontario has led the way in making community use of its schools. Certain evenings each month, parents and children climb into the old jalopy or hitch up the horse and buggy and drive off to a meeting at the schoolhouse. It starts with a short lecture, followed by a general discussion of current events, farming, marketing and health problems. Then movies are shown, supplied by government departments. Among other things these gatherings have been directly responsible for the fact that there are now dental clinics in the rural schools of the district.

I Want Your Picture

Continued from page 27

big broad frame. He was remarkably good-looking—but not at all as she had imagined him!

Jean introduced Judy but the "Miss Taylor" slipped by unnoticed.

"Like to have your head sketched?" Jean asked Ben for Judy; for to Judy's horror her old wooden reserve had clamped down on her, leaving her stiffly uncertain; leaving her with nothing at all to say.

He was friendly, and talked while she worked. Some of the Colonel's mannerisms caught her eye. He was Colonel Bracombe's son all right—mettle, and character in his face, but he was also a stranger. She tried to think of this man getting her letters; writing to her, but she couldn't. She was used to the man she had invented. She couldn't even bring herself to say who she was.

"They keep us entertained," he said, chatting pleasantly. "Letters help a lot, too. People have been great. A couple of girls write me, I've never even met..."

Then Judy heard the footsteps coming toward them, and the teasing voice that said, "Look pretty!"

Judy saw Ben Bracombe's face light; his eyes frankly admitting their feeling as a girl in a Red Cross uniform stopped beside them.

"May I have a peek?" she asked. "Oh! That's good. Am I going to get this?"

"You sure are," Ben said, and his eyes added, "More than the picture too!"

Judy knew then. Knew so many things, relief and solution broke simultaneously through her. Knew Ben Bracombe cared for the girl smiling down at him and that she cared for him. Knew suddenly that she herself loved John Holman, and had from the very beginning. Knew also an alarm that

David Smith, Director of Community Life Training Institute at Barrie, gives his ideas for rural schools of the future. "The school would include an auditorium, with proper lighting for drama purposes, also a library, reading rooms, workshop and home economics room. There should also be a gymnasium and playing fields for all members of the rural community."

School authorities and welfare workers all over the country agree on that latter point. It is vitally important that parents, as well as children, take part in community projects. To separate a child from his family—to educate one and not the other nearly always leads to trouble and unhappiness. A child's family is the greatest influence in his life and no matter what outside influences are brought to bear on him, they will have little lasting value if his home environment is bad. As one principal expressed it, "When your bath overflows, you turn off the tap before you start mopping the floor." In other words, the first step toward establishing a healthy community is to improve home conditions by an intelligent program of adult education.

And so these centres are not being organized for entertainment purposes alone. The most important aim is to develop leadership and community interest, so that the people, themselves, will take up the torch for better housing, better equipped schools and playgrounds, and an all-round higher standard of living. +

ran wildly through her, threatening her heart with a bleakness too great to endure—that beauty that has been held and lost is more precious to the heart than any other kind. She'd have to move fast if it weren't already too late! But it didn't dare be! The lesson learned would be too harsh—the knowledge of her own stupidity in rejecting what life offered for a flimsy, romantic dream of longing!

She called John's hotel as soon as she got back, but he had left. Then she telephoned Gwynne to check on Stew, but the boys had all gone. Numbly, Judy came home in the dusk, and the ineffable sadness that is a part of autumn rose in the mists of twilight, and cloaked the willows where John and she had walked together.

All the following week Judy moved in her accustomed routine; taking dictation, typing letters, filing data, but her heart was dead. She still wrote Ben, dutiful patterns of her previous letters. Then Friday evening Gwynne said at dinner, "Had a note from Stew. Too bad about John."

"What about him?" Judy asked sharply, knowing everything was in her face, and not caring.

"Had an appendectomy. They had to leave him in the hospital in Montreal."

Judy went upstairs and packed a bag. She took it along to the office next morning, and marched in on Mr. Sutton.

"The man I love's been operated on. He's in hospital in Montreal. When I leave at noon I'm going there, but I wanted a few days off next week too, please." Judy's voice trembled.

Mr. Sutton had feeling. He blew his nose and said, "By all means. Miss Bradley can take over until you're back."

Three-thirty found Judy at the hospital, her feelings in panic. What if it were too late? She remembered

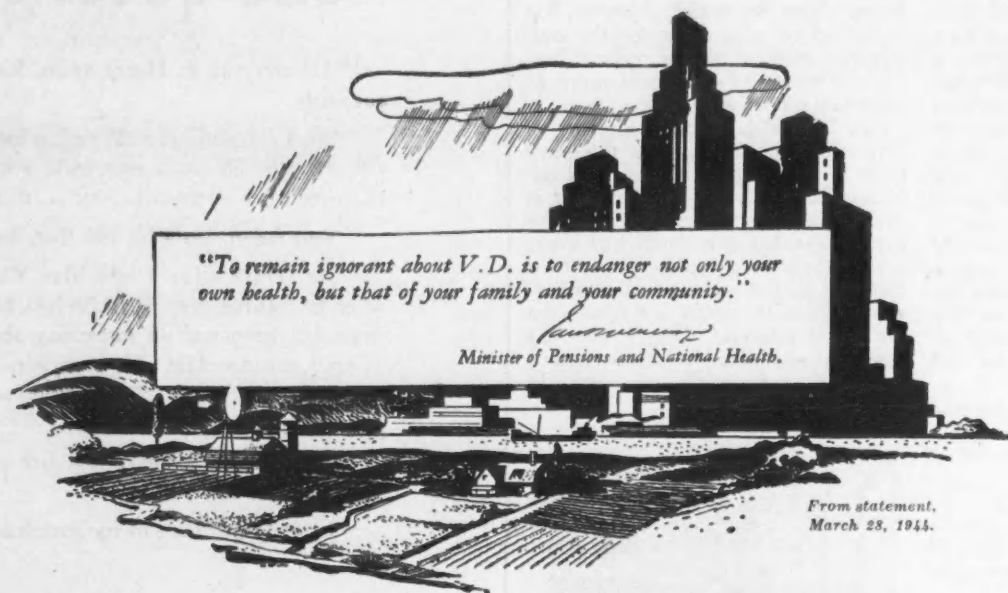
+ Continued on page 50



"...and that's the secret of a bright, shining sink!"

There's no great mystery about Grandma's shiny sink. She simply uses Bon Ami regularly—year after year! You see—harsh, gritty cleansers gradually wear away the smooth, bright surfaces of a sink or tub. Make it dull and scratched and old-looking. But Bon Ami is different! It's not only free from scratchy grit so that it doesn't damage porcelain... but it also has a *special polishing action* that gives your things a bright, beautiful lustre. Why not buy Bon Ami today and start *protecting* your hard-to-replace bathroom and kitchen equipment? You'll find it's fast and thorough as well as safe!





LET'S be quite frank.

When you read — as you probably did during the past few months — that more than 300,000 people in Canada have syphilis, what was your reaction? Did you say, "That's too bad; something should be done about it", and then turn to the comic page? Chances are you did.

But if that article had told you that Tommy Jones, the lad who used to mow your lawn after school, had syphilis—how would you have felt about it? Or that the young couple who built that cute house in the next block, had just lost a baby through syphilis . . . would that have made you stop and think?

Or, if you suddenly discovered that *your* Mar . . . No? That couldn't happen? But it can. And it does . . . to hundreds of Tommies and Marys every year, right here in Canada. Right in your community. You'll never read articles like that, of

course, for these are the personal tragedies that people bear in silence.

So, when you pick up the paper sometime and read, "... there were 5,000 new **VENEREAL DISEASE** cases reported in this province last year . . .", remember! These are not cold figures. They represent 5,000 heart-breaking . . . heart-aching situations.

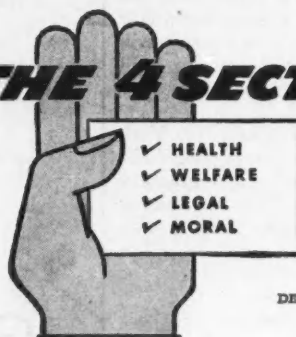
Yes, **VENEREAL DISEASE** is a serious problem. It's a problem for parents; for taxpayers; for young people on the threshold of life; for everyone.

VENEREAL DISEASE need never strike if we all do our part. If we know the facts. If we use these facts to advantage. If we don't shrug our shoulders and say, "This couldn't happen to anyone in my family."

You have a duty to your family and the community.

LEARN THE FACTS!

FIGHT VD ON THE 4 SECTOR FRONT



For all the facts about VD write your
Provincial Department of Health for the new, free booklet
"VICTORY OVER DISEASE".

Sponsored by
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Beauty Culture

A department of Personal Care and Beauty



SHE WAS what the young fry call a "sharp number." Tall, slender and graceful, she had all the attributes of a glamour girl, with just the right amount of make-up—the kind of appearance which tempted very tired businessmen on streetcars to peer covertly over their newspapers.

And then she smiled. It was like a beautiful portrait marred by an ugly stain—because her smile disclosed two discolored front teeth. In a puff of disillusionment a good part of her charm disappeared and her erstwhile admirers turned back to the perusal of their papers.

This may sound like the beginning of a sob story, but—surprise! surprise! It has a happy ending. About a year later I met this girl in a restaurant. She and her escort, a handsome Army officer, were completely absorbed in one another and she radiated

Smile, Please

By ADELE WHITE, Beauty Editor

Photo by Pagano

vivacious charm. As I passed her table she flashed me a quick greeting. I stared in astonishment because this time her smile was confident and tooth-perfect.

The next time I paid a visit to my dentist, I told him the story and enquired just what kind of old black magic the dental profession was up to these days.

"It's no magic," he informed me. "We do it every day. Your friend probably had porcelain crown caps

put over her front teeth to hide discoloration."

"You mean—they're her own teeth—not store ones?"

"Certainly they're her own teeth! She's just had a new cover made for them. For discolored or badly formed teeth we take off the old enamel and replace it with baked porcelain, and then the teeth are better than ever because they never have to be filled."

It's a tip I'm passing on to you just in case you are suffering from the same beauty handicap as this girl. And it certainly is a handicap! You go around with a stiff poker face, fearing that every time you become animated and start to enjoy yourself those pesky front teeth will come into full view. You shun close-ups and would far rather be seen from the small end of a telescope.

Before you toss in your ♦ Continued on page 36



A new Beauty habit comes to Canada

LOVELY HANDS NOW GUARDED BEFOREHAND WITH **TRUSHAY**



Yes—beforehand! Before you put your hands in hot, soapy water . . . *before* their precious white smoothness is marred—give them the fragrant velvet protection of Trushay! It helps to keep your hands lovelier—whiter—smoother!



You'll glory, too, in all-over Trushay body rubs! Feel the gentle touch of Trushay on rough elbows and knees! Smooth on Trushay to help give your shoulders and throat a delightful desirable softness. You'll need only a few drops of this lush, rich lotion.



Trushay lasts and lasts! So use it in all the ways you've ever used a fine hand lotion. And use it, too, this very special new way—*beforehand!* Protect your loveliness always and *all ways* with Trushay!

A Bristol-Myers Product — Made in Canada

TRUSHAY — THE BEFOREHAND LOTION — NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA

By ADELE WHITE

Sketches by John Morrow

That Unbridled Look

After a summer of slacks and playsuits it takes some girls until Christmas to get back in harness again and zip themselves into foundation garments. It's okay with us if you go girdleless to the party—that is, if you're fixing to wear a Mother Hubbard, but with the wartime vogue of tight close-fitting skirts, you've just got to be hipless or you'll be helpless when it comes to wearing them becomingly. Once you've taken the plunge into a well-made girdle or corselette (no bargain table



snatching, please—you've got to be fitted as carefully as you would be for shoes) you'll feel slick, well-groomed and happy about the whole thing.

Droop-Osis

It's a disease which seems to have hit a lot of gals we've seen lately, standing at bus stops or walking down the avenue. It's a wiggly-waggly hemline that dips in the rear and it's definitely a problem to take to your dressmaker unless you're a wiz at doing your own alterations. When you're having a skirt altered, you're apt to stand very straight with stomach pulled in because you're viewing yourself critically in the mirror—and the dressmaker takes her measurements from that angle. Then, as soon as you walk away from the mirror, you slump into the old comfortable position, with the result that your hemline sags forlornly down in the back. If you're a slumper, might as well face facts and stand that way when your clothes are being fitted, then allowances can be made for droop-osis. But do something about it, won't you?



Leg Liabilities

Speaking of girdles (and we were speaking of them a moment ago) another unhappy result of casting them off is the round garter menace. And it really is a menace, because if you wear round garters tight enough to hold up your stockings, they'll cause varicose veins; and if you wear 'em loose you'll go down the street with a hop, skip and jump as you try to jerk up your socks every few yards. Ungartered stockings become loose and floppy both fore and aft and look as though they had built-in pleats around your ankles.

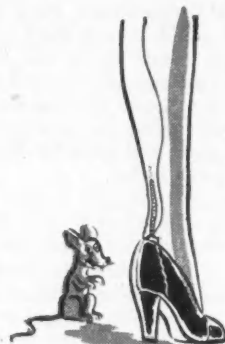
Also, watch the seams up the backs of your legs to make sure they're not all skewgee. A straight seam on stockings held up firmly will make your leg seem slimmer and neater. Goes a long way, too, in sum-total appearance.



Hole In One

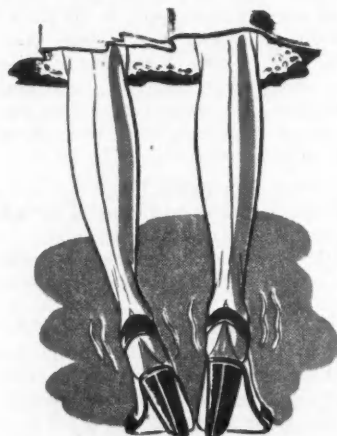
A hole in the heel of a stocking is just one of those things which come to try us on dash and scramble mornings. Of course it's easy enough to mend it, but—dash it all! where's the needle and thread? So you let it go and comfort yourself that the back of your shoe will cover it up—not realizing that your shoe slips up and down as you walk, giving a now-you-see-it, now-you-don't view of the hole.

Moral: Keep several needles all ready threaded in the drawer of your bedside table. And don't be the one who has to borrow the repair kit from the other gals in the office.



Down At The Heels

Teeter-totter, teeter-totter, down the street she goes; how soon she'll twist her ankle, goodness only knows! But one thing we do know: she's ruining her pedal extremities. For those of you who just must wear spike heels, be sure to have them straightened as soon as they wear down at the sides—and this goes for any sized heels, of course. You can have the shoemaker put on metal clips to prevent your running over the sides and also to help correct bad walking habits which started the whole thing. Wobbly run-over heels are one of the first evidences of lack of hindsight. Look around you and see if you don't agree! ♦



Your own Home Test may bring you New Skin Beauty—in just 14 days!

DOCTORS AND WOMEN PROVE YOUR SKIN CAN REGAIN YOUTHFUL ELASTICITY



Want a complexion smooth as shoulder skin?

How often a woman wishes... that her face looked as young as her shoulders. Compare your shoulders with your face. Isn't it true they look years younger? You see, shoulders stay smooth, soft, elastic—while faces have pores clogged with make-up, unable to breathe for hours at a time. And when pores can't breathe, skin becomes wrinkled and prematurely aged. But this needn't happen to your complexion. Palmolive offers an easy, proven way to help retain youthful elasticity in your skin.



Use face cloth for 60-second lather massage.

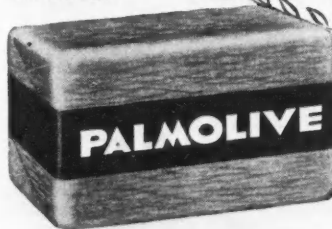
You can look younger in 14 days! Each time you wash, (use a face cloth) massage warm, rich, vitalizing Palmolive lather thoroughly into your skin for... one full minute. Now, a quick rinse and pat dry. Remember, it takes *only a minute*, but it's that 60-second massage with Palmolive's gentle lather that activates your skin's circulation, clears the pores and lets them breathe. Your skin becomes elastic—young again.



In 14 days have a lovelier complexion.

Palmolive offers you believable proof! Palmolive's 60-second Beauty Massage has been scientifically tested on 1285 women by 36 doctors. And 1016 Canadian women have tested it in their own homes. Their reports prove conclusively that... *in just 14 days...* Palmolive's 60-second Beauty Massage brings lovelier complexions. Try it yourself for two weeks—starting today. Let gentle Palmolive make your skin as soft and young-looking as your shoulders.

NEW IMPROVED



KEEP THAT LOVELY SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION..

The woman who thinks she's a good wife



Tom is moody, strange. He seems to avoid Sue deliberately. Over and over, Sue seeks a clue. Tom was once proud of her looks, of the way she managed their home. That hasn't

changed. Why has he changed? Poor Sue. She doesn't dream that carelessness about feminine hygiene is the 'one neglect' few husbands can forgive. If only she knew about Lysol!...

The woman who knows she is!



Joan and Les are perfect marriage partners. Wise Joan, like so many modern wives, uses Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. Her doctor told her it is an effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes.

Yet Lysol is so gentle, used in the douche, that it won't harm sensitive tissues... just follow easy directions. "So simple and inexpensive to use!" says Joan. Try Lysol for feminine hygiene.



Check these facts with your Doctor

Lysol is Non-caustic—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is not carbolic acid. Effective—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). Spreading—Lysol solutions spread, thus virtually search out germs in deep crev-

ices. Economical—small bottle makes almost a gallon of solution for the douche. Cleanly odour—disappears after use. Deodorizes completely. Lasting—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant
FOR FEMININE
HYGIENE

PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN

When the skin is broken even by a very little cut or scratch or bruise, germs may enter. Affection alone is no match for infection. Wash every such injury promptly and thoroughly with an antiseptic Lysol solution, as so many doctors and trained nurses do. Use Lysol regularly too, in your household cleaning to keep your children's surroundings hygienically clean.

For FREE booklet in plain envelope about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd., Dept. M.H., 9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Ontario.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

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Hindsight!

You may look slick as a whistle from the front, but haven't you forgotten something? Your rear view—which everyone else sees but which only you can do something about!



YOU LOOK at yourself in the mirror feeling pretty pleased with your new winter outfit. But perhaps you're forgetting one important part of your ensemble—your rear view. You're forgetting that your back is even more conspicuous than your front because, when people are talking to you head-on, they're watching your eyes, your expression, your lips, and so are not as apt to take in details of your clothes. But when you turn to walk away, they give you the once-over from head to foot. It's a perfect opportunity for critical scrutiny. So make hindsight as well as foresight one of your final check-ups.

Wispy Hair

It's best to avoid upswept hair-do's if you're in the in-between stages of growing back hair. Otherwise you'll constantly find wisps floating out from under your hat—it'll make you look like Zazu Pitts in one of her more distracted moments. Better watch out that some little bird, whose nesting instincts are in full bloom, doesn't swoop down and tweak them out. Ragged back hair often spoils an otherwise lovely young profile.



A Bit Off Color

A shoulder-length bob is still popular with teen-agers and if your hair is alive and shiny, it's certainly lovely to look at. But, this kind of hair-do can surely play hob with demure white collars which are so attractive with jackets and sweaters. When your hair brushes your shoulders, no matter how often you shampoo it, it's bound to leave a dingy mark on your collar. The answer is a fresh neckpiece every day or else skip the whole project and resort to a strand of pearls or a bright clip. Watch that your glamour bob doesn't part company in the middle and leave you with an open space—like the girl in the sketch.



White Collar Girl

There's another kind of white collar girl beside the one who punches a time clock and takes dictation—it's the girl who carelessly runs a comb through her hair and leaves a fine powder of dandruff on the shoulders of her dress. When you're seized with a desire to do a spot of hair fixing and you're away from home base, protect your shoulders with a hankie or even a piece of face tissue.

And listen, girls! If you fancy yourself in an off-the-ears hair-do, be sure they're inspection perfect—the ears we mean. Although you can't peer into your own, they're nakedly exposed when you're walking side by side with a beau or a pal.

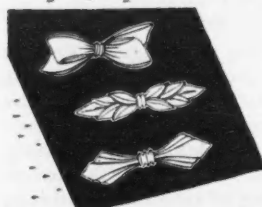


Standard Equipment for SMART STENOS!



Smart stenographers know how to keep hair always neat and attractive. Colorful "Goody" Barrettes are standard equipment. These clever plastic hair ornaments look smart in the hair—yet keep it securely and neatly in place. Look for "Goody" Barrettes at notions counters everywhere — the name "Goody" is on the card.

"Goody" BARRETTES



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the makers of
"GOODY"
Curlers
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Rendells solve simply the intimate problem of Feminine Hygiene. Send for Nurse Drew's booklet as thousands of other women have done. Benefit by her clear and honest information on this delicate subject. It explains how the Rendell method assures the complete, antiseptic protection so necessary to your well-being and happiness. No more doubts—no more fears. You can depend on Rendells. The coupon will bring your plain wrapped copy.

Nurse Drew, c/o Lyman Agencies, Ltd.,
286, St. Paul Street West, Montreal, P.Q.
☐ Please send me copy of the Free Booklet "Personal Hygiene."
☐ I enclose \$1.00 for full size carton of Rendells and Free Booklet, to be mailed, prepaid, in plain wrapper.

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NEW IMPROVED FORMULA
Foil-wrapped in boxes of 12 —
Ask your Druggist.

RENDELLS

Beauty Brevities

DO YOU really know how to take a bath? Come, come, now! We're not handing out insults—just a few suggestions. There are ways and ways of submerging the torso—some beneficial and others harmful. For example, warm water is more cleansing than cold because it dissolves, more readily, the waste matter which accumulates on the surface of the body. But never take a warm bath directly after a meal because the warmth of the water coaxes the blood to the surface of the skin and this diminishes the blood supply to the stomach where it's then needed for digestive purposes. The best time for a warm bath (and please note, we say warm, never hot) is just before bedtime, so your whole body will relax and prepare itself for eight or more hours shut-eye. A cool bath has an exhilarating effect—a quick plunge or shower is excellent as a morning aperitif, but never prolong it more than a few minutes. Dry yourself thoroughly with a medium rough towel and let your body air for a short time before you dress.

Ever think of washing your hairpins and bobby-pins? We must admit it was a new thought to us until an expert told us that they collect just as much dust and dirt as our hair. Sounds sensible. We hope to get around to it very soon.

Beanies and berets have had their day—and a lovely day it was too, in our estimation! Now, willy-nilly, fashion designers dictate that we shall return to large elaborate hats with lavish trimmings such as birds, plumes, flowers and jewellery. Ho-hum! Lack-a-day! However, we might as well be sporting about it and fall into step. We have to make sure our faces aren't swamped by this gargantuan headgear. A more definite accent on cheeks, eyes and lips with cleverly handled make-up, is the answer. And it's a smart girl who knows how to "be bold, be bold, but not too bold," when she uses rouge, mascara, eye-shadow and lipstick.

There's something new in the air about hair. Instead of flowers, bows and other fallals as decoration, a Mexican influence seems to be creeping into the picture with bright and gaily-colored yarns used as hair bands or skull caps.

Another subtle trend! This time toward the lighter tones of red, pink and rose nail polish. It's all part of the swing toward more feminine styles. If ladylike feather boas and plume-swept



I'll never be lonely again

To think—I was afraid to meet you, my darling!

Ted and Laura said you were so attractive; all the girls were excited about you.

And I—well, I was a shy kind of person. I couldn't see why you'd like me.

But—"You have such darling hands," you said. "Feminine; soft. I love your hands." I was so proud, darling, so happy.

Now the thought of you is always with me. My hands work hard to help win this war. But what if the work does take the natural softeners from my skin? I use Jergens Lotion. And I can count on Jergens to help prevent chapped hands—keep my hands nice and soft, dear, for you to come home to.



College girls know the smart hand care. They use Jergens Lotion, nearly 4 to 1. Next thing to professional care. Treats your hands with 2 ingredients many doctors rely on to help rough, chapped skin become attractive, desirable. No sticky feeling. Easy to use! To be sure... always use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

(Made in Canada)

Smile, Please

Continued from page 33

hand in the game of charm and beauty, why not pay a visit to the white-coated man who wields that electric drill so dexterously? You'll find he's got all kinds of tricks up his sleeve for refurbishing your ivories.

Take movie stars, for example, there are mighty few of them who are smile perfect. A series of trips to the dentist is probably one of the first steps in grooming a gal for stardom. Porcelain crown caps are an old story in Hollywood, because one of the most important things in photography is an alluring smile.

Protruding front teeth are definitely another morale puller-downer. If your parents were remiss enough to allow you to grow up with uneven or projecting teeth, you can still have things done about them, right up to your late twenties—and perhaps even later than that. After maturity, of course, complete success in teeth straightening can't be guaranteed, but it's certainly worth talking over with your dentist and taking a gamble on it if he thinks the odds are in your favor. He'll give you a pretty accurate idea of what results you can expect.

Catch 'Em Young

If you're responsible for the health and happiness of one or more offspring, it's awfully important to break bad mouth habits right from the start—habits such as thumb-sucking, lip biting and breathing through the mouth, which will tend to put teeth out of alignment and spoil the shape of lips and jaw.

The first trip to the dentist should take place very soon after little Mary or Johnnie has celebrated a three-candle birthday. It won't be an ordeal, we're willing to wager, because the modern dentist has an excellent working knowledge of child psychology. Lots of youngsters consider a trip to his office as second only to a Walt Disney movie—especially if the trip is followed by a modest spree at the local soda fountain. By starting early, your dentist can find out if there are any teeth irregularities in your child—and if so, he'll recommend a good orthodontist. Now, this doesn't mean you'll have to start right in with braces, elastic bands and other appliances; the orthodontist will wait until a certain stage of development has been reached when the treatment will do most good, and while the bones are still young and soft.

In other words, if you catch 'em young, the chances are the dentist will never have to treat 'em rough.

Your Home Work

Daily care and a balanced diet are two ways to save yourself and your children from long hours in the dentist's chair. Make it a habit to brush your teeth after every meal. (You've no idea what a freshening effect it has to keep a toothbrush and your favorite paste or powder at the office for post-luncheon brush-up.) Food particles between and around the outer surface of your teeth provide a fine home for the bacteria which results in tooth decay. Learn to brush your teeth with an up-and-down movement—never cross-wise or you may make horizontal lines on the enamel. It's best to have two or three brushes so they have a chance to dry between times. Don't buy bargain brushes—a well-made brush is more economical in the long run than a cheap one. It lasts longer and you won't be constantly picking bristles from between your

teeth, which is even more uncomfortable than raspberry seeds or kernels of corn. When you brush your teeth, gently massage your gums at the same time to encourage good circulation.

The majority of us don't have a balanced diet—we eat too many carbohydrates (sugars and starches) in proportion to proteins, minerals and fats. This encourages tooth decay. Even if you just leave out sugar from tea and coffee it's often enough to do the trick in restoring a proper balance. Dental science is also finding out more and more about the importance of vitamins to healthy teeth—especially Vitamin C (fruit juice, green vegetables) and Vitamin D (sunshine and fish-liver oil).

Danger—Germs At Work

A toothache should always be regarded as a red light signal—danger ahead! But don't count on sharp, shooting pains in your jaw to tell you when to visit the dentist. You can harbor an abscessed tooth for years and know nothing about it. X-rays at regular intervals are the only safeguard, and if caught in time the tooth can often be saved, by proper treatment.

Tooth decay or "caries" as your dentist calls it, is the chief reason why people lose their teeth. Pyorrhea runs a close second. Pyorrhea is a disease in which the tissue which surrounds the tooth and supports it, breaks down and becomes detached so the tooth eventually becomes wobbly and falls out. The commonest causes of pyorrhea are (1) crooked teeth; (2) ill-fitting crowns or bridges; (3) teeth which have been extracted and not replaced, so that the teeth above or below have nothing to bite on; (4) lack of vitamins in your diet. The first symptoms are spongy, bleeding gums.

Although there is no sure cure for pyorrhea at the present time, it can be retarded and kept at a standstill by regular prophylactic treatments. These treatments consist of scraping off the tartar around the teeth, as tartar is an irritant which hastens the onslaught of the disease.

"Store Teeth" Are Bygones

If the time ever comes when your dentist decides your teeth are a liability to your health, and he advises you to have them extracted, you don't have to feel that you're about to be blighted for life—or a first-rate candidate for the wheel-chair brigade. Perhaps you remember what a startling difference a set of dead-white store teeth made in grandma's appearance—and you think the same fate is in store for you. We're happy to report that those old-fashioned clackers are as outdated as mail-order spectacles. Nowadays a good dentist can do a very convincing job in constructing teeth which are the exact replica of your dear departed ones—even your best friend will scarcely know the difference unless you just can't resist talking about your operation. If you're the cautious type, you'll have your dentist make a wax impression of your teeth now, while they're good and sound; then, if at some future date you have them extracted, he'll have exact copies to work from.

Summing Up

DO see that your teeth are as perfect as dental science can make them.

DON'T stint on cleanliness. Brush them after every meal to help prevent tooth decay.

DO eat a well-balanced diet. DON'T be a candy, cake and pastry muncher. DO see your dentist every six months.

DON'T ignore danger signs such as bleeding gums or toothaches. +

VICTORIAN ROSE

A NEW NAIL SHADE CREATED BY

Peggy Sage

From her 57th Street salon in New York



The Future is Nobody's Business

Continued from page 16

machine down to an easy landing on the drying lawn behind the house.

MRS. UPTON walked round the house, which looked at once familiar and unreal. The front door, for instance, had neither handle nor lock; but her mind, working with perfect exactitude and lucidity, instantly supplied the password. "Wintergreen," Mrs. Upton said, and the door slid back silently and then closed behind her.

She paused for a moment in the hall, listening with satisfaction to the faint pleasant whirring that seemed to come from every part of the house, like the purr of a contented cat. From farther away she could hear a murmur of voices and the cool pleasant splash of water. She pressed a button and a glass wall slid back.

The two young people who had been occupying the living room drew shyly apart as she came in. The girl was wearing a vivid red dress and there was something in her startled pose that reminded Mrs. Upton of the lovely arrested motion of a ballet dancer. Now what, she puzzled, now where—

"Hello, mom," the girl said. "I wasn't expecting you back so soon."

"Why, Susan!" Mrs. Upton said. "I hardly knew you. My, how you've grown."

Susan stared, then laughed. "Grown since lunch!" she said. She took the hand of the young man beside her. "You know Andy Mulcahey, mother," she said.

He looked like a sailor, thought Mrs. Upton. He had a square pleasant face, light-lashed blue eyes and a crop of curly sunburnt hair. "Hello, Andy!" she said gaily, recognizing him at once though she had never laid eyes on him before in her life.

She sat down and drew off her gloves, smiling happily from one to the other. "How nice to have a stream running right through the living room," she said.

"Except that they're getting so common," Susan said. "Everybody in the block has one. And I believe that that Mrs. Frisbee next door throws her coffee grounds in hers."

"Oh, I don't think she'd do that," Mrs. Upton said kindly. "I can't detect anything but a rather pleasant smell of wintergreen. Anyway I've always wanted a stream running through the living room—though of course it would never have done with small children."

There was a rather long silence. It was obvious, Mrs. Upton realized, that her entrance had been badly timed and the two young people were rather at a loss. It didn't embarrass her, however. Nothing at that moment could disturb her light tranquillity of spirit.

Andy cleared his throat. "I was almost drowned in a stream when I was a kid," he said. "Gosh, I think they must have had every fireman and pulmotor in the district out to pull me through."

Susan turned to him swiftly. "Why, you never told me about that before!" she said. "Oh, Andy, I might never have known you!"

Mrs. Upton laughed. "Well, after all, there's nothing so very serious about being nearly drowned," she said cheerfully. "At least I never heard of anyone dying of it."

Susan stared at her a moment in silence. Then she turned to Andy. "Shall I tell her, Andy?"

"Sure," Andy said. "Go ahead."

Susan faced her resolutely. "Mother, Andy and I—we've just got engaged."

"Engaged?" Mrs. Upton said. She considered a moment, then she said mildly, "But isn't eight years old rather young to be engaged?"

"You know perfectly well I'm 18," Susan said.

"Why, of course," Mrs. Upton said placidly. "I'd forgotten you were 18. How time flies." She could still feel her senses swimming in a delicious void, but she made an effort to be judicious. "Let's see, how long have you two known each other?"

"Two months," Andy said, and added earnestly, "Only don't think it's just one of those boy-and-girl affairs, Mrs. Upton. Susan and I know what we're doing. We've known from the first minute we met each other."

Mrs. Upton beamed. "That's perfectly understandable," she said.

"Then you don't think it's silly for us to want to get married while Andy's still at college?" Susan cried.

"I think it's perfectly beautiful," Mrs. Upton said.

Susan's eyes shone. "And you will speak to father about it, won't you? He's been awful about Andy."

"Just a little upset, dear," Mrs. Upton said. She smiled a little deprecatingly from one to the other. "After all, all he actually said was that if Andy ever came round he'd break his

neck. That's perfectly understandable in a father."

"But you will speak to him," Susan said, and Mrs. Upton nodded reassuringly. "I'll speak to him this evening." She got up then, for of course the young people wanted to be by themselves. "If you'll excuse me I think I'll make myself a cup of tea," she said and drifted off to the kitchen.

THE KITCHEN was all of the clearest glass. Standing in the centre of it, Mrs. Upton had a queer sense of suspension and equipoise behind impalpable surfaces. "It's like being jellied in aspic," she thought, and for the first time was aware of a troubling sense of strangeness.

In the glass refrigerator she could see the varied and colored shapes of food, with ice forming itself above. The stove was glass, and inside it a roast was resourcefully turning itself on a glass spit. But how in such a kitchen did one make oneself anything so simple and old-fashioned as a cup of tea? The glass cabinet held something that might have been a glass tea kettle, but there seemed no way of reaching it. She had lost her sense of sureness and recognition and no matter how hard she tried, pressing and exploring every inch of the gleaming surface, she couldn't make anything open. Through the glass partition she could see Susan and Andy sitting by the stream in the living room, blissfully locked in each other's arms. "But I don't know anything about him!" she

"I'm sick of playing solitaire—I want to wear one!"



Jo: All the girls are getting engaged, Auntie! You should see Betty's diamond! And I don't even have dates! I'll just be an old maid if things don't change!

Auntie: Nonsense, honey! A girl with your beauty could have lots of beaux and dates! But luck is what you make it. Want a little good luck tip from me?



Auntie: It isn't enough to be pretty and smart, Jo—if a girl lets underarm odor spoil the picture. Don't guess about charm—use Mum every day and be sure!



Jo: What a dummy I was—not to know a bath only cares for past perspiration—but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. I'll always play safe with Mum!



CHOOSE YOUR RING, JO—AND SHOW THE WORLD YOU'RE MINE!

(TO HERSELF)
IT'S LOVE FOR KEEPS—AND I'LL KEEP IT WITH MUM

Girls who wish for romance, can trust Mum!

It's quick—Takes only 30 seconds to use—prevents underarm odor all day or evening.

It's safe—Safe for your nicest clothes; safe for your skin, even after underarm shaving.

It's sure—Through busy days or dancing evenings, you can trust Mum to guard daintiness! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor—keeps you nice to have around!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is a dependable deodorant—ideal for this purpose, too!



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OF LONDON

LAVENDER AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

hats are the order of the new day, it seems only natural that those sanguinary Lady Macbeth fingertips we've been wearing give way to something sweeter and softer.



When the snow flies and the sharp breezes blow, there's nothing more comforting, when you arrive home at night, than to slip into a bath and let the pleasant warmth of it soak into your skin. But the aftermath of too many baths in cold weather, is very often a bad case of itchy, irritated skin, so uncomfortable that you can scarcely bear your clothes on your back. A good antidote to this affliction is a few drops of bath oil in the water. And, after you dry yourself, pour a little baby oil in the palm of your hand and rub it over your body—this will keep your skin smooth and lubricated all winter long.



Here's a short cut to counteract the oily shine which often appears around your nose and chin during the day. Take a piece of face tissue, and blot—don't rub—the shiny spots. This tissue will absorb the shine just like blotting paper, and then you can safely dust on face powder without danger of having it cake on your nose.



If you have only time for a partial make-up job, start by running a pad of absorbent cotton soaked in skin freshener, all over your face and neck—if you use a light enough touch, it won't remove foundation cream or rouge but will leave your face feeling as fresh as morning dew and all set for an application of powder and lipstick.



A good brisk brushing of your hair is one of the best ways of bringing back a fading wave. Hairdressers used to believe a hairbrush was a deadly enemy of a wave set, but now they know better—at least the good ones do. They give your hair a thorough brushing after you come from under the dryer and before they comb your wave into place—makes your hair-do much softer and more natural looking.



Do you like to finish off a shampoo with a vinegar rinse? It's important to use the right proportions if you want to get the best results. The right proportion is one fourth cup of vinegar to one pint of warm water. And, by the way, vinegar tends to darken light hair, so blondes had better stick to lemon juice rinses—use the same proportion as vinegar.



A little tooth powder is very effective in removing nicotine stains from around your nails and up the side of your index finger. These brownish, ugly stains really put the jinx on pretty feminine hands. +

**It takes a woman
to understand...**

ONLY a woman can appreciate what the invention of Tampax means to her while passing through those "certain days" of the month... This modern monthly sanitary protection is worn internally... and the user is not aware of its presence. This fact alone should give her poise, and reduce her embarrassment and mental anxiety...



"CALLING ALL WAR WORKERS!"

Other advantages of Tampax appeal especially to war workers... freedom from the pin-belt-and-pad harness—freedom from bulging or bunching beneath the slacks... Tampax is quick to change and easy to dispose of, either at home or in public restrooms. No sanitary deodorant is required.



"ASK YOUR DOCTOR OR ANY NURSE"

Tampax was perfected by a physician and is used by many nurses—besides the millions of other women who have discovered it throughout the Americas and the other continents... Made of pure surgical cotton, compressed in dainty applicators. Three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Ask for Tampax at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 25c. Economy Package lasts 4 month's average. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited.

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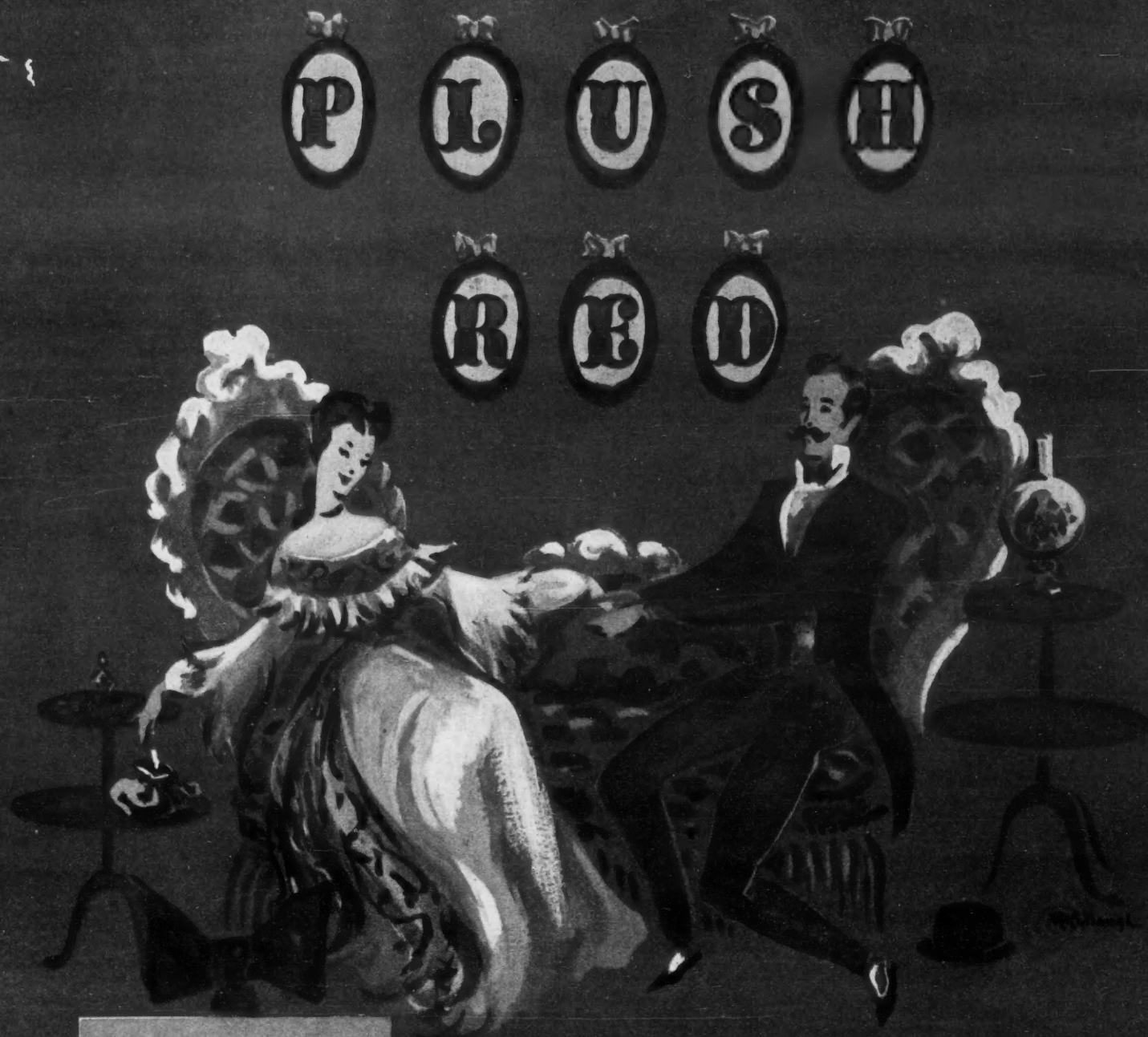
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 Cream or Compact, 1.25
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 Opalescent Face Powder, 1.25, 2.00, 3.75
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From the days of parlor games, dashing
 carriages and famous "beauties"—when every beau came calling
 with a bouquet—comes Plush Red, the new lush
 color created by Helena Rubinstein. A deep, intense glowing
 red—borrowed from yesterday, perfect with this Fall
 and Winter's feminine fashions in the new
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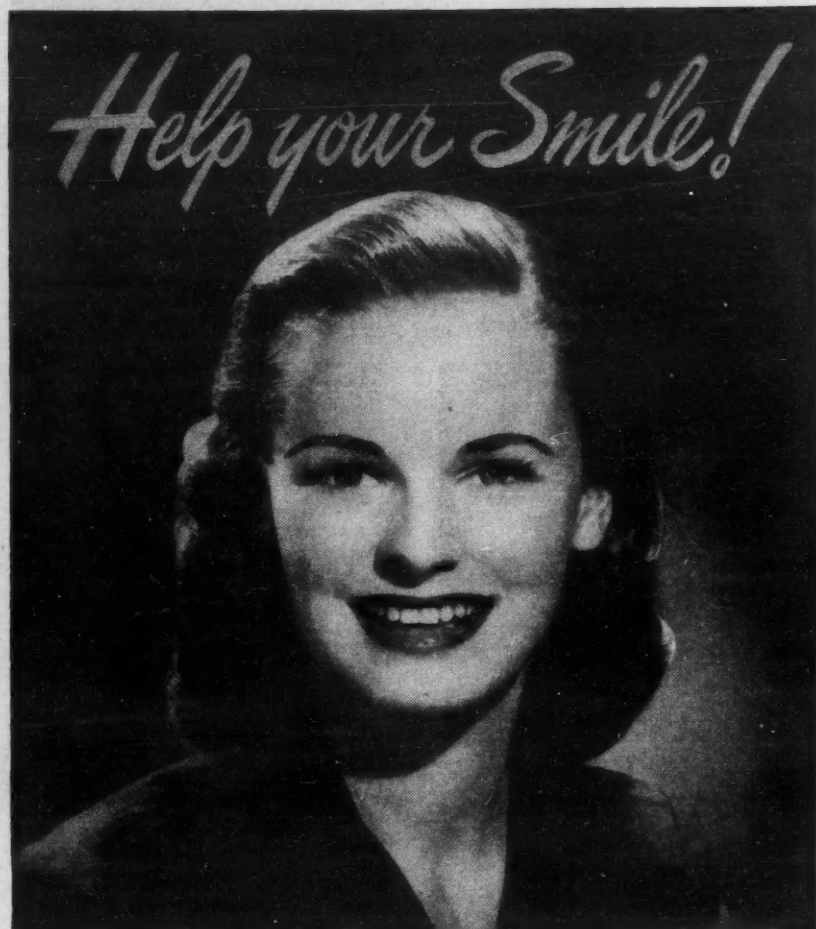
Help your Dentist—



HIS TIME is more precious than ever. For with so many thousands of dentists now at the fighting fronts, he has taken on more patients. He is doing everything he can to guard the fitness of those at home.

You can do a lot to help him make the most of his time, skill and dental knowledge, if you will follow these few simple but important rules for dental care:

1. Make appointments well in advance.
2. Keep your appointments.
3. If you *must* break an appointment—do it promptly.
4. See your dentist regularly—don't wait until prolonged treatment is necessary.
5. Between visits—give your teeth and gums proper care at home.



Help your Smile!

Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush."
Help keep gums firmer and teeth more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

THESE DAYS, proper home care of your teeth and gums is more important than ever. So choose your dentifrice with special care. And consider Ipana—the tooth paste thousands prefer because it not only cleanses teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of the gums.

It is well to remember this. For gums as well as teeth need regular care. Yes, the brilliance of your smile, the bright sparkle of your teeth, depend largely upon firm, healthy gums.

Heed the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, see your dentist! He may say that your gums have become tender because modern soft foods have denied them exercise. And, as thousands of dentists

do, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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thought suddenly. "I never laid eyes on him before in my life. And Susan's nothing but a child! Oh, good heavens, what will her father say?"

"Susan!" she cried wildly.

Susan came running.

"I can't open the cabinet!" Mrs. Upton wailed. "I can't get at anything. And something keeps buzzing in my head!"

Susan took her arm. "You're all tired out," she said gently. "I'll make the tea. You come and sit down and relax."

She led her back to the living room, put her in a chair and placed something in her lap. "Just press the bulb," she said. "You'll feel better in a minute."

Mrs. Upton pressed the bulb convulsively and in a moment her sense of lightness and levity returned. She began to giggle. "What a kitchen!" she said. "No more privacy than a jellied shrimp!" The idea struck her as wonderfully droll and she continued to laugh, while the two stood watching her, a look of uneasiness growing on their faces.

"I wouldn't take too much of that stuff," Andy said at last.

"Perfectly safe," Mrs. Upton said gaily. "The hand relaxes naturally when you've had enough."

Susan and Andy glanced at each other questioning. Then Susan stepped forward and took the bulb away from her. "You've had enough now," she said. "You won't need any more. The doctor has finished with the drilling."

"THE DOCTOR has finished with the drilling," Miss Quibell said.

Mrs. Upton opened her eyes and then leaned back while the world restored itself swimmingly to her normal vision. The flag still flapped idly on its pole and the crowd drifted in the street below. But the girl in the vivid red dress had vanished.

Dr. Plewes carefully removed the absorbent cotton. "Just rinse out the mouth," he said.

Mrs. Upton rinsed out the mouth and Miss Quibell gently removed the coverall and the linen bib.

"Well, I guess that finishes you up for this session," said Dr. Plewes, helping her out of the chair. "Miss Quibell will telephone you at the end of the usual six months."

Mrs. Upton went home by a street-car.

As she turned up her street a figure came racing toward her on roller skates. It was Susan and as she came nearer, Mrs. Upton saw that she was holding a half-eaten orange in one hand and that her braids had come loose as usual. She flew toward her mother, her arms widely spread, and catapulted into her with the full force of her flight.

"I got my report card," she shouted, "and Lillian's had her kittens. She had them in the dolly pram."

"How lovely!" Mrs. Upton said and bent her head for a moment to the wild dark hair. How lovely to be eight years old, she was thinking. How lovely and simple if Susan could stay eight years old forever.

Mrs. Upton related her curious experience to Mr. Upton that evening after Susan had gone to bed. She described it in detail from beginning to end and he listened politely, his glance straying only occasionally to the paper in his lap.

"You've been looking at too many of those four-color ads in the backs of the magazines," he said when she had finished.

Mrs. Upton considered. "Of course I was dog-tired and I might have fallen asleep," she said, "though I never heard of anyone falling asleep in the dentist's chair. Besides it didn't seem like a dream. It was much too vivid. I mean, you'd never get names and faces as clearly as that in a dream."

"Sure you would," said Mr. Upton, "I once got a telephone number in a dream. From a fellow that wanted a special shipment of cardboard egg cartons. Nothing in it whatever."

He picked up his paper again; but Mrs. Upton persisted, "You don't think there's anything in the theory, do you, that the past and present and future are all the same, and time is just something we invented ourselves?"

"Bunk," Mr. Upton said, handing her the second section, "The past is the past and the present is the present and the future is nobody's business."

Mrs. Upton nodded. She picked up the paper and glanced over it; then suddenly she gave a startled scream.

"Say, what's got into you?" Mr. Upton said.

"It's the same face!" Mrs. Upton cried, pointing to a picture in the paper.

It was the picture of a scared-looking youngster wrapped in a blanket. He was square-faced and light-eyed and he had a crop of fair curly hair. "It's 10 years younger, but it's the same face!"

"Listen, you're seeing things," said Mr. Upton.

"No, but read it!" she cried, "read what it says."

"Rescued from drowning," Mr. Upton read, "'ten-year-old Andy Mulcahey, son of Lieut.-Commander William Mulcahey, who had a narrow escape from death when seized by a cramp while in swimming . . . Firemen from the near-by station were able to resuscitate the lad with the aid of a pulmotor . . ."

"Good Godfrey!" Mr. Upton said. He stared at the paper, then at Mrs. Upton. "Of course, it could be a coincidence," he said, at last.

"It was no coincidence," Mrs. Upton said solemnly.

Mr. Upton's gaze returned to the paper. Then he said with sudden violence, "If anybody named Andy Mulcahey ever comes round Susan, I'll break his neck."

Mrs. Upton gave a wail that was half hysteria, half triumph. "Didn't I tell you!" she said. "That's just what I told you . . . It's exactly what you said in my dream."

They sat staring at each other in silence, each trying wildly to catch reassurance from the sight of the other's familiar face. They had never been so scared in their lives. ♦

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hazard just to the left of the seventh hole undid all but the most skilled and wary. It had undone Captain Bentick. In addition there was a fierce wind blowing. No sane man would have come out on such an afternoon. But unhappy people were probably never quite rational. And the Captain, on at least two scores, was unhappy. Hacking steadily at his sand-logged ball he finally lifted it over the bunker and onto the green where he found Mr. Smith inspecting the surface with an experienced and disapproving eye. The Captain liked Mr. Smith, partly because he was the only man on the hotel staff and partly because there was something friendly and reasonable about him. You felt that he'd weathered a lot of storms.

There was a storm coming up now. The black clouds racing down on them gave the deserted course a bleak and discouraging aspect so that the Captain who had come out to be alone hailed Mr. Smith with relief. Mr. Smith saluted him cheerfully. With a pair of shears he trimmed the rough edges of the seventh hole and politely removed the flag. The Captain missed a two-foot putt.

"I must be all to pieces," he said.

He looked it. Mr. Smith felt sorry for him. He was the kind of man who met physical danger with adult confidence, but who became childlike and helpless in the face of imponderable misfortune. He admitted as much.

"It's my wife," he said. "She has a heart, you know. I don't know what to do about it."

He would have liked to have gone on from there and told how last night he had come back to find Claire's dinner tray untouched and Claire in tears. It was just one of those attacks, she'd said, trying to smile bravely. But he hadn't quite believed her. Something had conjured up those miserable memories which he had spent his best years trying to bury under love and loyalty. He remembered, oddly enough, the simple daffodil lying between her weak beautiful hands. She had asked him to throw it away for her. Which was odd too. Because Claire loved flowers.

But you couldn't tell things like that to an almost complete stranger.

"Hearts are the devil," Mr. Smith admitted. "A constant source of trouble. And in the end they ditch you altogether."

The Captain picked up his ball and put it in his pocket.

"It's no good," he said. "I'll begin cheating presently. I'm going home."

"You won't make it before the storm," Mr. Smith told him. "There's a caddy-house nearby. We'd better let the worst blow over."

They walked side by side in the teeth of a rain-soaked wind which the Captain sniffed luxuriantly.

"Tastes like a wind at sea," he said. "Not like the conditioned stuff they call air in my office."

"It must be hard," Mr. Smith said, "to be a sailor in an office."

The Captain knew then that Mr. Smith was more than an agreeable hotel employee. He was a man after the Captain's own heart.

The storm broke in full fury just as they reached the log cabin on the edge of the course. Either the long-departed caddies had had a good eye for comfort or, as the Captain suspected, Mr. Smith had turned their quarters into a refuge of his own. There were easy chairs, a wood fireplace, and above all a locker in which Mr. Smith kept his private stock in case, as he said, someone fainted or got knocked out. It was good stuff.

The Captain dried himself before the fire and felt better—almost as though he had his quarterdeck under his feet again.

"I like your taste, Smith," he said. "Not much of this stuff left, I guess." He considered his companion with a mellow friendliness. Mr. Smith, who had taken off his glasses, looked much younger. In his time, the Captain thought, he must have been a good-looking fellow. "Somehow," the Captain said, "I don't see you in this hotel racket, Smith. What do you really do here?"

Mr. Smith started and smiled wryly, like someone who had been caught off guard.

"Just what you see. A little of this and that. The original Citizen Fix-It. I run the stables and the gardens and the golf course and the guests. I used to be a lawyer. But I took to drink."

"Wife trouble," the Captain asserted rather than asked.

"In a way. But it all worked out. I didn't really like the law. And I do like horses and flowers and even guests; I always did. And now I'm a model of sobriety to them all."

The Captain sat down and stretched his legs to the fire. The wind and the rain lashed the cabin windows. Mr. Smith refilled the Captain's glass.

"Feels like a ship at sea," the Captain said.

"Wouldn't they give you a ship?" Mr. Smith asked.

"Sure. Tomorrow—if I asked them. I ought to. I'm rotting in that office. But I can't. My wife, you know. The doctor says it would kill her." He took a long brooding drink. "Don't marry for love, Smith."

"I did," Mr. Smith said.

"Well then—you know. It's the devil. Thanks. Just another thimbleful. Take my wife. A happy lively girl, so they tell me—ready for anything, keen as mustard on dancing and good times and people. Now look at her."

"I've never even seen her," Mr. Smith objected.

"No one does, if she can help it. She's afraid of people—of everything. Just because she had to fall in love with a scoundrel and marry him."

"You're not a scoundrel," Mr. Smith said almost with affection.

"No," the Captain admitted bitterly. "I'm just too late." He held out his glass. "I guess when a woman's faith has been broken, it's broken. He broke hers. Married her for her money. And then ran out on her with a red-headed secretary."

Mr. Smith inadvertently knocked over his own glass. He spent the next minute mopping up.

"No woman's hair is red enough," he remarked then, "to induce a scoundrel to run out on his meal-ticket."

"He didn't," the Captain retorted. "He took it with him. All Claire's jewels. A small fortune. Just a plausible, vulgar crook. He knew she'd be too proud to set the police on him—"

Mr. Smith found himself another glass and filled it, and there was a long oppressive silence. "She loves me," the Captain said, "and she knows I love her. But she isn't sure—"

"Rich people are never sure," Mr. Smith told him. "They don't really know who they are or where they are. That's why they're so scared of losing their money. They're afraid of finding out."

"Poor little rich people," the Captain said grimly. "It's no joke—"

"It's a complex," Mr. Smith asserted.

"It's the devil anyway. Look at my poor Patsy. Not mine at all, of course."

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Don't Marry for Love

Continued from page 7.

spoil us for each other. I've got to make her believe in me. At least I've got to have another shot at it."

Mr. Smith gave his last spoon a last rub and removed the chamois leather from his companion's apparently palsied hands.

"If it costs me my job," he said, "you shall—"

At that moment Maude made a reappearance. She was still good-tempered. She said, "Mrs. Bentick was just too sweet. And she was so pleased with Mr. Smith's daffodil that she almost cried over it."

MR. SMITH, with his sleeves rolled up professionally and in riding breeches that were a shade too tight for him, gave the sorrel a friendly pat. The mare nuzzled against his coat and the girl in the saddle laughed.

"She loves you, Smith," she said.

"She trusts me," Mr. Smith retorted.

"She knows I love her."

"How nice," the girl said, "to be a horse."

Mr. Smith looked up at her. Either he really saw her for the first time or the sunlight pouring down on her uncovered chestnut head revealed something he had not seen before. He had a queer faintish feeling like someone who has been hit over the solar plexus, but not hard enough to be knocked out.

"Faith," he said, "is not an equine monopoly."

Howard, who was having trouble with a 17-hand bay of bony structure and with a great deal of white to its eye, gave a rather high-pitched laugh.

"What long words you use, grandfather," he said. "You should come to your nation's capital."

It was a condescension. The girl flushed angrily. But she had no time to retort, for the bay had started off at a bounding canter, and, with a slight shrug and a gesture of thanks to Smith the stableman, she set off in pursuit. Whereat Tobias came out of the shadow of the stable.

"You can see," he said, "what's on her mind."

"It's what they call a complex," Mr. Smith said, who was still staring down the now empty driveway as though he'd seen a ghost.

"Whatever it is," Tobias retorted, "I've got to talk or beat it out of her. But when? When she comes back she'll still have that sour-ball with her—"

"I think not," Mr. Smith said. "That bay is a perfect lady's horse. But for some reason or other—or it may be just another complex—he dislikes men. In a mile or so he will decide—perhaps mistakenly—that Mr. Howard Carstairs is a man. I doubt very much whether an office chair at headquarters has provided Mr. Carstairs with the right seat—"

Tobias hooted.

"I'll wait round awhile and see," he said.

As it turned out he had to wait almost an hour, which was long enough to bring a determined cool-headedness to a simmer. The bay came first, amiable and riderless, and Patricia Bentick followed at a hard trot. The bay vanished into the stable and Patricia pulled to a stop. The two young people stared at each other with a bleak unsmilingness that was like hostility.

"I thought," she said, "that you were in the Navy. Don't naval people who

run out and take a civilian job get shot at dawn?"

"I guess so. But I've not run out. I'm on 10 days leave, and so long as it's legal I can do what I like—even to getting myself married."

The angry color faded to an ivory pallor.

"You're awfully stubborn, aren't you, Toby?"

"No—just determined."

"You won't see that I don't love you—"

"No—I don't."

"—or that even if I did, it wouldn't be any good. Because after what you did I'd never trust you—"

"You don't trust anyone anyhow."

"Yes—I do. I trust mother and dad—and—Howard, because he hasn't a thing to gain by lying to me. You're different. And you did lie to me—in a way, anyhow. You let me think—" She broke off. "What's the use of going over it again? Don't you see how it would be? I'd never trust you. I'd always be wondering. I'd watch you. I'd never be happy when I couldn't watch you—when you were out of my sight—"

"I'd never get out of it," he interrupted with a twisted little grin.

"You'd want to. Any real man would. And you are real—" She almost said "my dear," but checked herself in time. "But you wouldn't dare. Because you'd know I'd be afraid. When you came back I'd be questioning you, even if I didn't ask questions. And then one day you wouldn't be able to stand it any more. You'd run out on me—"

"And on all those millions?" he asked bitterly.

"There might be other millions," she retorted.

"Bigger and better." He laughed. "You certainly credit me with a lot of charm," he said.

She didn't answer for a minute. She was thinking that if she dismounted he would catch her in his arms. She couldn't risk it.

"Yes, I do," she said. "Any girl might fall for you. I did. For a little while you made me awfully, awfully happy."

Her voice cracked. His hand, resting on her bridle, strayed to her jodhpured knee and she didn't try to remove it. She had to show him that she didn't care enough for it to trouble her.

"Patsy—you idiot! Don't you see—I was an idiot too? It was just a silly prank—not even so silly. I wanted to give you a swell time—because you were a swell girl and not just a swell bank roll. I didn't know we were going to love each other on sight. You've got to believe me—"

"I'm too wise, Toby."

"Who put all that sour wisdom in you?"

"Life," she said smiling wryly.

"At 20?"

"Life," she said, "begins way back of 20."

He shook her.

"Get off that horse," he said. "I'll teach you about life."

But the simmer had reached the boil. He had caught sight of Howard coming down the drive, limping but at a good clip. "It's now or never," he said.

"It's never, Toby."

She pulled her horse away from him and started off at a canter for the hotel entrance. Howard came up presently, dusty and out of temper.

"Why didn't she wait?" he asked.

Tobias looked him over. He grinned. "I guess," he said, "she didn't dare."

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"Oh, yes—it was. Loving you was hard—it still is. I wasn't tough enough. Perhaps I was too young. It needs wisdom and character to be poor and love a rich self-willed woman—and you were all that, my dear. It takes more wisdom and character than I had. So I rotted. I knew I was rotting. So I ran away."

"Do you have to come here to tell me that?" she asked with weary bitterness.

"I have to tell you—very quickly—a lot of things. You never got my letter, did you? I suppose that red-headed vixen found it and read it and destroyed it. Perhaps she left a letter of her own—from both of us. At any rate she saw the chance it gave her to clean up and get away. She knew you'd be too proud and hurt to make a sign." He tried hard to sound steady and matter-of-fact. "I told you in that letter that I was going away, to see if I could sober up and stand on my own feet. Then when and if I was man enough I'd come back. I asked you to give me a chance—to wait for me."

She made a little sound of pain and he put out his hand. But he did not touch her. "When I did come back I found you had divorced me—so I went away again for good. I lost touch with you. I had to. But I never quite lost you. You've got to believe me," he said urgently, "for Patsy's sake." He took some papers from his pocket. "I found these. They are a rough record of my life—alone. Do you want to see them?"

"No," she said.

"So you do believe me—so it's all right now. Your heart isn't broken—it has no cause to be. Tell Patsy—now while there's still time, so that she doesn't have to break her heart—her father was a poor fool, but that he loved

you and was faithful, after his fashion."

"My dear," she whispered, "oh, my dear!"

"No—not yours," he said firmly, "not anybody's. You've got your dear. A great guy, who loves you too. He'll love you more and be greater still when he gets his ship. You give her to him. You can trust him with her." He came a little closer. Her eyes were closed to keep the tears back. She felt something touch her hair—his hand or perhaps his mouth. "Good-by, my darling."

When she heard the door close she got up swiftly, with energy, brushing the tears away. She called, "Patsy!" But there was no answer. And the room next door was empty.

THE CAPTAIN had a grim look. He was in fact so frightened that he looked angry and didn't really take in the incredible fact that his wife was dressed for dinner. She actually sat in front of her mirror, putting on a last touch of powder.

"Claire," he said, "I've got bad news. It's a letter from Patsy. I found it in our box. She's gone—with that sailor fellow. She said he couldn't wait another minute."

Mrs. Bentick sat back, her head a little on one side, getting the full effect. It seemed to please her.

"I'm so awfully glad," she said. "I mean that she went of her own accord—that she wasn't afraid—"

The Captain came up alongside. He had expected her to faint. She rested her head against his arm, not for support apparently, but because she liked it.

"I feel so much better, darling, I'm coming down to dinner." She smiled up at him rather shyly, like a girl. "Do you think, darling, before you sail, that you could teach me to dance again?"

Lady With a Past

Continued from page 13

plainest, so that Number 13, young Julian, seldom had a new suit, but wore his brothers' cast-offs, including their boots, which didn't begin to fit him, with the result that all his life he suffered from his feet.

However, owing to this economy "Lord S," as his children called him, left the second family better provided for than the first, to the indignation of the latter, and it certainly spoke volumes for his force of character. He had seven sons, of whom five went into the Army, their father hoping, no doubt, some of them would follow in the glorious path marked by "Old Toes," their grandfather. The two non-soldiers were Lord Enfield, a rather colorless M.P., and Francis, commonly called "Prayers," who was in the Church, to which he was totally unsuited, having inherited to the full his father's love of racing, and regardless of the fact that he had a big family, a small income, and was chaplain to the House of Commons and rector of St. Peter's, Cranleigh Gardens, spent every penny on the turf. Lord Strafford was already finding that his soldier sons kept running into debt and costing him a good deal over and above their allowances, and when "Prayers" also dropped money racing, he refused to pay up. The congregation, mainly composed of elderly ladies who doted on him, collected a big sum for the purpose of paying off the racing debts, thus saving "Prayers" from the scandal of bankruptcy and being deprived of his benefice. Alas, that money, instead of

paying the debts, went the same way as the rest had gone, so "the man of God" had to be retired from an active cure of souls, though he was still in great demand as a preacher, having a sonorous voice and much dramatic talent in reading the Bible. Indeed, when he read the funeral service over his father, there wasn't a dry eye in the family mausoleum but, alas! when they emerged, red-nosed and red-eyed, a telegraph boy was waiting outside the mausoleum and handed their reverend brother a wire giving the results of the 3.30 race at Alexandra Park. A sad anticlimax!

I was regaled at different times by stories of "Lord S," both by Julian and his sisters, and was told how, late in his life, Wrotham caught fire and though the old man knew all about it, he flatly refused to leave the library, though the upper floors were crackling merrily and villagers streamed across the park to see if they could help. Looking out of his window, he saw them, rang furiously for the butler and when that factotum appeared, flustered and scared, his master asked angrily, "What the . . . are those people doing in my park?" and when the man answered that they had come to help extinguish the fire, the irate old gentleman shouted, "Send them away at once. Go and trounce the rascals soundly," as though they were "villains" of a feudal generation to which by rights he himself belonged. Having issued this order, he still refused to budge from his room, and it was only after endless coaxing that Margaret, his youngest daughter, got him to safety in the garden, just as the roof crashed in, so that he escaped death by only a few minutes.

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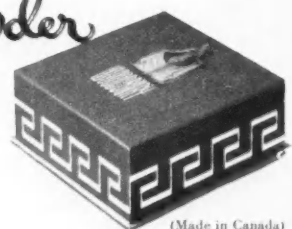
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But I feel as though she were. She even took my name and I was darn glad she did. One doesn't want to be reminded that one has a scoundrel for a father."

Mr. Smith remarked that changing one's name was a good way of forgetting anything one didn't want to remember, including oneself, and the Captain took another drink. "Well, now, she's in love—I know she is—with a fine fellow. A sailor. Poor, of course. The sea doesn't pay in cash. But she's seen what marrying a poor man for love did for her mother. So she's marrying a nobody for nothing at all—a clothes prop with a bank roll as big as her own and as much heart as—as an alligator. It's what you'd call playing safe—"

"I wouldn't," Mr. Smith said with unexpected energy. "No one's safe anywhere—not even here."

The Captain's head drooped. He sighed deeply.

"I've been talking too much. It's this storm. It got into my blood. Forget it."

"Sure," Mr. Smith said gently.

The Captain's head sank deeper. Presently he slept. And Mr. Smith corked the almost empty bottle and returned it to its locker and turned the key. He was dead sober. But he had the stricken look of a man who has begun to see things.

TOBIAS RANDOLF, compressed into a bellhop's white coat and carrying a tray of ice water, knocked at the door and went in without waiting for an answer. The girl standing by the window did not turn round and he put his tray down on the nearest table.

"Don't I get a tip or something?" he asked.

She still wouldn't look at him. "If you had any decent feeling, Toby," she said, "you wouldn't plague me."

"I don't know whether what I feel is decent or not," he said, "but it plagues me too and I can't help it."

"You could go away."

"I could. But there's a lot I've got to say first. For one thing—what I said down there at the stables, the 'now or never' line, wasn't true. It was just temper. I ought to have said, 'It's now and always!'"

"It's no good any time," she said.

"We love each other," he asserted simply, "and you know it. If you didn't you'd have the guts to turn round and look at me."

She blew her nose. And then after a moment she did turn, her head up and her back to the light. "You can't put it over," he said. "You've been crying."

"Not about you."

"You don't have to cry about me. You're crying about your poor nitwitted self."

"It's not true. I'm crying about—about mother. She's sick again."

"You're sick," he said. "And I don't know what's the matter with you or what to do about it—except bat you over the head and carry you off."

Her mouth quivered.

"It wouldn't do any good."

"You'd like it."

"Suppose—suppose I did. When I came to, I'd remember what you said. You wouldn't marry me without my money. At least you were honest about it."

"I was just mad," he said. "But it's true too. I won't marry a girl who doesn't trust me with her money and herself and everything—"

"Well, I can't," she said.

His jaw, which was normally aggressive, became more so. He took off his white coat and folded it neatly and laid

it on the table. In his sailor's blouse he looked very effective.

"In half an hour," he said, "I and my motorcycle will be down at the kitchen entrance. I've rigged up a pillow for you and we can make a town and a minister by nightfall. It's still raining a bit. But I guess you're not afraid of rain. All you need is your toothbrush. We'll have a clear week together and then—afterward—all our lives."

"We won't have anything—"

He made her a gay little salute. But his eyes were anxious.

"I'll be waiting." At the door he stopped and grinned at her. "And bring some of your darn money with you, sweet. Because until I get my pay and you get your separation allowance we'll be dead broke."

As he closed the door he ran into Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith looked as though he'd been dragged through several bushes backward. His hair was plastered down with rain, his face flushed. His clothes were badly creased and his boots made a squelching noise when he moved. But he had an air of authority.

"She says she won't—" the boy began.

Mr. Smith put him firmly on one side and went in without even bothering to knock.

HAVING HEARD the door close, Patricia had made no further effort. She'd dropped down by the table and, with her face buried in a bellhop's coat, was crying her heart out. Mr. Smith stopped dead. His face lost its vivid color and grew white and puckered.

"Patsy—" he said.

She lifted her head. After all, she had spunk. She was so angry that for a moment she wasn't crying.

"He must have bribed you," she said, "to let him make me so miserable."

He shook his head at her.

"I ought to spank you for that," he said. "But then, as Shakespeare says, who of us, if we got what was coming to us, would escape a spanking?"

He came over to her and put his hand on her shoulder and oddly enough she did not attempt to shake it off. She admitted to herself afterward that there had been something in his touch that had been warm and comforting.

"Little Patsy," he said. "Faith moves mountains. If you haven't got it you don't get anywhere. You've got to have faith and guts and go where your heart leads you."

She forgot that he was merely Mr. Smith.

"Like mother—" she said bitterly.

"Yes—just like your mother."

She was too surprised to answer. And he pressed her shoulder hard and then let go. She heard him squelching his way across the room to her mother's door.

"You can't," she said. "Mother's asleep."

"Your mother," he said inexorably, "has been asleep too long."

LYING ON her chaise-longue, she could see him in the mirror, standing behind her. Their eyes met. Her thin beautiful hands tightened on the arms of her chair.

"I know," she said scarcely above her breath. "It was that daffodil. In the spring you always put a daffodil on my breakfast tray."

He made a slight detaining movement.

"Stay there. Let's just be as we are—looking at each other, like ghosts." He smiled faintly. "You're still very lovely, Claire. Don't make it too hard for me."

"Nothing was ever hard for you," she whispered.

secret Cerberus to his trustfulness, if he was to be saved from the clutches of unscrupulous people. Such simplicity was startling in a man of 40, but he had lived so much among men of his own moral calibre and had been so absorbed in his profession and in books that there was much of the innocence of a child in him, making him widely tolerant and foolishly blind, till I began to convince him that women's intuitions were sometimes safer than his own overconfidence. It was a problem, for he started with a mistrust of the dragonfly mentality common in women, by which they reach their objective in a single dart, while men plod thither through a morass of logical conclusions and laborious deductions, often reaching the selfsame spot too late to avert some disaster. He used to wrinkle his forehead, like a puzzled puppy as I told him, and looked pained if my reactions to some individual under discussion were unfavorable; his blue eyes would take on a hurt expression at the disillusionment, whose existence he put down at first to feminine prejudice. Gradually, after I had proved more than once the truth of such intuitions, he began to say, "Well, perhaps there's something in that queer trick of yours," as though I were a conjurer pulling a rabbit out of a hat. From then on he took to discussing everything and everybody with me, so that I was in on the ground floor of all that happened to him.

I knew he had often been deceived by men wilier and less scrupulous than himself—during his Boer War service, and also after our marriage, though such occasions grew rarer after he had acquired the habit of discussing people and things with me. But I remember vividly an occasion when, alas, I failed to override that unconquerable faith of his in human nature and it played him a sorry trick. He had been much troubled about a matter which involved many others besides himself and had discussed it with me from various angles, though we by no means saw eye to eye on the subject of some of the people involved. However, one day he told me jubilantly that the matter was solved by a promise given him which had cleared the atmosphere, and he was most irate when I—being less trusting—asked if the statement was in writing, and he called me, half-mockingly, half-angrily, as he often did on such occasions, "a suspicious old Greek." However, when the time came to implement the promise it was not only broken, as I had anticipated, but denied; so that I was sorely tempted to say, "I told you so." But the hurt done him was too grievous that time for recriminations, so I held my peace while thinking how right Madame Roland had been when she wrote, "*Plus je vois les hommes, plus j'admire les chiens.*" Wise woman—she realized that the canine race lacks the Judas complex which is the most heinous of all human sins. But though Julian, with far too Christian an attitude of forgiveness, put enmity from him on that occasion, the episode left a scar on his faith in humanity which he carried to his death.

IT WOULD have been hard to find a less worldly-minded man or one more utterly devoid of personal ambition and snobishness in any shape or form. The great of the earth were no more to him than the humblest, so that he was as much at ease with a king or a dustman, and, I think, equally appreciated by both. There always remained in him, as I think in all really great men, something of the mischievousness of a boy,

and during his years in Canada as Governor-General he delighted in escaping from the tutelage and supervision of his staff. I remember an occasion when he managed to sneak off the train while we were parked in a remote siding in the West, ready to pull on next morning for a "show" in some nearby town. As he strode over the prairie there wasn't another soul in sight except an elderly farmer, in an equally elderly buggy, who stopped, and they began to talk. Gathering that the man on foot was a stranger, the farmer said:

"Guess you've come in for the Governor-General's visit in town tomorrow?"

My husband said he had, and the farmer asked whether he knew "Old Byng," to which Julian answered, "Yes."

"Umph," grunted the farmer. "What's the — like?"

"Oh, not so bad on the whole."

"High hat?"

"I don't think so. But why not come and see for yourself at the reception?"


A grunt came from the old man. Then grudgingly, as he moved on, "Well, I guess I may as well go and see the old son of a —. My boy served under him and said he was a good fighter."

Next day at the reception he duly appeared, and when he came up, rather taken aback, to shake hands with us, Julian said, "Well, is the old — so bad after all?" They had a good laugh over it and the farmer slapped him hard on the shoulder, for Julian had made a firm friend.

YOU COULD hardly, I think, have found a more dissimilar pair than ourselves, yet I doubt if you would have found a happier; and the 33 years of our married life hold no regrets for me, except that I wish I could have lived nearer to his fine way of life and his great qualities. Temperamentally, and in our tastes, we were totally unlike. In temper he was sulky when roused to anger; I was like a hot flame, flaring up savagely but not long lasting as a rule, so that I used to tell him, when we quarrelled, that I should have to practice sulking in order to compete with him, but I never succeeded.

Scenery appealed to me, but not to him, except for the grandeur of the Rockies or the wide sweep of the Prairies. Eventually I found why scenery left him cold, for though I knew he was color blind, to what extent I hadn't realized till one day as we were travelling he asked me what "the masses of blue flowers" were which we had been passing. I was puzzled because blue is not abundant in the North American flora, so I told him to point them out next time he saw them, and he did. They were the fireweed! There is a lot of blue pigment in their rosy-purple, and that was what he saw. I then put him through a variety of tests with different bits of color, until I found that all greens and reds were to him different tones of what we know as brown, a dull color at best. No wonder, therefore, that scenery lost its charm and the flaming glory of the Canadian fall had no magic for him.

Another difference between us lay in the fact that he was by nature a hermit, preferring what he called his "sticky old rut," and I was gregarious, especially in my youth. Pageantry bored him to tears, and I loved a "show." He was an excellent games player—I played no games and had no game sense, the result, I suppose, of a solitary childhood. He was a keen sportsman, while to me a gun was fraught with




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JULIAN, I believe, was the only one of the family who ever dared stand up to his awe-inspiring father, and perhaps it was this fearlessness which led the old Tartar to be fonder of him than of the others. Certainly he was the one son who never caused him any trouble except by his distaste for learning when at Eton, where it must be recorded, alas, that young Julian did not distinguish himself, being a late developer and quite content to remain in the lowest form. But all the time a military spirit was simmering in the boy, though he knew Lord Strafford was set against putting another son into the Army to run amuck financially.

However, Fate took a hand in the matter, and at a Jockey Club dinner the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) offered "Lord S" a commission in the Tenth Royal Hussars for his youngest son, and since such an offer couldn't very well be turned down, it was accepted, and in 1882 Julian became a subaltern in what was, in those days, the most expensive and smartest Cavalry regiment in the British Army. Six hundred pounds a year was considered the minimum allowance for any boy, though most of the young officers had at least double that from wealthy fathers.

But in went poor young "Bungo," as he was nicknamed, on a pittance of two hundred a year, and to his credit be it said he never exceeded it or ran into debt. He joined his regiment at Lucknow in days when living in India was cheap, and thanks to the rough ponies he bought cheaply, and with infinite patience made into tournament material, and which fetched four or five times their original cost—he got plenty of enjoyment and profit out of his new life. On the way home the regiment was sent ashore to join in the Egyptian campaign of 1884, so he had the good fortune to see active service early, at El-Teb, his first battle, in which the officers on each side of him were killed, though he escaped injury, just as in the Boer War, 17 years later, when he led his South African Light Horse into their first battle at Colenso, one bullet took the heel off his boot and another passed through his Stetson hat. He certainly bore a charmed life on both occasions.

Not only was the ordinary way of life in the Tenth expensive, but their Colonel-in-Chief, the Prince of Wales, liked to pay them visits in barracks, partly to amuse himself, partly to see his son, the Duke of Clarence, then a subaltern in the regiment. The future king liked to play at being a soldier, and he would sit in the orderly room, signing papers, issuing orders and following all the usual routine of a commanding officer. But such visits entailed considerable trouble and expense, because the regiment had to hire special bedroom and sitting-room furniture for their guest, besides all the other upheavals that a royal visit involved, while the guest, quite unconscious of such preliminaries, would say to Julian, "You know, Bungo, I love coming here and roughing it with you all!"

Another, but by no means as welcome a royal guest, was Prince William of Prussia. Periodically, when this insufferable young man inflicted himself on his English relations, and they could bear it no longer, he was shunted off to the Tenth Hussars by his uncle, the Prince of Wales; and well can I hear that fat chuckling laugh of his when he arranged it, knowing full well that Julian—at that time adjutant—would put up with no nonsense from the uninvited guest. Nor did he. Prince William met with neither

rented suites nor soft bedding, and was treated like any ordinary junior officer visiting a regiment, and Julian seized the opportunity of putting him into the riding school. In later years my husband used to say laughingly that he was the only officer in the British Army who had "put the Kaiser through the hoops."

NO MATTER how well two people who marry may think they know one another at the start, only the daily contact of married life can reveal the unsuspected depths and shallows below the surface, and, though I knew my husband had an excellent brain, I found he had an amazingly versatile one, having read widely and thought deeply. His mind was like a highly polished surface reflecting a thousand unsuspected lights and colors and up to the very last years of our life together I discovered some fresh aspects, some quaint angle or unexpected knowledge, regarding subjects on which, so far as I knew, he had never touched. It was all handled so lightly, humorously and simply that there wasn't the least shadow of priggishness in it. For reading he chose history, science, philosophy and the Bible, which he knew extremely well.

Realizing, as I did, the catholicity of his interests, I had no fear, should he decide to leave the Army, that he would ever join the pathetic host of lost souls—ex-soldiers with no interest outside their profession, nor would he ever be at a loose end for a job, for there would be plenty open to a man of his ability. He could always be sure of a following; he had the power of sweeping people into his orbit. Not that he was a conscious spellbinder—he was far too modest to dream of such a thing. I think his singleness of purpose affected all who were brought in contact with him; they realized that his pursuit of any object was activated by the highest motives, and that he would pursue it through thick and thin, as a good hound follows a scent, and his unfaltering determination inspired confidence. Since every quality bears within itself the germ of its corresponding defect, that determination developed at times into obstinacy—the middle name of all the Byngs—as I had cause to realize, though as a rule if one managed him carefully he could be brought to listen.

When we first married, most of his friends, of course, were soldiers, but he was ready to adopt any of mine, provided they weren't fools, and he formed abiding friendships with such people as Owen Seaman, Charles Graves, and the then members of Punch's "Round Table." He delighted in Kipling and Barrie, and fell into step with such painters as Sargent and de Laszlo, who was commissioned at the time of our marriage to paint his portrait to replace the one of Kitchener which in the old days had flanked the Belgrave Square fireplace opposite mine! And certainly the most outstanding of de Laszlo's pictures was the second one he painted of my husband in his Field Marshal's uniform, which hung at Thorpe, and I pray may still be there when I return.

Quite early in our married life I discovered what I hadn't suspected in him before, a guileless and almost childlike belief in the integrity of his fellow men, springing from the bigness of his own nature, so that to suspect others never crossed his mind, because he was incapable of meanness himself. Having once given his trust to anybody, it was an unretractable gift, so far as he was concerned, and I soon realized that my role in life would be to act as the

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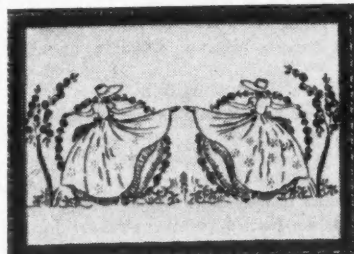
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hideous possibilities, and if he came near me with one in his hand I always asked anxiously whether it was loaded, to which he would reply maliciously, "Up to the muzzle and will go off at any moment!"

He had unending patience; I was impatient, irritable, and often in a hurry, so that he would wave an admonitory finger up and down at me, saying, "No panic—above all, no panic!" which was excellent for me, no doubt, but exasperating when it came to a question of catching trains, for he had a trick of running them fine, whereas I went to the other extreme, on a few occasions catching the previous one, but after the five years of Canada, where he had his own train and everything waited on his good pleasure, it took quite a bit of training to make him remember that trains, like time and tide, wait for no man in England.

However, we had many mutual links, and one of them was a love of animals, especially horses and dogs, and I remember when his spaniel bitch produced a litter and the poor pups got distemper in its worst form within a week of their birth, he was so upset that he packed three of them into the breast of his pyjama jacket and took them to bed with him, hoping that human warmth through the night would save their lives. Alas, they died.

Another bond of union was shyness, for we were both cursed with it—I from the inferiority complex caused by my upbringing; he, I imagine, had inherited it from his mother, a self-effacing gentle woman. If one thing more than another devastated us, it was making speeches, which in Canada it is the fate of the Governor-General and his wife to make, and preferably long ones; but that we barred from the start, for as Julian used to declare, if you can't say what you want to in seven minutes, it's not worth saying; and so far as possible he stuck to that, realizing how infinitely better it is to stop while your audience is wanting more, than to maunder on when they are sated with the sound of your voice. But short or long, speechmaking was a torment to us both, and in him the fear attacked his hands, which he always clasped tightly behind his back, so that nobody would see how they shook. With me the fear went to my knees, and, had they been visible, they would have looked as unsteady as those of the poor old cab horses of my childhood who staggered wearily along the London streets. I think it's the sight of rows of faces which gives me the jitters and makes speaking, even to a handful of listeners, such a hideous ordeal, although I am less unhappy if there are footlights between myself and the audience, and the "mike" doesn't frighten me at all.

Another link between us lay in the fact that we were both deeply emotional, though only those who knew him as well as I did would have guessed how

often, under an outward calm, a storm of emotion was seething within him that only his iron self-control kept hidden. There were occasions when even that broke, as it did when several thousand ex-servicemen assembled in the Toronto Exhibition grounds a few weeks after our arrival, and gave him such a delirious welcome that tears sprang to his eyes and dripped onto his cheeks before he could stop them.

NO BIOGRAPHY of my husband has been written, and, I fear now, none will be. In the past everything had been arranged between myself and John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) that he should write it, but Julian died just before the latter left for Canada, and, though John intended to write the book while out there, he realized that for obvious reasons it wouldn't be possible, and he tried every art of persuasion to induce me to do it, but I didn't feel like tackling it. John would have done it admirably because I had all the data ready for him; besides, he knew and loved Julian—indeed, my husband's photograph stood on his desk throughout his term at Government House. So far as I was concerned with the writing of such a book, I feel that a wife's biography of her husband doesn't carry the weight it should because readers have a preconceived notion that she is biased, and will tell only the rosy side of things. There may be some truth in that, but so far as I am concerned I feel the more you love a person, the more clearly you see their faults as well as their virtues, perhaps because the former hurt you infinitely more, since they strike at the very core of your being.

Anyhow, this book is neither a biography of my husband nor my own autobiography, but merely a random collection of thumbnail sketches concerning things, people and places from angles which may throw a glimmer of light on a man who led a cleaner life than anybody I ever knew. I chose the 15th Psalm for his funeral service, because he was essentially the man who led an uncorrupt life, doing the thing which was right and speaking the truth from his heart; using no deceit in his tongue or doing evil to his neighbor, no matter under what provocation, and not slandering his neighbor. Above all, he never set himself up but was most lowly in his own eyes, and when swearing to his neighbor never disappointed him, even though it were to his own hindrance.

Watch for Part III of *Lady With a Past*, in *Chatelaine* for December. *Lady Byng's* lively pen will bring you the places and people and amusing adventures which she and her distinguished soldier-husband encountered during their years of "following the drum," and in their travels following his retirement.

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The Fashion Fight—Paris avowing that her couturiers will soon stitch their names into the world's smartest clothes again . . . New York being polite but firm in her intention to hold the wartime market she's won (Says the powerful LaGuardia-sponsored N. Y. Dress Institute: "Fashion people here are puzzled about the style stories wired out of Paris—that the clothes sound so un-French, so 1939!") . . . Montreal

making its bid for the Canadian clientele, the Montreal Dress Guild hot-footing into the picture with a big publicity campaign, a co-operative attempt to keep us buying on this side of the line and the water . . . South America, the dark clothes horse, with the smartest women in the world today . . . California shouting her style wares through color, and the movie stars—anyway, what with all the new shades and fabrics, it looks like good dressing.

Self-Starters — Up-and-coming (or came) Diana Lynn, the smart little lovely who leads in the picture, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," and proved at a press interview in Toronto the other day she can play the classics as well as she can act—and look beautiful—told us Cornelia Otis Skinner, who co-authored the story, supervised every setting and costume down to the last shoe button for days of her youth, and apparently has a photogenic memory that sticks.

Women At Bat—The Business and Professional Women's Club, gathering forces for the struggle it believes women will have to hold their place in the business world come peacetime; starting with a Dominion-wide membership drive . . . The young Kinsmen wives in Toronto who were not only in sympathy with their husbands' juvenile delinquency fight program, but jumped in, uniforms and all, to sponsor and chaperone the girls' ball teams and other young-fun activities. Hubbies stay home and baby-mind on these wife-night-outs . . . The groups of club-women being privileged (their term) to work with incapacitated men back from overseas and the lift *they* (the girls) are getting. By the way, when were you at military hospital last to visit?

Jobs After the War—The Transatlantic family discussions airmailed back and forth about what *he's* going to do; whether *she's* going to keep on working . . . The lure of a small business setup by a veteran's loan—something the wife could be looking into now . . . The fact that a lot of boys and girls who have seen the West Coast for the first time, during training, want to live there—and vice versa about the East . . . The surprise discovery by polls that women are more interested in a better plan of housework and better general services than in fantastic new inventions. Discussion of great family laundries, inexpensive and practical family canteens for the evening meal, a travelling housekeeping service that would move in like a hotel chambermaid for so many hours a day. +

Dissatisfied?



Dissatisfied with the skin you see in the mirror? Don't give up. Remove this outer skin with its stubborn flaws by invisibly peeling it away with **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM**. The skin beneath is whiter and clearer—so much fresher and smoother. Buy a jar of **MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM** today.



Facial hair off and out with **PHELACTINE DEPIATORY**. Quickly removes hair below the surface. No stubble, reappearance delayed.

It's only human

to overwork these days. Like overindulgence in eating, drinking, smoking — overwork leads to excess stomach acidity causing stomach distress, heartburn, gas and restless nights.



but it's **SMART** to take **PHILLIPS'** Milk of Magnesia liquid or tablets

Acknowledged by doctors as an ideal laxative-antacid, genuine Phillips' works a double wonder overnight.

1. Alkalizes stomach acids —sweetens your stomach almost instantly.
2. Acts as a pleasant, mild laxative.

CAUTION: take only as directed. Get genuine Phillips' when you overindulge and wake up feeling alive.





Tickets, Please!

While my Johnny pilots a Mosquito—I pilot his *bus* down Main Street. Heavy work for a lightweight—but fun. Except on those *too, too* feminine days when a gal simply wilts. Yesterday—now . . .

All day the going was terrific. Passengers three deep most of the time—and when that aircraft gang moved in, I thought I was being mobbed. Thank goodness I knew I could depend on Modess, the sanitary napkin that's soft as down and *safe*.

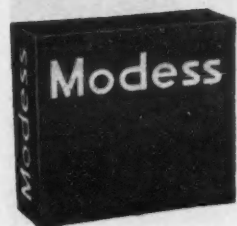


Lunch was just a "pick-up-and-run" because I had a dozen places to go. The butcher's, the grocer's—and I just *had* to get to the bank. Times like that, the extra protection of Modess is a lifesaver!

Felt like relaxing after dinner but Babs and I were on canteen duty. When we got back I wrote to Johnny. Golly, how I miss him! But I guess staying on the job is one of the best ways to help bring him back. And thanks to Modess, I can manage to do *that*, even on those tough days all gals dread.



Hustle with a Smile! Be comfortable with



Modess

I Want Your Picture

Continued from page 31

what Gwynne said about life moving fast. What if he were out of love with her by now? Maybe he'd found someone else—a Red Cross worker, or a pretty Navy nurse! But even if there weren't anyone else, by the time she'd reach him she knew she'd go all wooden again as she had when she met Ben, and make him wonder what he ever saw in her. She pattered after a nurse, her heart thumping. They turned in at a room. A merry little blond girl came away from the side of John's bed. It was too late! And there he was, terribly long and a little pale, under a white crinkled spread.

"Hello!" Judy said, her voice husky. He looked at her a moment, blinked, and looked again.

Judy plunged. "I came," she said, forcing herself to go on, "for your picture." She clutched the foot of his bed with both hands. "I found I made a mistake. *I want it!*" she said fiercely. And suddenly all stiffness was gone, and she pulled the chair the nurse left, close to his bed, her face hanging over his. "John . . . are you all right? I've been so miserable!" And quite shamelessly Judy put her hot little face down against his, and waited.

"It's—it's so sudden," he said in a strange voice.

She knew then it was too late. But at least she'd have this to remember. The feel of his cheek under hers, the nearness and nearness of him. Then he said, "Listen!"

Out in the street a car backfired. "What is it?" Judy whispered. "The bands bursting around the heart of Faithful John. Remember?" His voice was low. "Oh!" Judy gasped. "You mean you still care?" "Care?" John's voice was faint. "Judy, don't talk. Kiss me!" +

GROWING PAINS

By JEAN PAUL TALBOT

+++

Arms are too awkward, legs too long, form too mature to match the glossy pigtails, once her pride . . .

Dolls have been laid aside for nearly half a year. Not a skinned knee has mother bandaged up (pretending not to notice that she cried) in many months. Today she gave the child next door her baby cup . . .

It seemed to happen instantaneously, finding me unprepared for it, and yet I know life is that way; but when she sauntered in, (not loping, leaping, skipping as she went)

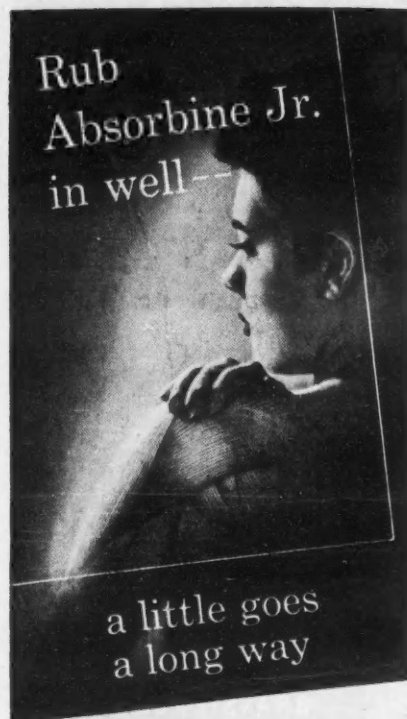
with a self-conscious grin and hair in sculptured curls just newly set in the most modern schoolgirl permanent,

I found it very hard to smile and say, "No, no, there's nothing wrong; oh, yes, I'm sure."

It suits you very well—I mean it, dear," my voice flat with the effort of not showing

I am the one who feels the pain of growing.

Rub Absorbine Jr. in well—



Shoulder muscles lame? Apply a few drops of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it in. This helps to increase your circulation in the affected areas so that fresh blood can carry fatigue acids away! You'll get real relief—soon! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 a bottle at drugstores. W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman House, Montreal

ABSORBINE Jr.



HAND-WOVEN HARRIS TWEED

EVERY yard of these superb fabrics is hand woven by the crofters from 100% pure Scottish wool in their own homes on the islands of the Outer Hebrides. Noted for style, quality and long wear.

LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT



Issued by The HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION Ltd. 10 Old Jewry, London, E.C.2, England

Working Wardrobe

By **LOTTA DEMPSEY**,
Fashion Editor

THE BOSS has a word for it. *Smart girl.* So has the boy friend. *Slick chick.* From where you sit, behind that fast-talking typewriter of yours, it all adds up to raises and dates.

We mean good-looking nine-to-five apparel, Miss Jones. The dresses and shoes and stuff that are on the job either for you or against you as you move about the office on your daily chores.

For this collection, here and on the following pages, was planned, designed and done with the daily bread winner (Miss or Mrs.) strictly in mind. Nobody else. And naturally since every item—but completely—is extracted from that old low-moanin' monthly pay cheque with plenty of other things on its mind, we've had a strong unmisted eye on prices all along the line. Nothing here (except the coat, around forty-five) over twenty dollars. Chiefly these good-looking numbers range somewhere around the fifteen dollar mark. They're trim, tidy, inexpensive, have lots of color and never, never, never lean to that old-time "useful but dull" category. They're all clean-easy too.

We were right in there punching for you during a couple of intensive pow-wows in Canada's fashion-wise Montreal. We took a fistful of requests we've had from Canadian business girls for just-right office clothes that are inexpensive but style-high, mulled it over with one of the leading designers in the field, and said: "Can we get together on some of these things and work out a swell affordable winter wardrobe for our working gals?"

So we double-checked fabrics, patterns and new styles, reread all the "musts" in our letters from you, and here's the result. Hope you like it.

MOST IMPORTANT item, we believe, is this two-piece light wool office-to-date dress, with the skirt that spells off with blouses and sweaters. Over the page are our other choices—a tailored crepe that turns gay

with a few clever twists, a smart one-piece woollen in the new buttonless style, and a good black date dress. The coat is a wonderful all-weather style with removable sheepskin (odorless!) lining.

They all have extra high-fashion touches for this season. F'r instance, isn't the baby peplum on the two-piecer up here a honey? (We had a heck of a time taking a picture so you could see both back and front at once!) And the embroidery is extra good and a high color note. The dress our model wears is in the most melting grey you ever saw, with deep purple shoulder decoration; it's hadable in other luscious combinations.

The separate blouse is lime green—grand in this particular color scheme and good for a half-dozen others.

It is soft and feminine and would be pleasant for the milder days. The buttons are very smart and new, each one a tiny mirror.

You could have a couple of tailored blouses, sweaters and an extra skirt.

And it's a smart girl who always has tomorrow's complete hanging pressed and shining on its hanger tonight.



Costumes courtesy D'Alaird's Ltd.

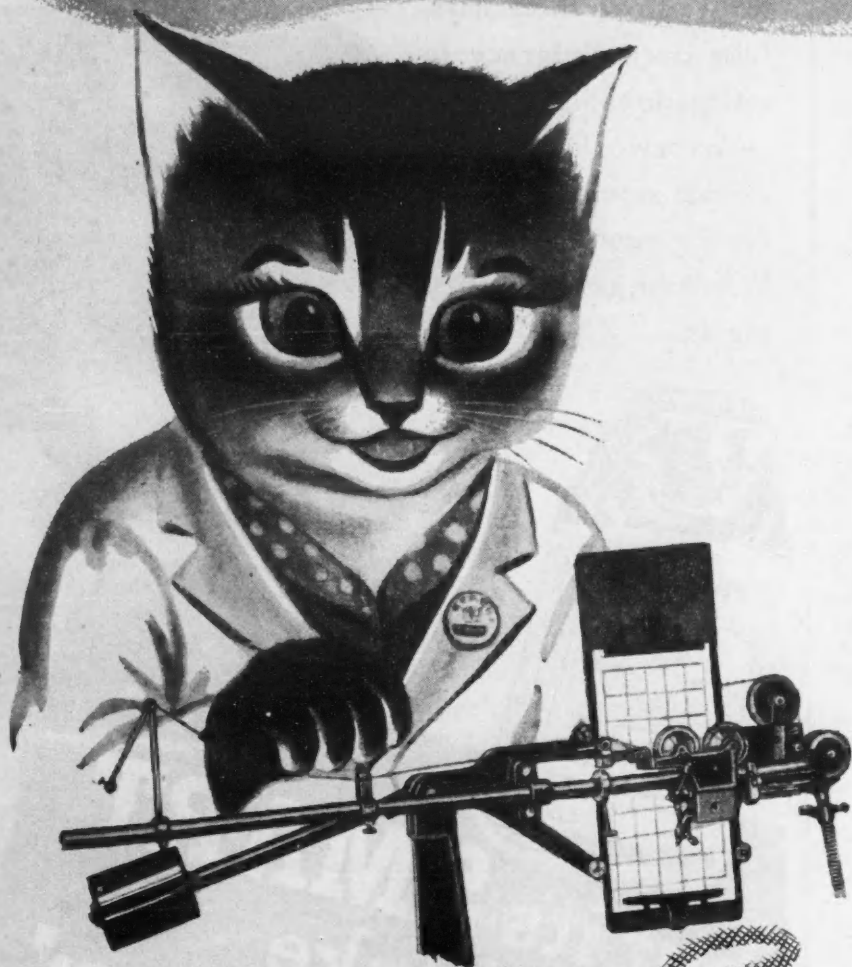
Fashion

A Department of Style,
Home Sewing and Needlecraft

Two-piecer of soft grey with a floral spray in purple embroidery and a baby peplum. Here's a separate lime blouse to go with the skirt.



PEACETIME PLANS OF Corty the Kitten



THOUGH STILL PRODUCING GOODS FOR WAR
WITH NAZIS BACKWARD RACING,
THE CHANGE BACK TO DOMESTIC GOODS
WITH CONFIDENCE I'M FACING...

WITH RESEARCH AND EXPERIMENTS
AND TESTS OF TENSILE STRENGTHS,
TO BRING YOU FINER POST-WAR THINGS
I'M GOING TO GREAT LENGTHS...

SO FOLKS, BE PATIENT STILL A WHILE
I'M "ON THE BIT" AND READY
TO MAKE THE GOODS YOU'RE WAITING FOR
AND KEEP PRODUCTION STEADY!

EVEN NOW ■ ■ ■

You can get adequate supplies of .

ARTSYL MENDING AND EMBROIDERY

Protect precious stockings, gloves, socks, with dependable Corticelli Artsyl Mending. It is easy to work with, gives extra wear—a pleasant and practical war-time economy. And for embroidery work, always ask for Corticelli Lustrous Pull-Skein Six-Strand, the embroidery that retains its lustre and will not fade despite repeated washings. There's "no tangle, no waste" with Corticelli... the Pull-Skein feature lets you use the last inch. Sold everywhere in a wide range of "boil-proof" colours.



Corticelli

MADE IN CANADA



Coming, Mr. Harris!

No need to stop and fuss with fixings when the boss calls for dictation—that cool, collected and well-dressed young secretary moving quietly in is you.

The dress is one of the new versions of the feminized tailoring theme—it's a soft lime green crepe with a big handy pocket and becoming gathers. That tailored tie can be drawn up into a big bow if you like. And you could alternate a plainer-Jane belt for the gold-edged one.



Topping Warmth

We're 'specially proud of our coat choice here, because it has so many grand qualities. It's a warm wool with velvet chesterfield collar and enormous buttons; there's a cosy sheepskin lining which is detachable. The dress under it is a tailored wool, buttonless and pocketed, very smart "basic." We picked both in a bright cerise, this being a year for gay clothes indoors and out, but you can get them in quieter colors if you like. Both garments are wonderful stay-putters (little pressing required).

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT RAYON

Can Cost You Money!



WHEN every second dress you see is made of rayon, it is vital to your home economy that you know how to care for rayon.

How does your rayon I.Q. stand-up against these questions:

- What can you do to avoid shrinkage in your new rayon dress?
- Can you tell whether the color of a rayon garment will run if washed?
- Do you know that different types of rayon fabrics call for different pressing methods?

These are only a few of the everyday questions that crop up in dealing with any fabric or garment.

HOW TO FIND OUT ABOUT RAYON

1. Many rayon garments carry a tag or label which gives the facts about the fabric and proper care. Look for Courtaulds "Quality-Control" Tag on rayon garments. It means the fabric has passed laboratory tests for all wearing points and it is a sure-fire guide to fabric quality.
2. For women who want to get their money's worth out of rayon fabrics there is a handy leaflet called, "How to Care for Rayon Fabrics". It tells all about rayon care; how to keep your rayon garments looking their best and wearing well. You can get your copy of this valuable leaflet by writing to Courtaulds (Canada) Limited. It's free. Just fill in the coupon below.



Courtaulds (Canada) Limited
Dept. CHI, P.O. Box 148, Montreal

Please send me informative leaflet entitled "How to Care for Rayon Fabrics".

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Province.....

COURTAULDS (CANADA) LIMITED • PRODUCERS OF RAYON YARNS



What do YOU really know about fabric gloves?

Q. Are fabric gloves always in good taste?

A. Decidedly, but unless a fabric glove has a leather palm never wear when driving a car, riding horseback or swinging a golf club, for the fabric is slippery and will not give you the proper grip.

Q. Do fabric gloves fit?

A. Yes, if made by an internationally known manufacturer like KAYSER, who has been making fabric gloves for over half a century.

Q. What is meant by 3, 4, or 6 button lengths?

A. The word "button" in glove parlance really means "inch." The figures (or numerals) designate length in inches measured from base of thumb.

Q. Can Kayser gloves be distinguished by name?

A. Yes, LEATHERETTE, DUOSUEDE, CHAMOISETTE, KAY SPUN, etc. These are all Kayser registered, trade-mark names.

Q. What are these gloves made of?

A. Leatherette and Chamoisette are cotton; Duosuede and Kay Spun are rayon.

Q. Are fabric gloves always washable?

A. Nearly always unless a multitude of colors have been combined or if leather has been used. It is then safer to have them dry cleaned.

KAYSER

Be Wiser

*Buy Kayser Fabric Gloves,
Hosiery, and Underwear*

BUT BUY WAR BONDS FIRST

Chatelaine chooses clothes for the girl on the job — clothes that have smartness and lovely color as well as basic good sense. It's a budget-minded wardrobe too!

Personal Call

If that man keeps wasting the company's time on the phone, what can you do but date him? What, indeed, if a smart little faithful like this black crepe is waiting in your clothes closet. It's beautifully made with the new pep-um effect caught up in a smooth side drape, a matching shoulder drape flowering up to a pale pink-tipped edge. One sleeve only is embroidered to match in pink sequins. It's a top-bracket number, budget-priced for you.



All clothes shown by courtesy of D'Alaird's Ltd.

IF THE END of your day at the office sees you grubby, rumpled and generally clothes-unhappy, there's something wrong about your working regalia. That is, unless, of course, your boss has set up shop in a coal pit.

Office clothes should be just as functional as those worn in a munitions plant. But so long as the colors aren't too tender-frail and the sleeves don't drip lacily onto your carbons, you can go a long way afield from the old black or navy stand-by grannie wore to work. Men like the new warm rich colors around the place (especially in wintertime) so long as you don't bedazzle and bedeck them with too many other colors or flab-dashery. Although we've chosen for your working wardrobe here cerise and lime green, you'll notice we've left those clear clean colors strictly alone as to trimmings. Only the soft grey on preceding page has a note of purple to give it contrast.

Each dress is made of good material, and well designed and (should be) well fitted. Don't skimp on your alterations. They're what make the dress yours, instead of just a dress that vaguely fits hundreds of girls.

Although we've emphasized the budget angle of our choices (the coat around \$45 and the dresses \$15 to \$20) they're not "cheap." Each dress, with proper care and treatment, will stand up to the wear you give it.

All the dresses are keyed to black accessories. That's especially important. It's better to get all your clothes hung on one accessory peg for the season, so that you can have two or three pairs of shoes, hats, etc., of the same color, and change around.

You'll notice, too, that each outfit can be dressed up or down for the occasion. Bracelets, fancy pins, necklaces and so on, not so good around the office (one boss the other day told us he had to ask his secretary to remove her bracelets—the jangling when she typed bothered him so. . .) can be added easily for after-hours affairs.

Today's North American business girl is rated the best-dressed woman in the world—ask any of the famous designers, as we have. These are the kind of clothes—chosen to fit her and fit her job—that give her continuing claim to the title. ♦



LUSTROUS, LOVELY HAIR A MATTER OF LUCK?



*"Not at all!" say girls
who know this secret . . .*

"I wish I could do something with my hair," you say. "I wash it regularly, comb and brush it as much as anyone—yet it always looks so dull and lifeless. I guess beautiful hair is just luck."

Don't you believe it! Get Danderine, and see the difference it can make in your hair's appearance—right from the first application. Sprinkled on comb or brush before you arrange your hair, it helps remove *gummy* film, adds lovely sheen, sets hair singing with shimmering highlights.

Notice, too, how Danderine helps remove every particle of loose dandruff. How easy your hair is to arrange and how much longer your wave lasts. Try Danderine today.



Men, too, like
Danderine. It
fights dandruff

Danderine

The modern, time-saving way to lovelier hair

The Case of the Perfect Secretary

Continued from page 9

to get her to air some of her other troubles.

It wasn't long until the lawyer part of my mind realized that the things which were irritating this secretary were merely the other side of problems that confronted her boss; that those problems were in turn a reflection of certain inefficiencies in the over-all sales picture, and that I had travelled some 2,000 miles for the purpose of finding inefficiencies in the sales picture.

I asked lots of questions, then I dictated until around 11 o'clock, took a taxi to the hotel, caught a midnight train for the coast and hazily hoped I had done a good job.

On the train late the next afternoon I received a congratulatory wire from J. T. The president of the Blank Manufacturing Company had sent an enthusiastic wire and our contract was "in the bag."

YEARS LATER after the crash of 1921 had sent me scurrying back to the law business, the president of the Blank Manufacturing Company made a trip to the coast and talked with one of the men who was then in the company. He wanted to know whatever happened to the man who had been sent to expert their business, and was informed I was practicing law.

He shook his head sadly. "One of the few times," he admitted, "that I was completely fooled on judging a character. But my associates were as badly fooled as I was. We sized this man up as a chap who didn't know the first thing about the sales problems of a big manufacturing business—and yet in the course of one day he managed to put his finger on something that had eluded all of our experts."

Of course, the secretary wasn't so dumb she didn't know I was using her ammunition, but she wanted to put a stop to her own irritations, and perhaps I used some of the powers of analysis I'd developed as a lawyer to correlate the facts; but the main point is, that if the president of this company had taken the secretary out to dinner and got her to let her hair down, he'd have known everything I told him in my report, and probably a lot more to boot.

As it was, I made something of a reputation for the company and for myself by that trip East. Afterward, I was called, on several occasions, to go into various plants and make suggestions on sales policy.

I owe it all to a smart secretary whose name I can't even recall.

IN MY WRITING, it took me some little time before I realized just how efficient a really good secretary can be.

Originally, those three secretarial sisters were with me in the law business. Because I specialized in trial work and was in court much of the time, I did my dictating mostly between five and eight in the evening and used dictating machines almost exclusively. I felt certain I couldn't dictate stories to a dictating machine and, after a busy day in court, followed by three or four hours at the office, I would lock myself in with an electric typewriter and hammer out action fiction for the wood pulp magazines at a terrific rate. During that time I was writing more fiction than the average writer and

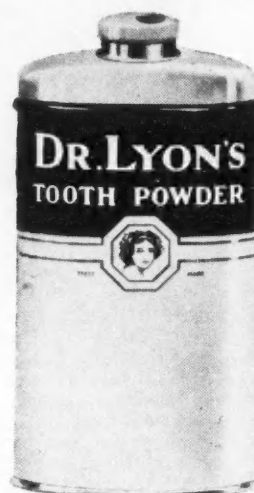
LUSTROUS TEETH *Mean a Lovelier Smile!*



BRING OUT NATURAL RADIANCE WITH POWDER—DR. LYON'S

To GIVE your smile new charm, bring out the natural lustre of your teeth! Uncover it with an unbeatable cleansing combination, *powder* and water—Dr. Lyon's on a moist brush. See how this daily care keeps teeth brightly gleaming!

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is Canada's favorite. Try it. It is *all* powder, all *cleanser*. Although it contains no acid, no pumice, nothing to injure tooth enamel, it efficiently removes film to reveal natural radiance. Pleasantly-flavored, refreshing to use. More economical, too—matched for price, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder outlasts tooth paste two-to-one.



TWICE A DAY...

DR. LYON'S Tooth Powder

...ON A MOIST BRUSH

Nine to Five — and After



Here are styles
that make you feel
well-dressed from
morn to midnight

1135. Exciting if you made this up in a rayon taffeta, with contrasting color introduced in the ruffles outlining the patch pockets. One of those easy-to-make, easy-to-wear designs.

1131. Feminine touches here in the ruffles down front and at wrists. The skirt is seamed down centre front and back; has pleats on either side of front. A high tied neckline.

1138
Simplicity

1138. Peplum styles are in big favor—like this becoming design, set off with enormous buttons and finished with scalloped edges on neck and sleeves. Inverted pleat in skirt front.

1148
Simplicity

1148. Interest centres on that bodice treatment, with tie ends of the fabric making a big flattering bow, and soft gathers roundabout. Picture this in a pastel wool.

Pattern Descriptions on page 59



Yes, my medical knowledge tells me that a deodorant powder which is specially designed for sanitary pads must be soft, safe, antiseptic and soothing!

That's Why I Use Quest Powder for Sanitary Pads

Being a powder, QUEST absorbs moisture. Being QUEST, it destroys odour completely... safely. Helps prevent chafing, too, it's so soft, silky!

And For Every Purpose!

Quest is ideal! Destroys under-arm perspiration... safely soothingly... instantly! Can't stain frocks, either!



Large container 35c

**QUEST
POWDER**

The Kotex Deodorant

© T.M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.



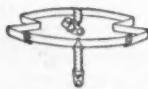
CRAMPS?

Curb them each month with...



COMPOUNDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS USE! Take KURB tablets only as directed on the package and see how KURB can help you!

Makes Comfort Complete



Kotex Wonderform belt makes Kotex comfort complete. It's so dainty, light, self-balancing, adjustable, pinless—holds Kotex secure with special patented clasps that are flat, inconspicuous—only 25c

KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT

practicing more law than the average lawyer. Eventually, something had to give.

It was then I decided, in desperation, to try pouring a sample story into my dictating machine and letting the girls see if they could transcribe it.

Ordinary machine dictation presents a problem in regard to punctuation. Inasmuch as the secretary can't see what's coming ahead, most dictators dictate their own punctuation, but a really good secretary, after having had enough experience with the machine, gets to know from the tone of a dictator's voice about when to use a period, when to use a comma, and when to make a paragraph.

My girls took to transcribing stories off the machine as ducks take to water, and with a sigh of relief I realized one of my great problems was solved. New York editors groaned under the flood of manuscripts I unleashed on them.

That first month I kept abreast of my law work, turned out some 90,000 words of wood pulp fiction and, in addition, dictated the first two Perry Mason books. We mailed out something over 230,000 words that month, in addition to keeping my share of the partnership law practice right up to date.

I DON'T WORK that hard now. I like to take more time with my dictation. I like to do more revision. I like to have more time for relaxation. In those days I didn't have any time for anything. Metered minutes whizzed past with dizzy rapidity. Hectic days telescoped into feverish nights. By night I had a literary bear by the tail, and by day a legal bull by the horns. I couldn't ever seem to get to the point where I could let go either extremity and there wasn't time even to think about it. Pulp readers were yelling for more stories of Lester Leith, Ed Jenkins, Speed Dash, Senor Arnaz de Lobo, Bob Larkin, Black Barr, and a half dozen other characters I'd created. The publishers wanted more Perry Mason books, and the clients insisted on having my personal services when it came time to walk into the courtroom.

But the point is that my secretaries were sufficiently competent to make an instantaneous transition from law business to fiction writing. They didn't even pause long enough to take a deep breath. They didn't have time.

✦ Continued on page 64

Pattern Descriptions

1148—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 3 1/4 of 39 inch or 41 inch; 2 1/4 of 54 inch. "Simple to Make." Price, 20 cents.

1135—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 1/4 of 39 inch; 3 1/4 of 41 inch; 2 1/4 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1138—Women's two-piece dress in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46. Size 38: 4 1/4 of 35 inch; 3 1/4 of 39 inch or 41 inch; 2 1/4 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1131—Women's dress in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46. Size 38: 3 1/4 of 39 inch; 3 1/4 of 41 inch; 2 1/4 of 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1141—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 3 1/4 of 35 inch; 2 1/4 of 39 inch; 2 1/4 of 41 inch; 2 of 54. Sash: 1 1/2 of 4 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1127—Misses' and women's dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3 1/4 of 35 inch; 3 of 39 inch; 2 1/4 of 41 inch; 2 1/4 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1135—Misses' and women's overblouse in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 2 of 35 inch or 39 inch; 1 1/4 of 54 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1132—Misses' and women's skirt in sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36. Size 28: 1 1/4 of 35 inch; 1 1/4 of 39 inch or 41 inch; 1 1/4 of 54 inch. Price, 20 cents.

1151—Misses' and women's bag. 1/2 yard of 35 inch, 39 inch or 54 inch material. 16 inch x 30 inch of felt. Lining: 1/2 yard of 39 inch material. Price, 25 cents.

1134—Misses' and women's two-piece lumber-jacket dress in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 4 of 35 inch, 3 1/4 of 39 inch or 2 1/4 of 54 inch plaid, plain or nap material. Price, 25 cents.

Can you date these fashions?

Fill in the date for each picture, then read corresponding paragraph below for correct answer.



Courtesy Vogue

19__

Only daring women bobbed their hair. People cranked cars by hand—sang "Over There". Women marched in suffrage parades. It was 1918 and army hospitals in France were desperately short of cotton for surgical dressings... welcomed a new American invention, Cellucotton® Absorbent. Nurses started using it for sanitary pads... thus started the Kotex idea, destined to bring new freedom to women.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19__

Stockings were black or white. Flappers wore open galoshes. Valentino played "The Sheik". People boasted about their radios... crystal sets with earphones. And women were talking about the new idea in personal hygiene... disposable Kotex® sanitary napkins, comfortable, truly hygienic. Women by the millions welcomed this new product, advertised in 1921 at 60c per dozen.



Courtesy Vogue

19__

Waistlines and hemlines nearly got together. Red nail polish was new and daring. "The Desert Song". Slave bracelets. The year was 1926 when women by the millions silently paid a clerk as they picked up a "ready-wrapped" package of Kotex. The pad was now improved... made narrower while gauze was softened to increase comfort. New rounded ends replaced the original square corners.



Courtesy McCall's

19__

Platinum Blondes and miniature golf were the rage. Skirts dripped uneven hemlines... began to cling more closely. Could makers of sanitary pads keep pace with this new style—the close-fitting skirts of 1930? Again Kotex pioneered... perfected flat, pressed ends. Only Kotex, of all leading brands, offers this patented feature—ends that don't show because they are not stubby—do not cause telltale lines.



Courtesy Harper's Bazaar

19__

Debutantes danced the Big Apple. "Gone With the Wind" a best seller. An American woman married the ex-King of England. And a Consumers' Testing Board of 600 women was enthusiastic about Kotex improvements in 1937. A double-duty safety center—best feature ever developed to prevent roping and twisting—to increase protection by hours. And fluffy Wonder-soft edges for a new high in softness!



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19__

Service is the theme today. Clothes are made of milk, shoes of glass, yet Cellucotton Absorbent is still preferred by leading hospitals. Still used in Kotex, too, choice of more women than all other brands of pads put together. For Kotex is made for service—made to stay soft while wearing. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. And no wrong side to cause accidents! Today's best-buy—only 25c.

They Mean Business !



Simplicity
1141



Simplicity
1127



Simplicity
1134

BLOUSE 1155
SKIRT 1152
BAG 1151

**A foursome
of slick office
numbers — so
easy to make**

1141. You'll love slipping into this in a jiff, come 7.45 a.m. Features are a three-panel back skirt, simulated fly-front closing, and curved front hemline. Ribbon tie belt for fun.

1127. Square-cut detailing of yoke and pockets gives this simple little dress a trim tailored look. The high round neckline and the slim skirt are naturals for the younger figure.

1155. One of the best of the new over-blouses, with turtle neck and back buttoning. **1152** is a flattering ten-gored skirt—a "basic" in this season's wardrobe. **1151**—a complete pattern for a fabric bag cut in one section and having side insets.

1134. Wonderful in plaid, as our sketch shows. The pointed bias-cut collar and the long bishop sleeves gathered to wrist bands make special appeal in this simple frock. Skirt is four-gored and dart-fitted.

Pattern Descriptions on page 59

"Yes... I use
Dura-Gloss"



Point your own way to love and loveliness with DURA-GLOSS fingertips... It's so gay and lustrous... so appealing to him!... Buy a bottle of your favorite DURA-GLOSS shade, today.

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makers of

CAMEO Stationery

Higher Necklines coming into more prominence—especially for that good afternoon dress. Turtle necks—high-tied scarves—choker collar treatments—oh, anything that covers your neck up to here, all to the good!

From Normandy came back many wooden shoes—the Boys were sending them back to all their girl friends. So a smart shoemaker is now presenting a line of wood sole clogs, for sportswear—and the girls love them! I tried on a pair, and decided they are for somebody else, not me! But they are really elegant, with hand carving, hand painting and generally are lined in dainty printed fabrics.

Low Heels on more shoes, that's the fall theme! Even the evening slippers are tending away from those spikes (much to the doctors' joy!) and it looks as if the low heel—or at least the lowered heel—has come to stay!

Let's Talk About Nylon! Remember those wonderful stockings we used to get? Now just a memory. But they will be back—and look for them with seamless backs. Hosiery makers made surveys and find women like a seamless stocking, if they are sure it will be flattering. In reconverting hosiery machines back to nylon making, the manufacturers are planning to put some seamless nylons on the market—to see how you gals like 'em! Me—I'll take my nylons any way—and love 'em!

Long, Long Gloves every place this winter! Another pre-war trend. Since the war we have become rather casual about gloves—especially for evening. We could do with them—or without them. But at the smart dining and dancing places a large majority of the fun-seekers are again wearing elbow-length gloves. Some of these are really short gloves with long lacings that you wind up your arm, for a gloved effect, or tie around your wrist for added adornment.

Ostrich Feathers in your hat—ostrich feathers on your hands! Back to the days of Edward VII is the little lady with an ostrich-plumed hat, and her hands tucked into a matching ostrich muff. Again—ostrich-trimmed gloves matching the feathers in her hair!

Barrettes in Your Hair! Remember when Mother always wore a barrette to keep her back hair up? Now the young things are wearing barrettes two and three times on the same head! But these are sterling silver, with the lass's name engraved upon the bar. If you wear two barrettes, folks read your first and last name—three barrettes, your first, middle and last name. If her hair could stand any more barrettes, we'd probably be reading her diary!

The First Time They Saw Paris—our soldiers liked the girls! In fact, we read with dismay that they liked them very much, and thought they were very cute! Now, of course, comes the question: What part will Paris play in our fashion future? It will be interesting, as a fashion commentator, to see what happens. Evidently Paris did not cease being fashion-conscious during its Dark Days. England, despite all the bombings and destruction poured upon it, has kept right on producing fashions—and lovely ones at that. American designers, locked away from Paris design, did wonders by themselves. Mexico has made a strong bid for fashion markets. Time will tell just what part Paris will play in our fashion future. ♦

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CORO CANADA LIMITED TORONTO NEW YORK

Fashion Shorts

from New York

By Kay Murphy

Our Fourth Wartime Winter finds the ladies—and the manufacturers—eager to bring back a bit of glamour to the night life! While I know you folks up home are restricted as to long dresses and other nonessential whimsy, you like to keep in touch with what is happening in New York—so here's the gay word: **EVENING DRESS IS COMING BACK AGAIN THIS WINTER!**

While Cafe Society and other social butterflies kept dressing up all through the war, it was definitely considered "not quite the thing" to splurge around in formal clothing, by the Four Hundred. Here in New York, where we have so many glamorous ladies who belong to the theatre and opera, dressing-up was almost an essential to their bread-and-butter. But, in these past war years, one was allowed into places in business clothes where, formerly, "black tie"—at least—was essential.

Today, the "Black Tie" and such are coming back again. More and more women are dressing up for after six, and men, too! The Vth Avenue shops are filling their windows with evening dresses. The men's shops are again featuring tux and tails. So—look for a brighter night life in New York!

One-sleeved Evening Dress an interesting version! The long sleeve on one arm and no sleeve on the other! The bodice drapery swirls into a scarf and the bared shoulder and arm flashes free from the fabric. Makes you rub your eyes!

Evening Blouses over long slim skirts—a trick that helps you get the most out of your wardrobe. Metallic, sequinned and beaded blouses worn with a long skirt for evening—a short skirt for dinner: then change the blouse to—say—a striking striped taffeta; or a simple "Little Girl" type—and swap and switch them with the two skirts.

Since "Oklahoma"—the musical comedy—hit town we have all gone Western in a big way. By the time this appears, we'll be deep in the rodeo, with its colorful cow girls and boys. Naturally, you'd expect fashion to take notice of those bronco-busters! Fringed skirts, fringed gloves, slacks made into "chap" effects—we have them all. Gun holster pocket is another theme. This is a shaped bag you hang on your belt. Some of these are stunning. Saw one in mink, matched with a mink hat. Another one was sequinned all-over—with sequinned cap to match. Does wonders to that basic "little" dress.

Fur Belts Another News Item—also fur bags. Again, these run the gamut from medium prices to wealth! Like a Persian lamb bag I saw—cylinder shaped—and a deep, shaped Persian lamb belt. Worn with a geranium-colored dress, there was nothing left to be desired. (I'm passing along those hints—in case there is enough Persian lamb in the house!)

Smaller Earrings make a comeback! Whether the ladies got tired of those massive earrings they've been flaunting—or whether their poor little ears got tired—we don't know! But all of a sudden women are demanding small earrings—the kind Grandmother used to wear. Then, too, there is more to our hats, and the large earring and the larger hat were just too much for one little head! So it's smaller earrings.

A White Dress for Elegance! Only a daring woman would come forth on a cold Canadian night in a white dress—but many of the highly styled dress houses are showing a few white street-length dresses, designed for frivolous wear. Some of these are called "Daylight Diners"—generally made from wool,



WARM-HANDED. \$54. Knit yourself a pair of snug, bright-as-paint gloves to warm your hands and your spirit come the chillier days. These shorties have tight, close-fitting wrist bands to keep out the breezes. They're designed in an attractive wide-ribbed pattern, but simple to follow withal. And when you make your own you can get the fingers the exact length you want. Pattern, 5 cents. Order from the Fashion Department, Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

in rather tailored styles. Saw one such dress, with deep belt and matching gloves, smothered in black sequins. Yum yum!

Transparent Velvet good again! Am seeing more of it than I have in five years. Mostly in "Daylight Diners" or as evening dresses. If you put away that black velvet as being out of style, get it out again, give it a good steaming, add lingerie or sequin touches, and you're right in style with '44!

Make a Bright Sweater, with long sleeves—wear it over a black crepe or velvet skirt—trim your black hat with wool pompoms to match the sweater—and such an outfit would cost you real dough, if you bought it down here!

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... they're first in
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simple pride, the 29-year-old Parisian who had organized the Resistance throughout France. "You say this seems like a dream to you. Think of what it seems to me to be sitting here in a uniform I have now worn for a week, while for four years I have hidden around corners, taken dozens of different names, and with not even my own men knowing who I was." I'll never forget General Jacques Chaban-Delmas' story as he told it—but this is not the place for all its lights and shadows and complex development.

I'll always remember Madame Lucie Fromaget, the head nurse of the Hospital of La Pitie, a dark middle-aged woman standing in her white uniform beside the three Canadians she had rescued from among the wounded prisoners of war. She wanted to give the credit to Mlle. Roget, one of her nurses, but the boys wouldn't let her. Major Jean Louis Gagnon, Roland Fleury and Cpl. Jules Parent, all of Montreal, told me how they had been listed to be evacuated with wounded prisoners to Germany, how the nurse had come to their beds, each in turn, suggesting they take a walk along the corridor, how they had been taken in an elevator to the basement, through underground-passages and finally up to Madame Fromaget's apartment where they were hidden while the whole neighborhood was searched. "And we weren't the first to find freedom by this route," they told me. "One badly wounded man was carried on a nurse's back after the lights were out."

I'll always remember the little discomforts and economies of Paris in those first two weeks of liberation. The lack of hot water, of civilian transportation except by bicycle. The women in church without hats, the thousands of bicycling legs without stockings, the shop displays of wooden and cork soles with which the deft Parisians fashioned their own wedge sandals. How when we went to get our hair washed we took our own soap and came out with wet heads, fixed up with our own hairpins, and held in place by scarves until the hair dried. How the only movie open in town was a news feature operating on a tiny generator; people lined up for five and six hours to see pictures of their own street fighting. How groups of citizens in the Bois de Boulogne were cutting down trees for firewood so that the bakeries might get going with flour brought in by Allied trucks; and how a few days after, the long bread queues suddenly shortened.

I'll always remember shopping for a black chiffon nightie with a Canadian captain who had come in armed with an American magazine picture sent by the wife of a friend of his who had asked her husband to bring her "something like this from Paris." We went from shop to shop showing the picture, and shop girls admired but shook their heads sadly, "You won't find one." We did—it was \$80, and the head buyer of the shop apologized, "We kept such things as those for the Germans; and though we could make a better price for you, it would still be too much to pay!" I'll remember the shop windows, brave with red, white and blue decorations, and practically nothing for sale inside, except perfumes. And how some brands had to be rationed, one bottle to a customer, because the American soldiers had heard it was good, "prewar."

I'll always remember my trip on the first Metro to be put into operation

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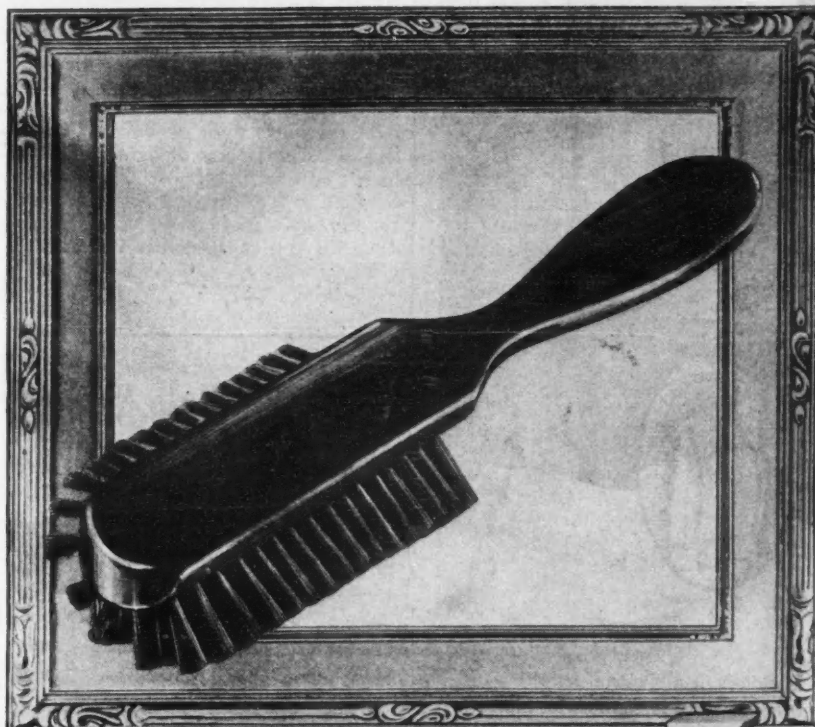
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There is a sound reason why your painful cold symptoms—dulling headache, muscular aches and pains, sore throat due to cold—are relieved by Aspirin so fast.

Look at the fact shown in the picture of the glass. A genuine ASPIRIN Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly it touches water. Thus it is ready to go to work promptly . . . to give you most reliable fast-acting relief.

Gargle sore throat with ASPIRIN and relieve pain and discomfort almost at once! Taken with water, ASPIRIN speedily relieves headaches that come with colds . . . as well as muscular aches and distress.

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THE "BAYER" CROSS ON EACH TABLET — IS YOUR GUARANTEE THAT IT'S ASPIRIN

I'll Always Remember

Continued from page 13

just given in marching round behind the iron railings of the Foreign Office while a sullen silent crowd watched them. And the great flag that reached like a flame from the tomb of the Unknown Soldier toward the Arc de Triomphe. And the moss on the steps of the Chamber of Deputies. I'll never forget standing in the Champs Elysées as French-manned tanks rolled by on their way to the front, while old men and women cried and girls with tricolor rosettes in their hair cheered. A Resistance youth beside me pulled off the helmet of an American officer and emptied a bottle of perfume in his hair; the American yelled something between "Mercy" and "Merci," and behind us an elderly Frenchman laughed: "This is France, this is Paris again, forgive us, Monsieur, we are en fête."

I'll always remember the little girl who tugged at my khaki skirt, curtsied, and said, "Mama told me to say thank you." And the older youngster of whom I asked the way and who reached into her shabby handbag and brought out a well-thumbed guidebook to Paris and insisted that I take it. "It is so little, Mademoiselle,—so little in exchange for so much!"

I'll always remember that terrible experience of moving among 2,000 political prisoners and suspects in the great indoor rink where they were rounded up to await examination. The men were on one side, the women on the other, held back by chain barriers. They all looked toward me as I went in, as if they hoped to find some comfort in my coming. One woman leaned forward over the barrier, calling "Come and hear my story." I don't remember what she said for suddenly others were speaking, all at once, and jostling for a front position. One by one, to give point to their cries and pleadings, they snatched off their turbans or scarves to reveal the hideous trophy of the collaborationist—the shaved head. I'll never, never forget that grotesque, horrible sight.

I'll always remember those rooms on the top floor of the former Gestapo headquarters in Rue Saussanes. The room with the splotted wallpaper and the four great iron rings sunk in the plaster and connected by greasy reddened streaks where spread-eagled bodies had fought their confinement. The room next door with the raised white enamelled bathtub, and the other one equipped with electric appliances—torture chambers that only the 20th Century could make possible; but more especially the narrow washroom with the iron door and high grilled window where dozens of messages scratched with fingernails or roughly pencilled on the walls proclaimed, "Français, gardez votre dignité," or "Courage et espoir," and far down in a corner a pencilled square like a calling card, "Shelley, RAF," followed by two dates, "21-3-44," and "18-5-44." Nor will I forget the disorder of the adjoining offices, the dozens of empty wine bottles, the slashed leather furniture, the obscene books of pictures, the gilt chairs so obviously stolen from great houses.

I'll always remember my dinner with a general, the youngest general in any allied army. Dapper, dark, handsome, he wore his new uniform with

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always fun!*
WHEN BREATH
IS SWEET AND FRESH!



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LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON. At stores which sell toilet goods.

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Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Miss. Annette Lanzetta, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. C-623, Toronto, Canada.

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Nerve Food**

60s.—60cts. 180s.—\$1.50



Protect Your Possessions

by Lillian D. Millar

ROVER'S BARKING wakened Grace Turner in time to save the family from the flames which were roaring in the rooms below. But it was too late to save the house. Before the fire could be brought under control the building was gutted. "Thank goodness we're insured," thought Grace as, in tears, she watched her home burn.

She felt much better when they received the substantial cheque from the insurance company. And when at last repairs were completed and they were ready to move into their home, Grace started off quite gaily for a shopping bout. "Now I will have everything new and just as I like it," she declared. That evening she was not quite so pleased. "Everything costs so much," she complained. A few days later she was in despair. "What will we do?" she groaned. "If we buy the furniture we cannot get along without, it will take all the insurance money, and there will be nothing left for bedding, dishes, silverware, to say nothing of rugs and curtains. And," she wailed, "what are we going to do for clothing?"

The Turners' experience is all too common these days. Last year fire visited nearly 36,000 Canadian homes, an all-time record. And, like the Turners', more families were caught without adequate insurance. In all, Canadians personally had to bear a loss of more than \$7 millions because they did not have enough fire insurance. This is 30% more than the uninsured fire loss in 1939.

The chief reason for this increase is not that people have less insurance but that homes and possessions are worth more today than they were in 1939 and the average family has not adjusted its insurance to fit the new values. It costs more to rebuild or repair your home if it is burned. As Grace found out, you have to pay more for furniture and household effects. Clothing costs more. Price of furs has soared. Electrical appliances and equipment are higher if you can get them at all.

BUT FIRE is not the only menace to your possessions. Police records show that in the larger cities the number of cases of theft, burglary and robbery is five times greater than the number of fires reported. And burglars get away with much loot. In one city the value of articles (aside from automobiles) stolen in a year totalled more than \$750,000.

Thieves show great daring, ingenuity and persistence. Thugs broke into the home of a former Ontario premier, bound and gagged the maid, ransacked the premises and escaped with goods valued at \$15,000. In the middle of the afternoon a Vancouver thief got away with a moving van half filled with furniture. In a small Ontario town pants pocket burglars raided bedrooms of sleeping citizens, took \$300 worth of goods from one home, \$50 and a gold watch from another and smaller sums from a number of other places. One Vancouver man complained bitterly to the police that, in spite of every pre-

Continued on page 67



*A lovely mouth-accented
with Lipstick
A lovely figure—accented by*
Le Gant

No matter how glamorous
the figure—how youthful—
clothes will look smarter,
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correctly fitted foundation.

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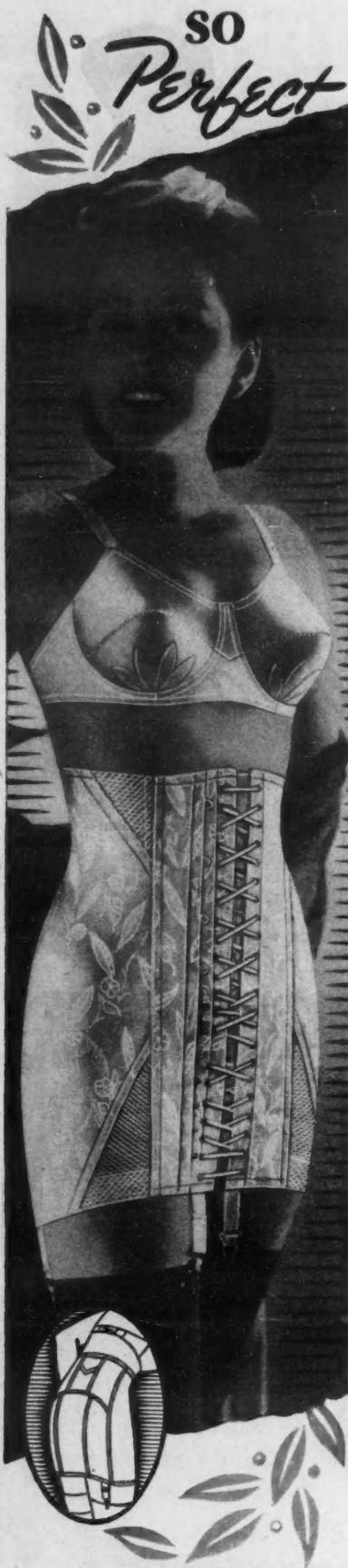
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All-day-long satisfaction, for Nu-Back
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again. I got up at five o'clock and went down the stairway, hitherto barred, opposite the Opéra. It was all very clean and a few people were coming through on their way to work. We talked as the cars sped along and they told me how glad they were not to have to walk any more, and how they hoped the stations the Germans had used as munitions factories would soon be restored. They scolded me for having paid my fare. "No German ever paid to go anywhere," they said. I must remember, too, those shining new posters stuck up on the Metro walls calling for assistance for "Our Prisoners' and deportees' fund." "We have 2 million men still to come home from Germany," one of the passengers reminded me.

And I'll never forget my trip home. Dinah Shore and I were the two women in a mixed group of officers and men flying back from France. There was a conjuror who had been with Dinah entertaining the troops, a professor from Harvard interested in army education, a pilot who had escaped from Germany and could no longer fly in France (if captured again, he would be shot), a sleepy rear gunner who had just received Congressional citation, two Navy men on their way to promotions, and some aviation technicians. We arrived late and tired at Prestwick, Scotland, and were warned to be ready to leave again at 4 a.m. Dinah, wearing olive drab jacket, slacks and parachute boots, signed autographs by the dozens, smiling always, in spite of great black circles under her eyes. At midnight we went to our little room and sank down on the two army cots. There was a knock at the door. Five pilots were outside. Wouldn't Dinah sing for them—just one song? "What'll it be?" she asked. They settled for "Star Dust," and Dinah leaned back against the door and sang. Suddenly the whole place became very quiet, and when she finished there was the sound of distant applause... Next night there was the star dust of the lights of New York as we flew over; long jewelled strings of lights, lights I hadn't seen for five years. There was a catch in my throat. "I had forgotten the lights were so lovely," Dinah said, "but I'll always remember Paris."

Yes, I'll always remember Paris. ♦

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to relieve menstrual suffering

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Oriental Cream
GOURAUD

gives a touch of satisfaction. Recaptures that soft, tender skin of youth.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan



The Case of the Perfect Secretary

Continued from page 59

UNFORTUNATELY, I haven't the same three girls now. I have one of them. The other two have committed matrimony. After I managed to break away from the law business, I conceived the idea of travelling. As I have since learned, taking a bevy of up-to-the-minute secretaries into the spice-scented atmosphere of the South Seas is what the Supreme Court would doubtless define as "contributory negligence." Men with matrimonial intentions lined up to listen for the moment the typewriters ceased to clack.

Since these two have left me, I've employed quite a few secretaries off and on. Some of them are better than others, but all of them have been good. They have to be good to handle my type of work.

The great bugaboo of quantity producers in the fiction field is that they will become "written out," the point at which a tired imagination simply fails to function because of the cumulative effect of mental fatigue combined with the physical weariness generated by constant pounding on a typewriter.

Even if I should become written out tomorrow, I am still a decade ahead of the game. Before I took up book writing, I had been writing stories for some 10 years and editors still insist that the average productive life of a quantity pulp producer is limited to five years. I owe most of my literary longevity to the fact that I have always been surrounded by efficient, loyal secretaries who have taken all of the petty cares off my shoulders, have done the manual labor of writing, and have made it possible for me to put in all of my own efforts where they count most.

THERE IS, of course, the other side of the picture—the girl who wants to make a living for herself until Prince Charming comes riding along on a gaily caparisoned charger. For some peculiar reason, she seems to feel that all she needs in the way of training is just enough to "get by."

And, strangely enough, it's those girls who never do find the Prince Charming on the white charger, who put in year after year in underpaid positions, never getting to see anything more of the business than the mere mechanics of pounding a typewriter.

But the girl who decides to make a life work out of being an efficient secretary finds prospective husbands waiting for her at every turn in the road.

I've lost two of the best secretaries that ever trod shoe leather. The one who's left of the original trio has been with me umpty-ump years. My father once described her as being composed of equal parts of ability and stability. Whenever we travel I find her besieged with masculine attention, and the minute one of these chaps seems to get the inside track I lead him off to one side and say to him truculently, "Look here, young man, are your intentions honorable? Because if they are, I keep a loaded shotgun ready for you low-down, matrimonially inclined, romantic buzzards of secretary-stealing propensities and economic unrighteousness."

After all, a boss has some rights. And if I could get a jury of bosses I'd rate a verdict of justifiable homicide—and I wouldn't even need to call on Perry Mason to get it for me. ♦

IT'S A GOOD NAME TO REMEMBER



Toasters, Irons, Heaters and Rang-ettes that bear the Canadian Beauty trade mark, are built for long life and unfailing service. Many now in use in Canadian homes have been in operation for over 25 years. As soon as the manufacture of these products can be resumed, you may look for new and even finer Canadian Beauty models at your dealers.



RENFREW ELECTRIC AND REFRIGERATOR COMPANY LIMITED - RENFREW, ONTARIO

a soothing cleansing

GARGLE



Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda and can be used whenever that remedy is prescribed or indicated for medicinal purposes. Two teaspoons dissolved in a glass of water makes a soothing, cleansing gargle and refreshing mouth wash. And there's nothing better for cleaning your teeth. Brush them with Cow Brand after every meal.

Keep a package of Cow Brand Baking Soda in bathroom and kitchen. Economical too — costs only a few cents.

COW BRAND BAKING SODA



PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

Protect Your Possessions

Continued from page 65

caution, his place had been broken into for the 49th time in recent years.

Today your possessions are worth protecting. Yet some families do not carry any insurance and many do not have enough. A recent United States survey revealed that while less than 3% of home owners did not have any insurance on their house, more than 28% did not have insurance of any kind on the contents of the home. And only 6% carried burglary insurance.

Insurance companies say that very often household effects are badly under-insured because families do not realize the actual value of their possessions. When they take out insurance they think of the chesterfield suite, the piano, radio, the dining room and bedroom furniture and other larger items but often overlook such things as linens, silverware, curtains, etc. And they underestimate the value of clothing, rugs, china and glassware to say nothing of kitchen utensils and equipment and all the little things which are accumulated throughout the years and which contribute so much to the appearance and comfort of the home.

Now what insurance do you need?

IF YOU own your home, of course you have fire insurance. But have you enough? Today you need at least 25% more than you needed in 1939, for with increased prices of building materials and higher wages it costs more to rebuild or repair your home if it is burned. It might be well also to check that your policy covers such additional perils as windstorm, hail, lightning, smoke damage, riot and damage caused by impact of aircraft or vehicles. This extra protection is well worth the small additional premium charged.

Whether or not you own your home, you have household effects and personal

+ Continued on page 71

DOES IT MATTER WHAT YOU EAT?

YESSIR! To stay on the job and do a good day's work, Canada's vast army of workers — men and women — must be well fed.

Nutrition is a national problem which you can help to solve in your own kitchen. Here's an important guide-book for every worker's household across this country:

Chatelaine's Service Bulletin,
No. 2207.

WORKERS MUST EAT

- Sixteen pages of practical information on food for fitness.
- Eighty lunchbox menus — for every season of the year.
- Planning the Three Squares.
- Canada's Official Food Rules.

15 cents per individual copy.
10 cents each for orders of five or more.
7½ cents each for orders of 100 or more.
5 cents each for orders of 1,000 or more.

Mail your order today to

Chatelaine

481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO

6 VITAMINS in ONE Capsule

The New

ONE A DAY

Multiple Vitamin Capsules

You Take Only ONE Capsule Each Day



VITAMINS

A

D

B₁

B₂

C

Many people are never wholly . . . buoyantly well. Not actually sick either — but always on the borderline. The new knowledge about vitamins is helping these people. For when they increase their supply of vitamins, many feel like new persons. The multiple vitamin way to better health and vigour is worth a try. Get a package of ONE A DAY brand, Multiple Vitamin Capsules and take them for a while. These capsules contain 6 vitamins. By taking only one capsule per day you get your full basic amounts of vitamins A, D, B₁, B₂, C and Niacin. Ask for ONE A DAY brand, Multiple Vitamin Capsules in the blue packages — made by Miles Laboratories.

NIACIN

ONE A DAY brand Multiple Vitamin Capsules

Capsules which contain 6 different vitamins — a boost for general good health. Blue packages. \$1.25, \$2.50.

ONE A DAY brand Vitamin A and D Tablets to aid your resistance to colds; promote good teeth and bone growth. Yellow packages. .45, \$1.00, \$1.80.

ONE A DAY brand Vitamin B Compound Tablets help keep appetite, digestion and nerves up to normal; also an aid to more pep. Light grey packages. \$1.00, \$2.50.

There are 3 kinds of ONE A DAY brand Vitamins

MILES LABORATORIES LTD. • MAKERS OF ALKA-SELTZER



Brutal to germs, but kind and gentle to you

Here is an antiseptic several times stronger germicidally than pure carbolic acid, and yet entirely non-poisonous and safe. A child could use it. To the germs that cause and spread infection, 'Dettol'

is deadly: a swift and ruthless killer. But to you, and the delicate tissues which the germs invade, 'Dettol' is kind and gentle, and in emergency could safely be used at full strength on an open wound.

This

Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

QUICKLY Acts in 30 seconds. Just put it on, wipe off excess, and dress.

EFFECTIVELY Stops perspiration and odour by effective pore inactivation.

LASTINGLY Keeps underarms sweet and dry up to 3 days.

PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

AND
doesn't dry up

The big jar contains 21 more applications for 39¢ than other leading deodorants—and the entire contents are usable because it doesn't dry up.



Getting You DOWN?

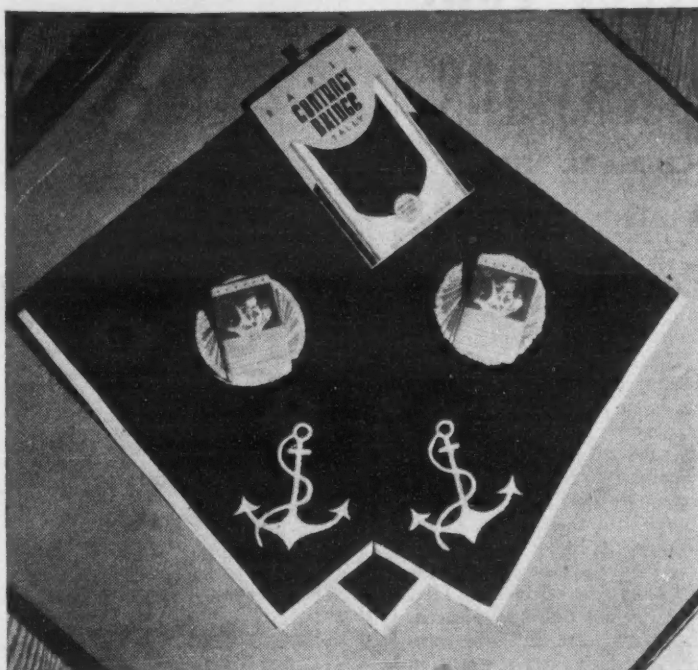
If morning finds you only half rested, still weary... if your sleep is broken by fitful tossing and turning... if you can't seem to settle down to relaxing rest... your kidneys may be to blame.

When your kidneys get out of order, your sleep usually suffers. To help your kidneys regain a normal condition, to help you enjoy restful sleep—use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a favourite treatment for more than half a century. Dodd's Kidney Pills are easy to use and are not habit forming. Ask for Dodd's Kidney Pills at any drug counter. Look for the blue box with the red band. 127

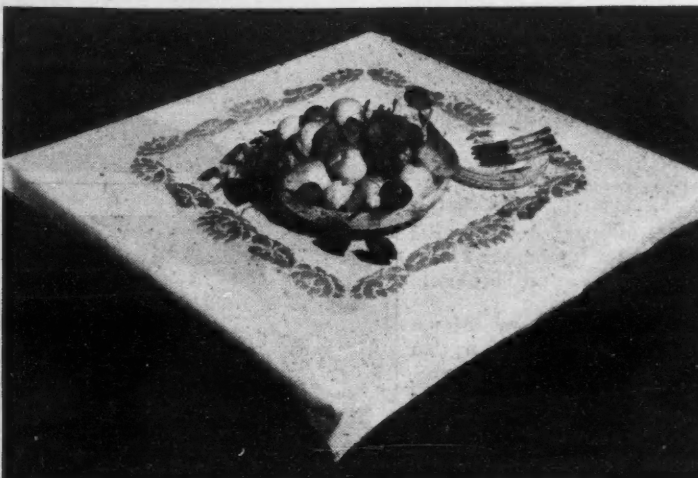
Dodd's Kidney Pills

NEEDLECRAFT

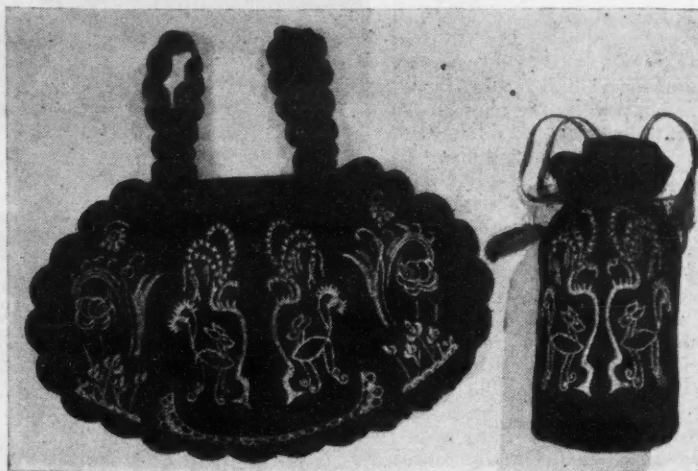
by
Marie Le Cerf



Anchors Aweigh—A new bridge cloth very natty with its anchors in white chain stitch against royal blue or deep French rose art felt. Bind the blue felt in red and French rose in blue. With binding and elastic for corners, \$1.25. Cottons for working, 10 cents. No. 72C.



Irish Linen—Fine white luncheon set, cross-stitched in water-lily design in yellow, pink or mauve—state color desired. Cloth is 36 ins., with four serviettes, priced at \$3.00. Cottons, 30 cents. No. 71C.



Embroidered Felt—Shopping or knitting bag, about 18 ins. by 10 ins. in black, navy, red, sand or brown art felt. With lining, \$1.50; embroidery cottons, 20 cents. No. 70C. Pillbox purse (right) has same stamped design; red, brown or black felt. With lining and cord, \$1.00; cottons, 20 cents. No. 74C.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. On out of town cheques add 15 cents for bank exchange.



but not to you..



ENJOY the luxury of looking at your best in the smart and slenderizing KONERAY with its all-round pleats graduated to taper off in snug-fitting single material over the hips. Made in Shakespeare's country, but banned to women living in the United Kingdom. You are indeed fortunate to be able to wear this smartest of all all-round pleated skirts. Profit now from the advantage this official ruling gives you. Ask your outfitter to show you a selection of KONERAY skirts in a variety of the fine quality British materials, including Scotch, Cumberland and Donegal Tweeds, West of England Flannels, Authentic Tartans, Worsted, Irish Linens and Cream Serges, in which they are available.

Trade enquiries: Please cable your enquiries to "Hack, London." Orders should be accompanied by information to expedite payment in Great Britain.

Sole Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, England.

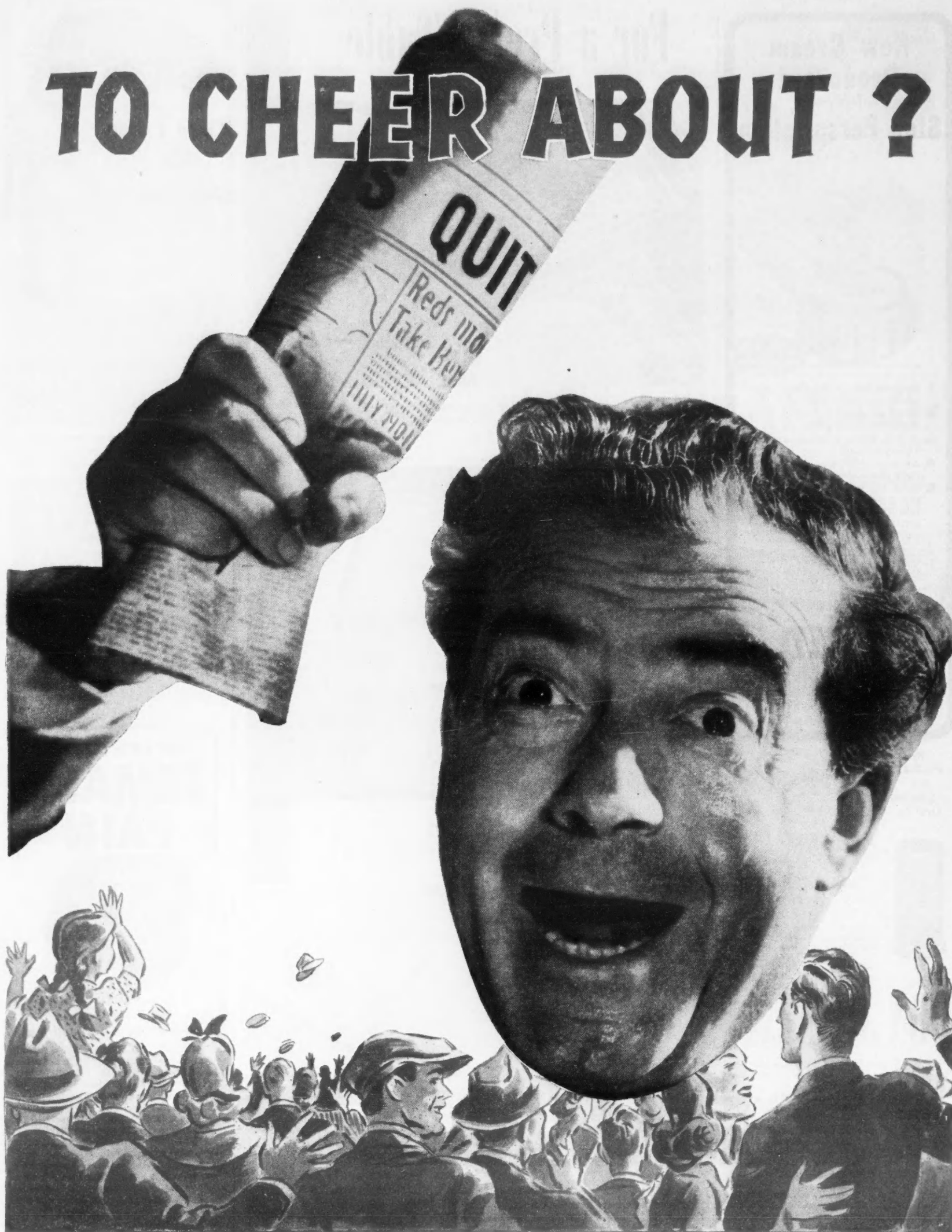
"Koneray"

PLEATED SKIRTS



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 30 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50¢ at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

TO CHEER ABOUT ?



NATIONAL WAR FINANCE COMMITTEE

WHAT WILL YOU HAVE

● In the liberated lands there have been bursts of cheering.

But there is still a grim job to be done in many lands and waters before complete and final victory gives the whole earth cause for rejoicing.

When that complete and final victory is achieved, will you have little or much to cheer about?

Some will cheer because their men . . . their sons, their husbands, their fathers . . . will have reached the end of the dangerous road.

Some will cheer because the job they have done at home during long work-packed years will make them feel they have helped to win the victory.

Some will cheer because they have really denied themselves much and will have a substantial stake in the world of tomorrow . . . a sum worth shouting about.

But some will have no pride in anything they have done or done without . . . no share at all in the great glow that will burn in millions of faithful, thankful hearts.

You need not belong to that unfortunate few.

There is still time for you to invest in total victory.

Buy a big share in Canada's Seventh Victory Loan.

Buyers of bonds in previous loans are urged to buy more this time than ever before.

INVEST IN VICTORY

BUY MORE VICTORY BONDS





CAT'S PAW

NON-SLIP
SYNTHETIC
Rubber Heel & Sole

Super Quality
with
Synthetic Rubber

THROBBING HEADACHE

QUICKLY RELIEVED
OR
MONEY BACK!



If your head seems splitting in two... if the throbbing, jagged pain persists and won't let up... try Mentholatum. Insert a little in each nostril... rub a little on forehead. Its soothing action will give you quick, easing relief.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

MENTHOLATUM is sold on a money-back guarantee. Ask your druggist for it today.

THE ARMED SERVICES
Need
'Viyella'
FLANNEL



Young women and Officers in uniform all over the World need VIYELLA. For certain comfort in uncertain climates nothing equals long-wearing VIYELLA Flannel.

The British Fashion Fabric that Wears and Wears
GUARANTEED WASHABLE & COLORFAST
LUX TESTED

36" and 54" wide. At all leading stores or write
Wm. Hollins & Co. Ltd., 266 King St. W., Toronto

Protect Your Possessions

Continued from page 67

possessions. There are a dozen or more different classes of insurance designed to give financial protection against their loss. There is fire insurance on the contents of your home. This covers everything except money, securities, account books and such like. Household and personal effects removed temporarily from the home are covered, up to an amount equal to 10% of the total insurance. For example, if you have \$3,000 insurance on your household effects, and your clothing is burned while you are staying in a hotel you can recover up to \$300. You may have this policy extended also to cover additional perils, such as windstorm, etc.

There is what is called "Residence Burglary Insurance." This protects you against financial loss due to burglary, theft or robbery in your home. Up to a specified amount it covers also loss due to personal hold-up. It reimburses you also for damage which burglars may do to your property.

Then almost every family has some valuables, some highly prized articles of artistic merit or historic value. For these you may require broader insurance protection than you get in the fire insurance policy. For example, the jewellery floater policy will insure your valuable pieces of jewellery, wherever they may be, against all risks. The fine arts policy will cover paintings, statuary, oriental rugs, antique furniture, rare books, etc. Or you may insure a valuable stamp collection, an expensive camera or a costly violin.

In place of all these policies you now may buy a modern comprehensive policy called Personal Property Floater. This does away with the need of any policies you may be carrying and its protection is broader than their combined coverage. It may be issued to cover the entire contents of your home, the personal property of all members of your family who live with you, also property of your guests and servants if it is not already insured. It protects you against loss due to any risk, fire, burglary, theft, transportation hazards, water damage and many others. The loss may occur anywhere, at home, at place of business, while at the cleaners, dyers or laundry, while in storage, at school or at a summer resort. You may have contents of your summer residence included if you desire.

NOW HOW much insurance should you carry? The only way to find out is to make a valuation of your belongings. The best way to do this is to make an inventory of everything you own and then try to estimate the value. It must be kept in mind that insurance pays only the actual value of the article at the time of the loss. It is not intended to give you new goods for old. For example if you bought a fur coat five years ago for \$400, and 10 years is the normal lifetime of such a coat, you already have got half the wear of the coat. Therefore there would be no use in your insuring the coat for \$400 for you would receive only half the value today of a coat of similar quality. Suppose a new coat like yours costs \$600 now, then to have it fully covered you would need approximately \$300 insurance on your coat. This principle applies throughout.

To make an inventory takes time and effort, but it will be worth your while to see that your possessions are covered by insurance, for you stand to lose more today if they are lost or destroyed. +

SALLY SILEX says...

**GOOD COFFEE
IS
CLEAR COFFEE**



**ONLY A
Genuine
SILEX
CAN MAKE SILEX
COFFEE**

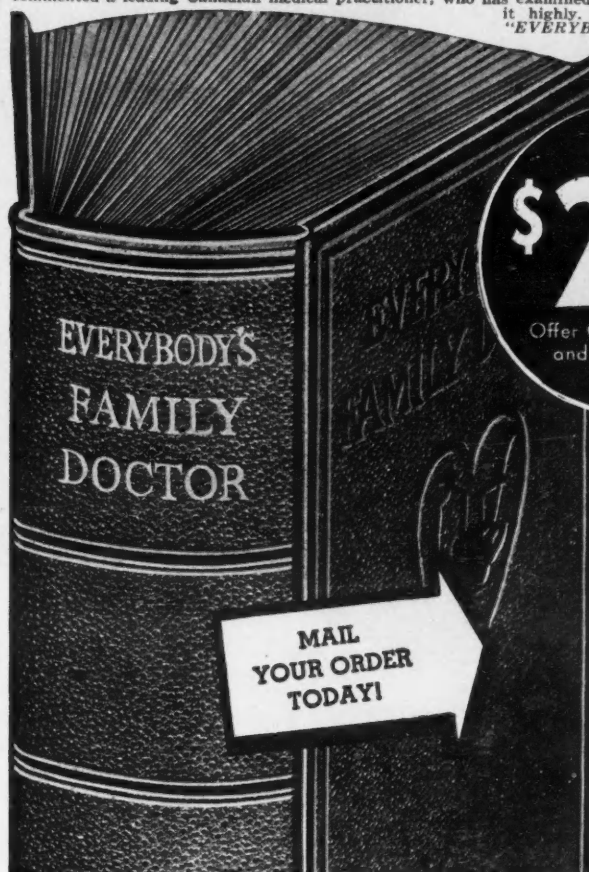
because... ...ONLY THE GENUINE SILEX HAS THE FLAVOUR-GUARD FILTER

YOU CAN'T AFFORD To Be Without This Book!

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME! A Most Helpful Book in the Home — Completely Revised and Up-to-Date — Packed With Latest Authoritative Medical Knowledge.

"EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR, is modern, reliable, and no Home should be without a copy," commented a leading Canadian medical practitioner, who has examined it carefully and recommends it highly. A recent purchaser says: "EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR is especially useful to those living far from a doctor."

—H. F., Alberta.



**ONLY
\$2.50**

Delivered
Offer Good for Canada
and Newfoundland
Only

EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR has 576 Pages of 2,500 References in 300,000 Words. Scores of practical illustrations explaining text; a Colour Frontispiece of a Diagnosis Diagram of Male Body; 16 full-page plates illustrating in detail many important bodily organs and their structure — First Aid Treatment, etc. Size of Book is 8 1/2" by 5 1/2". A handsome Library volume magnificently and strongly bound in rich Maroon Pebble-Grained Book-cloth with Title embossed on spine in real 22-carat gold.

"Delighted with **FAMILY DOCTOR** — its useful information and everyday language." — O. E. Y., Ontario.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED — We are so enthusiastic about the merit and value of **EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR** that we will cheerfully refund the purchase price in full if you are not satisfied with it and return it postpaid and in good condition within five days.

APPROXIMATELY 3,000 DOCTORS, 1,000 dentists and 1,400 nurses, have already gone into the Armed Forces; more are "joining up" each month. Are YOU prepared for an emergency if one arises, and the family Doctor cannot come in a hurry!

THIS SITUATION makes it vitally important for every home to have readily available an absolutely reliable Medical Reference Book, that tells you what to do in an emergency. You owe it to yourself and your family to be prepared; and **EVERYBODY'S FAMILY DOCTOR** fills this need.

VALUED AT \$5.00 BY THE PUBLISHERS!

In the ordinary way, this great Book would cost you considerably more than you can now secure it for—and the helpful information it contains makes it almost literally "worth its weight in gold"! Compiled in London's famous "Street of Specialists"—and edited personally by a Harley Street physician, it is written in simple, everyday language, without frills or technicalities.

Home Book Service, 204-C Dundas St. W., Toronto 2, Ont.

New Cream Deodorant

Safely helps
Stop Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.



ARRID IS THE
LARGEST SELLING
DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar
(Also in 15¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

Try
MILITARY
RED
—a Red Red
LIPSTICK



The Million Dollar LIPSTICK

Smart women say it is... say it with the emphasis of more than a million dollars they've spent for Don Juan. You'll prefer Don Juan, too. It adds charm that STAYS ON. It's kiss-proof.

DON JUAN LIPSTICK

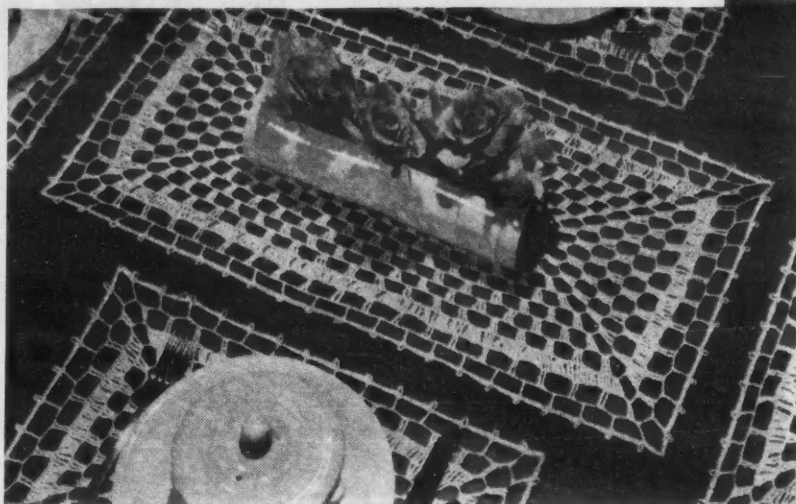
STAYS ON

MEETS
THESE
4
TESTS

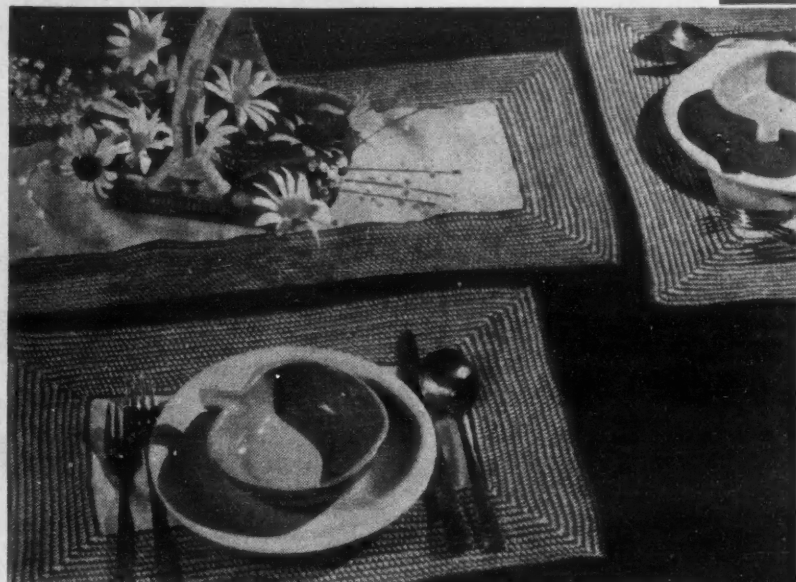
1. **STAYS ON**—when you eat, drink, kiss—if used as directed.
2. **LIPS LOOK LOVELY**—without frequent retouching. No greasy, "hard" appearance.
3. **NOT DRY or SMEARY**—no "blotches". Creamy smooth—easily applied—gives appealing glamor look.
4. **STYLE SHADES**—Military Red, rich red red, acclaimed by beauty editors. Hostess Red, for evening. Dark Red and Raspberry.

DeLuxe Size \$1.10—Refills 60c. Trial size 19c. Matching face powder and Rouge in Two Sizes.

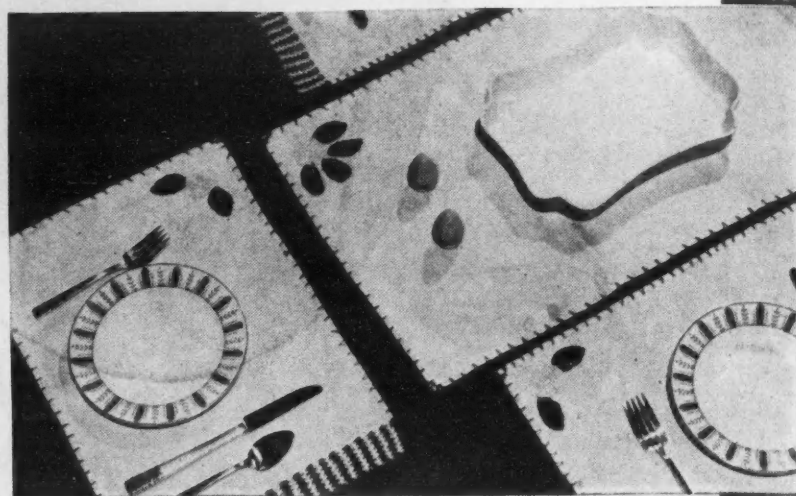
For a Pretty Table



If you're crafty with a crochet hook, you'll enjoy following this new design in openwork; 10 balls of thread will make four place mats and runner, using No. 5 hook. Complete instructions, 5 cents. Order S51.



Start with half-yard of linen; cut out runner and four mats; crochet the wide border in alternate white and red. One of the smartest of the new luncheon sets. Complete instructions, 5 cents. Order S52.



An appliquéd crochet flower and border give distinction to this unusual table set. Choose colors to enhance your china. Complete instructions, 5 cents. Order S53.

Send to Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

OF COURSE

I keep it clean
with
Sani-Flush



Stained or unclean toilet bowls are inexcusable. But there's no earthly reason for messy scrubbing. Sani-Flush makes bowls gleaming white the quick, easy, sanitary way. Use it at least twice a week to remove unsightly stains and a cause of toilet odors.

Sani-Flush is not like ordinary soaps and cleansers. It works *chemically*—even cleans the hidden trap. Removes the ever-forming film in which toilet germs lurk. No disinfectants are needed. Safe with septic tanks and in toilet connections. (See *directions on can.*) Made in Canada. Sold everywhere, two convenient sizes. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS
TOILET
BOWLS

WITHOUT SCRUBBING

If you suffer 'PERIODIC'

FEMALE PAIN



With Its Weak,
Cranky, Nervous Feelings

If at such times *you*, like so many women and girls suffer from cramps, headaches, backache, nervous tired feelings, are a bit blue—all due to functional monthly disturbances—

Start at once—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It not only helps relieve monthly pain but also accompanying tired, weak, nervous feelings of this nature. This is because of its soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Here's a medicine that *helps nature* and *that's* the kind to buy! Follow label directions.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

YOUR HOME · A Department of House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing

Pulling Things Together

by
FREDA JAMES

IT RADIATES comfort, doesn't it? Comfort in the actual selection of the pieces, and, just as important, comfort in the manner of their arrangement. Half-a-dozen people can sit happily around this fireplace without any necessity of regrouping the furniture; there are lamps well placed to give light for reading, an indispensable table in front of the couch, books and writing desk convenient to window light.

Color helps, too, in pulling things together. The soft reds in

the fireplace brickwork repeated in the textured weave on the wing chair; more of the same, combined with blues and natural, occurs in the striped fabric on couch; curtains are a simple linen weave which makes nice harmony with the waxed knotty pine of end walls and chimney breast. In summertime a floral hooked rug replaces the bearskin. The whole scheme has an Early Canadian flavor, suggesting hospitality and pleasant livableness; the arrangement has an unforced simplicity which comes from careful planning.

Tomorrow your clothes will be protected with **WAX**



Canadian women have long used wax on floors, wood-work and furniture to provide protection and add beauty. Don't be surprised if you are soon wearing clothes which are treated with a wax compound, for reasons just as practical.

You see, wax is the basic ingredient of Johnson's DRAX, a product now being used on fabrics needed for war, such as soldiers' uniforms, parachute cords, camouflage materials, war workers' uniforms, sleeping bags and many others.

DRAX gives textiles resistance to stains and dirt . . . makes them water repellent. Thus they last longer, are easier to clean and keep clean, help keep our armed forces dry. DRAX will be available for home use

after the war. It will be used on the whole family's work and play clothes . . . on curtains and household fabrics. In modern mills like that illustrated below, many varieties of textiles will be DRAXed to provide initial protection against dirt, stains and water.

This is but one of many postwar uses for Johnson's wax products. You'll also benefit from the use of wax metal to protect it against corrosion . . . on leather, rubber, plastics and paper to improve appearance and provide protection. Too, there'll be Johnson's Wax-Fortified Paints for wood-work and walls . . . and Johnson's Wax-O-Namel, the new, patented product finish, will be used on much of the furniture and household equipment you buy.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Ltd., Brantford, Can.

Johnson's Wax for Home and Industry



This advertisement appears as part of a postwar program by which we hope to create more jobs for returning service men and women.



**REMEMBER
IT'S A DATE!**

It's a date that will go down in history: The day of Unconditional Surrender: : : And remember—Victory will bring you a date with PEEK FREAN'S delicious English Biscuits.

**Peek Frean
BISCUITS**

FROM LONDON, ENGLAND

**POLISH AWAY
UGLY SCRATCHES**

**Rejuvenate furniture
this easy way!**

Just apply this wonder-working polish. You'll see ugly scratches vanish before your eyes. And you'll be delighted to discover how easily you can "make over" your furniture to look so new and shining bright! At all stores.



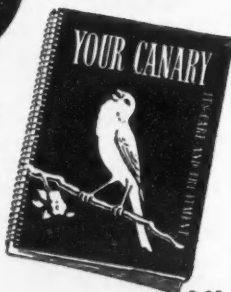
**Old English
Scratch Cover
POLISH**

25¢

Made by the Makers of Old English Wax



in Exchange for
package top of
BROCK'S Seed or
Gravel.



This grand illustrated book for every canary owner. Full of useful information, write to 125 George St., Toronto.

**BROCK'S
BIRD SEED**

Every room, of course, presents its own problems and opportunities in furniture arrangement. The positions of permanent features, such as doors, windows, fireplace, and the amount of flat wall area must be carefully considered in building up useful and attractive groupings. But there are certain general rules that can be laid down, such as: never angle a large piece, such as sofa, across a corner; never throw down a rug to make a disturbing diagonal line; try to group your seating accommodation for sociability and not for isolated "sitting." Create an important focal point, as with a fireplace or a fine view window.



Open spaces—Study the plan above and you will realize that four people could not sit comfortably and converse in this room without raising their voices! There is a fireplace, but no attempt has been made to draw people to that focal point in a room. Chairs are pushed back too far from the hearth; little tables beside them aren't big enough for use. The card table placed at an angle gives a disturbing effect.



This is better. Here you see the same room arranged for greater day-in day-out use. Because the room has good width, couch can go at right angles to fireplace, with tables and lamps to make it pleasant; facing in are the two lounge chairs with table and lamp between. Card table takes on a more orderly appearance near the windows, the latter flanked by chests or bookcases. Long wall opposite fireplace is free for future purchase of bookcase or good-sized table or chest.



Do you still look forward to an evening out, with a spring in your step and a sparkle in your eye, that makes your husband beam with pride? It is easy to keep looking young and happy when house work goes smoothly, never cuts into your leisure!



It can be fun to go out, but there's still no place like home. Especially when home looks so fresh and inviting! Bright, washable chintz slip-covers, crisp curtains, pretty cushions, pastel rugs—add luxurious comfort, make up-keep easy!

It's nice, too, to have fresh, cool linens and smooth pyjamas waiting for you at bedtime, especially when you know they are so little work to launder! The counterpane and dressing table flounces, too, may be tubbed!



Looking in on the younger generation can be a joy in this nursery. All the delicate baby clothes, along with mother's dresses and father's shirts, go into the regular wash and come up smiling.

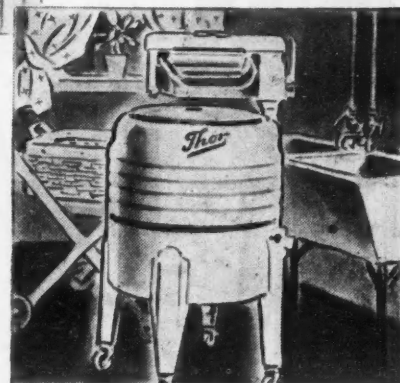
It's easy to find time for romance, it's easy to keep looking attractive, when you let "Thor" take over a load of your household work for you. Smart clothes and furnishings that add so much pleasure to fine living, may be cared for regularly in a "Thor".

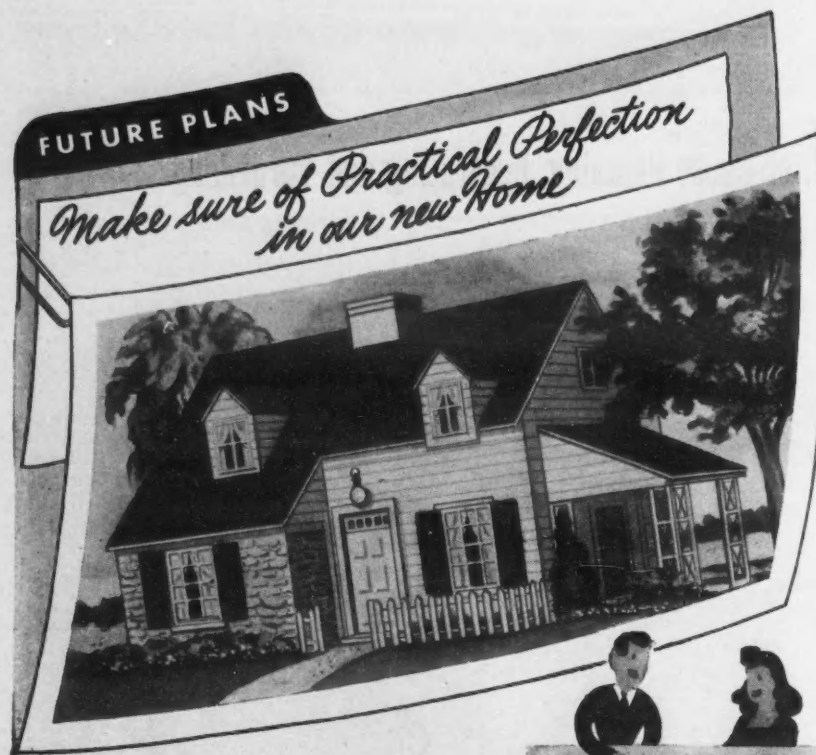
The "Thor" can take it! This is proved by the fact that in one of Toronto's smart, modern apartment houses—the "Montclair"—four "Thor" machines regularly do 99 heavy family washings every week, fine things and tough things alike, turning out the equivalent of 25 years' work in one year of use.



"Makers of the World's First Electric Washer"
THOR-CANADIAN COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO

ORDER YOUR THOR FOR AFTER THE WAR





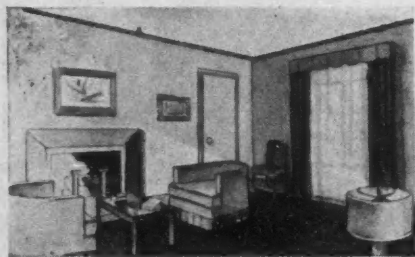
The Proved Answer is

TEN-TEST
INSULATION

Yes, specify TEN/TEST . . . because TEN/TEST Insulation is proved *but modern!* Rigid fibre board, which tests and experience have proved the most efficient home insulation yet devised.

And TEN/TEST is far more than insulation. It becomes an important part of the structural soundness and durability of your home . . . adding value through its strength and *lifetime* insulation.

You are assured of *practical perfection* in your home-planning when you insist on enjoying the advantages of TEN/TEST . . . rigid walls that will not settle . . . economical construction that gives complete insulation. TEN/TEST is the key to a comfortable, healthful home . . . an easily-heated home . . . a home that will last!

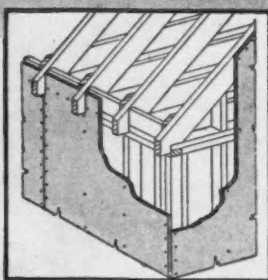


In this Living Room, V-Notch Insulating Building Board—with its self-sealing joint—is used as a plaster base. Elsewhere in the home TEN/TEST Standard Panels, in their natural finish, provide decorative and economical dry-wall construction.

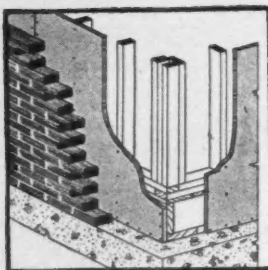
International Fibre Board Limited,
Gatineau, Quebec, Dept. 78-C.
Please send me samples, booklet and complete
information on how TEN/TEST Insulating Building
Board will assist me in my home building
plans. I am interested in
☐ New Construction ☐ Remodelling

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... PROV.....

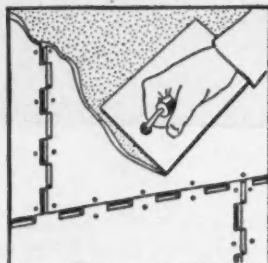
HERE'S WHY



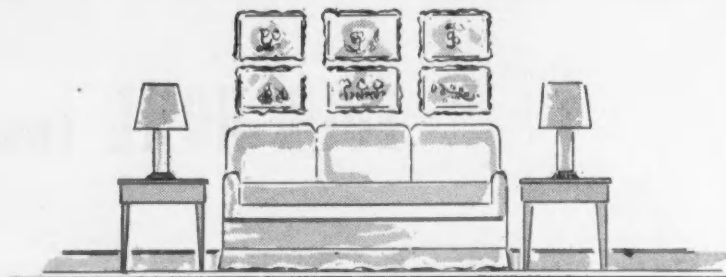
Triple-Strength TEN/TEST (Kraft-bound and asphalt laminated), when properly installed fits snugly around rafters for complete insulation at eaves. This efficient, economical sheathing extends right down to the foundation . . .



. . . Proofing all outside walls, from attic to cellar, against winter cold, summer heat, moisture penetration . . . and wasted fuel!



TEN/TEST Notch Board Plaster Base for interiors provides a second wall of insulation. The "V" notch and the locked-joint feature assure increased plaster bonding strength.



Little Lessons in Arrangement

by FRED A. JAMES

DO YOU ever stop to realize that the success of a good-looking room can be attributed just as much to arrangement as to the style and number of the various individual items? The summing up of what is good and bad in room arrangement, and in accessory arrangement too, can be best made, I think, by applying the term, "functional." True, that word is much used today in reference to contemporary furniture, but it can have practical application to any type of traditional room. If a room's arrangement is planned for function, it won't have bits of this and that standing about, making a clutter, pieces of furniture that are never used, accessories that collect dust and get in the way. A room that suffers in this manner is generally the result of longstanding habit; the accumulation has collected gradually, and the owner, unable to stand back and view the effect with detachment, has got used to it.

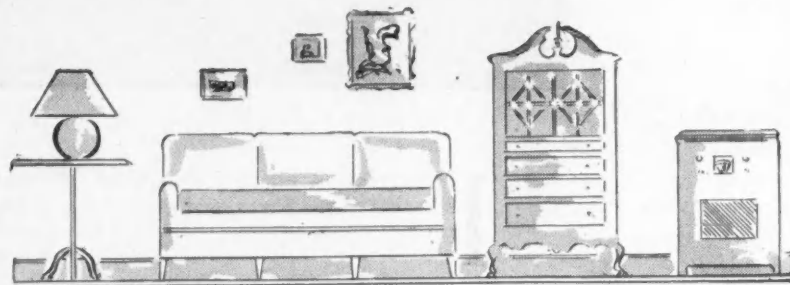
If it is inconvenient to haul furniture hither and thither, a good method of visualizing a rearrangement of your room is to draw up a floor plan in one-inch or half-inch scale; measure your pieces of furniture, cut out pieces of thin cardboard to scale size, and place them about on the plan until you have arrived at some semblance of order. Such a plan, plus your imagination, will help a lot in finding the best disposition of furniture in a given area.

Try to avoid a scattered look. Pull things together and concentrate on comfortable grouping, with the things you use and need close at hand. If, because of the weeding out of unused pieces, you find you are running short of material, draw in on the plan the pieces you most want and feel necessary to complete the balance, and earmark them for a future day.

One of our sketches (below) illustrates an unbalanced arrangement. The large lamp looks unwieldy on such a spindly table, while the latter is too high for convenient use beside the chesterfield arm. Both table and lamp could surely find their proper use when separated and placed elsewhere in the room. The scattered pictures have no relation to the size of the chesterfield or to the general grouping. The same is true of the highboy and radio cabinet; they look most unhappy lined up against the wall in this way. And note the lineup of legs!

In the sketch above we show a grouping for use and harmony—tables of the right height and large enough to hold a lamp, books, etc., six pictures grouped to give an orderly appearance and make the whole composition important. (Pictures of different sizes can be used, of course; the main thing is to group them in relation to the piece of furniture underneath.) The problem of many legs has been overcome by using a skirt, neatly pleated at the corners, on the couch; this can be done with either an upholstered or slip-covered treatment. The other large pieces of furniture can be made the focal points for similar interesting groupings elsewhere in the room.

Please don't assume, from this example, that it is always necessary to have "a pair" of everything! Often a much more charming scheme is attained by breaking down the "pair" tradition, but this always requires careful study of balance and relationship. For instance, a lamp on one table can be well balanced with an ornament or vase of flowers on the other. Common sense must guide you in many of these decisions—common sense and interest in beauty of line and form. Combine these and you will bring out the best qualities in your furniture and your room.



Each piece and accessory here has a use, yes, but definitely not in an unrelated line-up like this. See how the sofa can become part of a pleasant grouping, as in sketch at top of page.



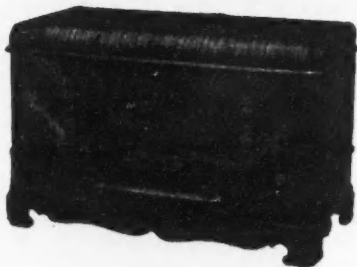
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CHESLEY
CANADA

Home Front

Chatelaine's Ottawa correspondent brings you facts and forecasts concerning the changing picture of wartime living.

NOW THAT the need to conserve strategic materials for war is less urgent, restrictions on the manufacture of some types of civilian goods are being removed. This month, "Home Front" lists a wide range of articles which are permitted to be made, subject, of course, to war's demands for materials and manpower. Most of the new goods will not begin to reach the stores for a few months. Many plants are still busy with military contracts, materials for the new merchandise are not easy to obtain, and very little skilled labor is available except for essential products. But Ottawa reports everything possible is being done to make the transition period back to full production of goods for consumers as short and as easy as circumstances permit. Prices of the new goods will be controlled, so as to prevent a runaway inflation such as occurred after the last war.

Here are some of the goods from which the restrictions have been lifted and which manufacturers are allowed to produce again, provided they can obtain the necessary labor and materials:

Sports Goods. Steel shafts permitted for ski poles and badminton rackets, as well as golf clubs and fishing rods.

Furniture. Manufacturers of furniture and bedding may introduce any new styles, designs and patterns in all kinds of furniture, bedding and bedding equipment. There are no restrictions on types or quantities of metal which may be used. Venetian blinds of wood may be made again.

Humidifiers are off the prohibited list. So are **baby carriages.**

Electric lamps, storage batteries, electric lighting fixtures and small electric appliances such as irons, toasters, broilers, tea kettles, heating pads, grills, grates and flexible cords are permitted to be made.

Tapes with woven names or initials should be obtainable after a while, under a WPTB order permitting fabric labels in any color or width; also shoe laces may be made in any color or type of yarn as materials become available.

If you like to express yourself in ink of a fancy shade, you'll be able to do it

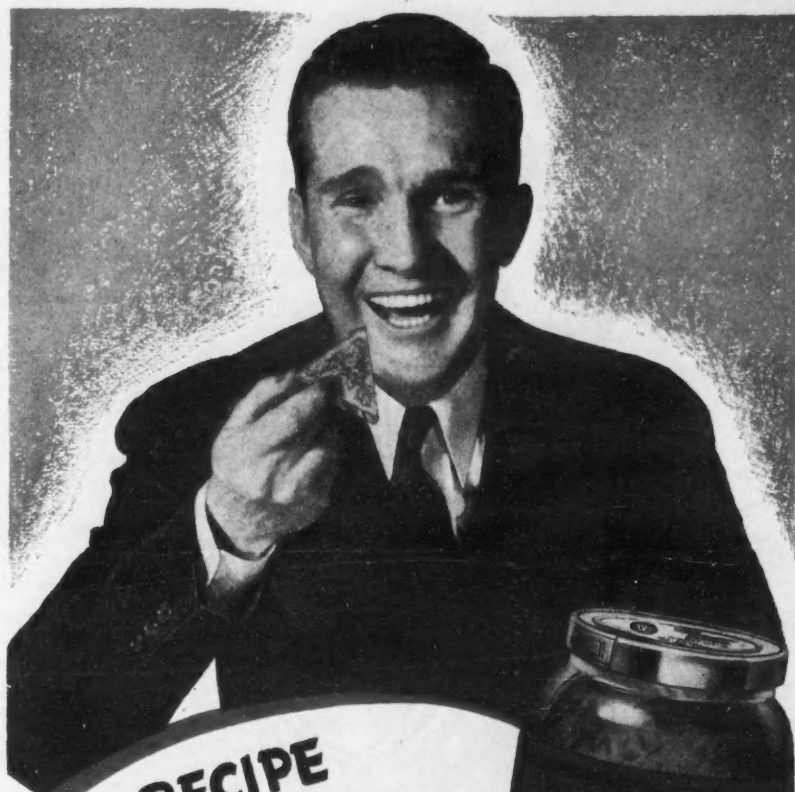
Sugar and Spice

The time-honored cookie jar will always have a special place in every youngster's heart. Chatelaine gives you 28 tested recipes for delicious cookies which will suit all occasions — from the after-school junior cookie raid to the dainty refreshments you'll serve on afternoons when the Red Cross group meets at your house.

Cookies, 28 Recipes
Service Bulletin No. 2200.
Price, 10 cents.

Order from: Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department.

481 University Ave., Toronto, Canada.



RECIPE
for
HAPPY HUSBANDS

The wise wife uses discrimination in the choice of those things which make a perfect breakfast. One of these is Crosse & Blackwell's famous Seville Orange Marmalade.

Its distinctive bitter-sweet tang is inimitable—the result of combining the best of ingredients according to a famous old recipe in a way that spells Quality and Goodness—and happy husbands!

Look for the
Red Label



These two famous C & B Sauces—one thick, the other thin, to please individual tastes — add the crowning touch of savour to meat and fish dishes. Keep them handy!

Crosse & Blackwell's
World Famous

FINE FOODS SINCE 1706



The good earth, the rain and the sun have again performed their miracle in the tomato fields around Leamington . . . and now, to Nature's bountiful harvest, the Heinz kitchens have added their magic. Heinz Tomato Products . . . picked, cooked and bottled within a few hours, as usual . . . are plentiful once more on grocers' shelves.

Heinz Tomato Ketchup
Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup
Heinz Tomato Juice
Heinz Chili Sauce
Heinz Tomato Chutney



Renovation to the Rescue

by J. F. C. SMITH, B.Arch.

FINDING A place to live has become one of the great Canadian problems, especially in the large cities. With all the difficulties still existing in the way of new residential construction, many would-be home owners have had to set aside their plans for a brand-new house, designed, built and equipped for their individual family requirements. In numerous cases they have had to settle for an older house in a convenient location, and have been content to make necessary alterations and improvements until such time as they can start their full-scale building venture on the site of their choice.

It takes skill and imagination to see the possibilities in an older house, and to make it livable according to our current notions. As a guide to what can be done, we bring you the case of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Doty's house, in Toronto, which was purchased and made over by the owners several years ago. The photograph above shows their neat Colonial-style residence as it now appears; before renovation it was an identical twin with the tired 19th Century veteran on the left.

First step in the transformation was the altering of the interior. As is usual with houses having a side-hall plan, the living room was located at the front, with the dining room and kitchen behind. To give additional space, the dining room was moved to the rear of the house, and its former site became a music room adjacent to the living room. Upstairs the four bedrooms and bath were left pretty much as originally planned, but antiquated plumbing equipment was replaced, and the miracle-working qualities of paint and wallpaper were invoked to give a fresh decorative touch throughout the interior. A new heating plant was installed.

Later, carrying out their program for progressive modernization, the owners turned their attention to the front elevation. Their young architect (J. Sugarman) set to work to achieve a remarkably accurate and charming version of the Colonial style. The entire house front was rebricked, a new living room bay window was designed, and an inviting entrance treatment, with new door and platform, was substituted for the old one. Divided window sash adds a good deal of charm to the general effect. The exterior color scheme is simple and fresh: red brick, white painted woodwork, blue door.

Although the work on this house was done several years ago, and it must be remembered that prices today would be about one-third bigger, it is nevertheless instructive to study the approximate costs of a renovation project such as this. The total of some \$3,000 breaks down into the following categories: plumbing, \$400; heating, \$600; extension to basement, hardwood floors, interior alterations, plastering and decorating, \$1,000; new front, \$500. As the initial buying price was quite low for a city property well located, the investment has proved eminently worth while.

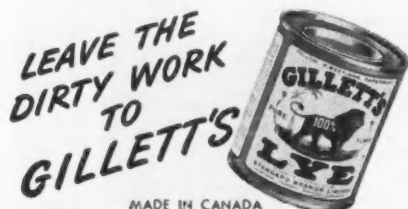
Creating an attractive new home from a dwelling of bygone days is no mean accomplishment. It calls for ingenuity, patience and skill. The whole program can be spread over a year or two and executed, as in this case, in easy stages, or, given prompt supply of labor and materials, it can be compressed into a matter of weeks. But it is a fact worth noting that in many Canadian communities there are substantially built houses whose only disadvantages are age, appearance and equipment. These are faults which can be corrected, as proved in this interesting record. ♦



Drains clogged . . . sink full of greasy dishwater . . . it's maddening! But you don't need to fish out the mess. Just pour Gillett's full strength down any drain and water will run through freely again.

In the bathroom, too, Gillett's is a lifesaver. Ends forever the need to scrub out toilets! Just pour in—ugly brown stains flush right away, porcelain gleams, is odorless. No dirty work is too much for Gillett's, it sails right in, does the job. Get Gillett's today.

• Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



DIAMOND DYES 15¢

are "first choice" among thousands for best dyeing-tinting results. Choose from 16 lovely colours that can be used in interesting combinations to obtain numerous colour schemes.

16 Lovely Colours



Soothe irritated eyes with Murine

Just put 2 drops in each eye!



Originated by an eye physician, Murine brings soothing relief to eyes that are tired, burning or smarting. Just two drops in each eye and Murine starts at once to soothe and refresh. Murine contains 7 ingredients . . . is used in thousands of war industries and first-aid kits. Safe . . . gentle . . . soothing. Use it yourself.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

mackerel, mussels, pilchards, salmon and tuna. Also these meats: Sandwich spreads and potted meats, sterilized sausage, boneless chicken. And seven kinds of condensed soups. Packers may put up double the amount of strained baby foods in tins they packed in 1941 and varying percentages of their 1941 pack of other canned goods. A number of products not permitted to be canned during the acute metal shortage are allowed again.

Decorative effects in women's shoes, including bows, will be seen again early next year. More than one color of leather may be used when not more than 30% of the uppers is leather—to use up bits of leather which are not required for other purposes. Every manufacturer is authorized to make two completely new styles of women's shoes, and he may substitute one style he made in the pre-restriction days for each of the registered patterns he has been using since that time. Stitching, binding, lacing or other materials or decorations to create a two-toned effect are allowed again. Metal ornaments may be used—and shoes can have steel shanks. Leather slippers and babies' soft-soled shoes may be made in any style.

Plastic Soles. A strong, hard-wearing and flexible plastic material for shoe soles which was restricted at first to children's shoes (they have to take the hardest wear of any) is now being produced in larger quantities and may be used for all types of footwear. This material is manufactured in Canada; the price is likely to be slightly higher than that of leather.

Hot air furnaces are available in limited numbers, which is why a home owner must obtain a certificate of essentiality before being able to purchase one, no matter whether it is wanted for a new building or to replace an existing heating plant. ✦

A Change of Scene



Every woman needs a change now and then to pep up her interest in her house. We can't buy new rugs or new furniture in quantity yet, but we can have a change of scene by refurbishing chairs, couches and curtains. You'll feel pretty independent, too, if you become your own interior decorator and designer. And, it's easy, once you get the knack. Our Chatelaine bulletins, "Make Your Own Curtains" and "Slip Covers," give step by step instructions.

MAKE YOUR OWN CURTAINS
Service Bulletin No. 2100, Price, 15 cents.

SLIP COVERS
Service Bulletin No. 2101, Price, 5 cents.

ORDER FROM:
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HOW TO EARN A 3-WAY SHARE IN VICTORY...

"I'LL MAKE MY MONEY TALK ALRIGHT. AFTER THE BOYS GET BACK—NOT BEFORE!"

says Richard Edward Beatie,
Assistant Sales Manager at Anaconda

THIS WAR is hard on everyone," says Dick Beatie. "We want to shorten it. That's why it's up to us to keep pace with our boys overseas by turning out all the copper and copper alloys needed for ammunition, ships, tanks, guns and other weapons.

"It's a big job, but there's another just as big—helping to pay for the vital materials those metals make by buying Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates. In fact, here at Anaconda, that's the second part in our 3-Way Share in Victory!

"And the third part? Well, that's doing without the things we'd like to have right now—and hanging on to our Victory Bonds until Victory is won. Then, spending our money on the things we need—like that new home, car, or refrigerator—will help provide jobs for the boys coming back. It will keep us busy, too, producing copper, brass, and bronze for all the long-lasting, rustproof plumbing, screens, eavestroughs and hardware that will be required for new homes or to modernize old ones. Yes, at Anaconda that's our 3-Way Share in Victory . . . work, save and sacrifice till Victory's won!"

"Dick" Beatie, Canadian Home Front Fighter

Assistant Sales Manager at Anaconda. Born in England, he came to Canada in 1914 just before the last war. Enlisted and served overseas for four years with the Canadian Machine Gun Corps. Length of service with Anaconda—25 years. Has a 12-year-old daughter and two sons, one with the R.C.A.F., the other in the Navy. "Dick" spends a great deal of time with the Reserve Army, where he is a Lieutenant Signal Officer with the G.G.H.G. Pre-war hobbies were dramatics, magic and amateur photography. Now works in his orchard and Victory Garden for recreation.



Anaconda
Copper & Brass

ANACONDA
Copper and Brass
SINCE 1858



The chemist — and the FARMER OF THE FUTURE

NEVER before in the history of Canada has Agriculture offered such opportunities to a rising generation. The high esteem in which Canadian farm produce is held in every part of the world is opening up a bright future for the Canadian farmer.

With modern knowledge has come security unknown to past generations. Huge tracts of land, once useless for the raising of crops can now be made productive. Many of the uncertainties of crop cultivation can be overcome. The growth and development of livestock can be protected so that eggs, milk, beef, pork and poultry can reach the market in prime condition. The coming of better farm machinery and the more extended use of electricity has reduced working hours and banished many tedious tasks.

In this new picture the science of Chemistry takes its place. Mineral fertilizers have been developed which can add to the land those important elements which even nature frequently overlooks. Insecticides and fungicides offer protection against pests. Protective measures against disease and loss can be taken even before the seeds are sown. Mineral supplements give better balance to livestock feeds.

For behind the farmer stands the agricultural chemist whose years of research have helped to solve the secrets of nature and to place Canadian farming on a more scientific and more profitable footing.



CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

PA. 377

again presently. And get penholders and pencils in any styles and colors.

Male Millinery—Men poke fun at women for their endless variety of hats, but note this please: restrictions which limited—yes, limited—men's and boys' hats to not more than 50 styles and either 11 or 12 colors, depending on the kind of felt, are lifted. Good news for anybody wishing to sport the Anthony Eden type of headgear is that Homburgs can again be made.

Leather Goods—Fitted toilet cases, cigarette and cigar cases, brush cases, easel type photo frames, card cases and key cases with slide fasteners are among the small leather articles allowed to be manufactured. Limitations on styles are lifted.

And now for some other items

Even if victory should be ours by Christmas, Santa Claus will carry wartime toys in his bag again this year, but these will be more attractive in both quality and price. Considering the restrictions which have been in force against the use of metals and other materials normally employed in making toys, the variety of the playthings turned out by Canadian manufacturers is surprising.

Christmas tree prospects are none too bright, because of transportation and labor restrictions. If, however, you have an evergreen growing on your lawn, it can shine with all its former glory at Yuletide if you care to take advantage of the new freedom to use electricity for "display purposes." Colored bulbs, however, are likely to be scarce.

Supplies of such things as candied peel, cherries, nuts, raisins and spices should make it easier to have the traditional cakes and puddings for Christmas.

Rubbers and goloshes are expected to be available in normal quantities to see us through the winter comfortably.

In many respects our food situation is even better than it was last year. Supplies of all meats except mutton, lamb and canned meat are higher than they were; more poultry and eggs are being produced, while good crops of most fruits and vegetables, together with increased imports of citrus and dried fruits, mean larger supplies of these.

Canned Goods. Canners are now permitted to use a "no limit" quantity of tins for a very wide range of fruits and vegetables. A "no limit" pack means that the maximum available amount may be canned. There is no restriction on the number in which apple products may be canned (including crabapples in syrup, apple sauce and vitamin-fortified apple juice), apricots, blackberries, raspberries, boysenberries, loganberries, youngberries, blueberries, cherries, salad fruits, peaches, pears and plums, and for the following vegetables: asparagus tips and cuttings, green, wax, or green lima beans, corn, mushrooms, peas and carrots, fresh green peas, pimentos, pumpkin and squash, spinach and greens, tomatoes, tomato catsup, tomato juice (including tomato juice mixed with up to 30% of other vegetable juices), tomato paste, and rhubarb (which is officially listed as a vegetable). Canned fish in the "no limit" class includes anchovies, clams, crabs, fish paste, haddies, herring (including sardines and kippered snacks), lobster, lobster tamale,



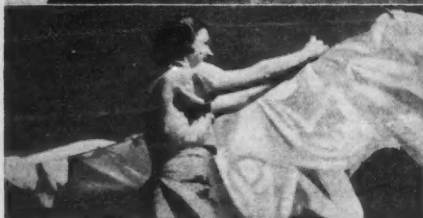
Here Comes Cookie!

THE cookie jar — ace of all containers on your kitchen shelves! No matter how often you fill it, you're forever baking another batch to keep up with the demand.

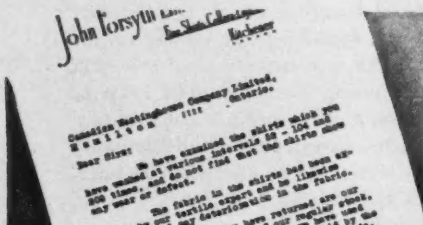
So here comes cookie! These cereal crunchies, topped with dark sweet prunes, are fine to slip into the lunchbox, snuggle into an overseas parcel, dole out as an after-school snack, pass with dessert or serve with a cup of tea. Wholesome enough for the children and a tasty accessory to many a meal.



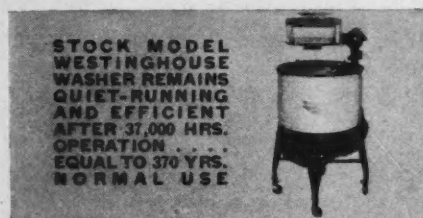
*What
will you want?
when you buy a Washer*



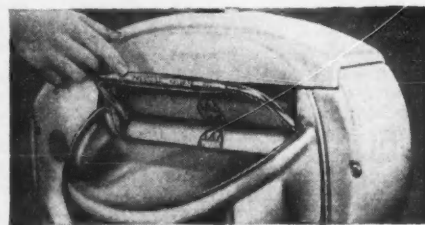
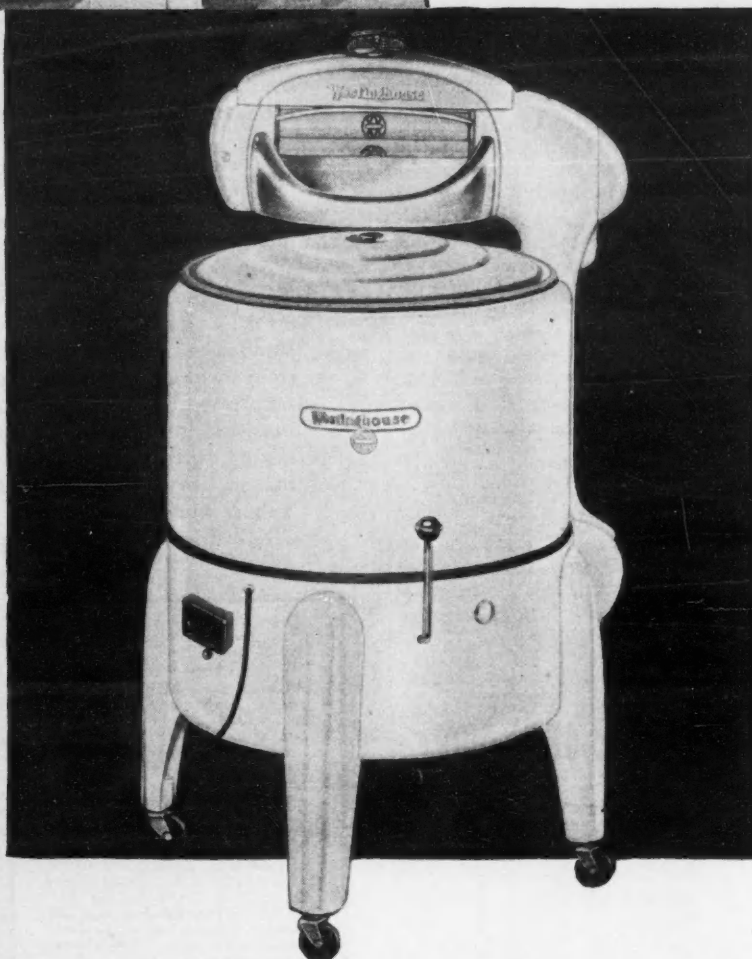
WASHES CLOTHES CLEAN You'll be amazed what a difference Westinghouse washing action makes in washing your clothes clean. Saves time, as well.



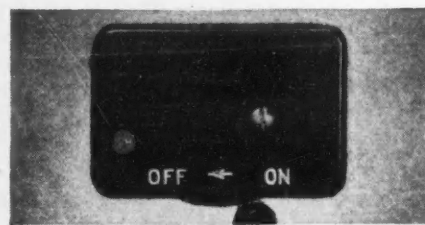
WASHES WITHOUT WEAR This letter speaks for itself of the importance of "Cushioned Action" in safeguarding all your clothes as well as fine and valued fabrics



MANY EXTRA YEARS of trouble free operation are built into every part, as evidenced by the results of this endurance test (run with normal washday load).



SAFE WRINGER provides balanced pressure, adjustable for various types of fabric. Long-life rolls, rust-proof bearings and advanced safety features.



PROTECTION for the motor and mechanism, against the hazards of accidental overload, etc., is provided by the exclusive Westinghouse "Sentinel of Safety"



THIS NAME is the guarantee that your washer is built by a world-renowned electrical organization, to the highest standards of quality and dependability.

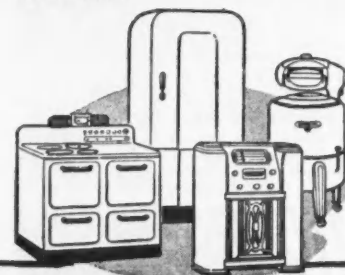
WHEN electric washers are available again and you can purchase your new washer, do not overlook these three qualities that are all-important:

1. The ability to wash clothes really clean . . .
2. To wash them without wear . . .
3. And to give you long years of trouble-free performance.

These are not qualities which any washer just naturally possesses. They are the results of long experience in manufacturing and engineering development. And they are qualities which Westinghouse Washers will continue to provide at prices within reach of even the most modest budget . . . when our plant facilities are released from essential war work.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

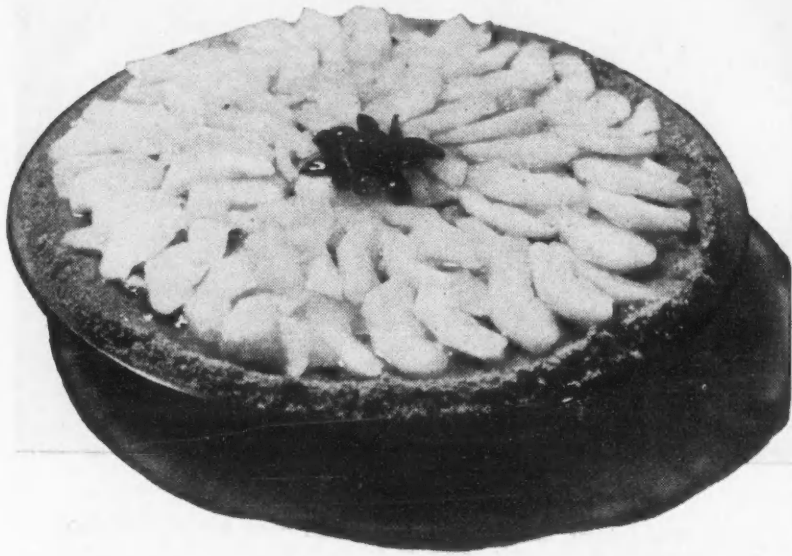
Westinghouse



REFRIGERATORS, RANGES, WASHERS, VACUUM CLEANERS, HEATING APPLIANCES, RADIO, TUBES, LAMPS, FLUORESCENT LIGHTING

Apple Pie Order

by JANE MONTEITH



Something new under the sun, even in such an old established custom as the baking and eating of an apple pie. Here is the family's favorite dessert — modernized.

ADMITTING THAT apples sweetened to taste, dusted with spice and snuggled between two flaky crusts produce a practically unbeatable combination, I still think there's a lot to be said for a new order in apple pie service. Not to supersede the old, you understand, but to give a little variety to the family favorite and to prove that apples and pastry lend themselves equally well to plain and dressy getups.

There are four open faces and one double cruster in this collection from the Institute kitchens—all with a dash of novelty about them, and all delicious. Cut yourself a piece and you'll agree with me!

CRUSTS

Plain, tender, melt-in-the-mouth pastry is worthy of any good filling, but you can have variety even here if you want it.

Bran Pastry—Add one quarter of a cupful of ready-cooked bran to the flour for two nine-inch pastry shells.

Cheese Pastry—Add one quarter of a cupful of grated cheese.

Graham Cracker Shell—Cream one-half cupful of shortening with one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter cupful of sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon, and 16 finely rolled graham crackers. Turn into pie plate, press firmly into shape and bake at 325 deg. Fahr. for 10 minutes.

Nut Crumb Pastry—Mix three cupfuls of wheat flakes and one-third cupful of chopped nuts with two slightly beaten egg whites. Add a little sugar, if desired. Combine thoroughly, shape in a pie plate, and bake at 350 deg. Fahr. for 10 minutes.

Continental Apple Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Tart apples
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of flour
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sour cream

Line a nine-inch pie plate with pastry. Lay in, side by side, tart quartered apples. Sprinkle this with the blended flour and sugar, then with the cream. Bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for 10 minutes, then reduce the heat to 375 deg. Fahr. and continue baking until a rich brown.

Jellied Apple Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

6 Apples
 1 Tablespoonful of plain un-flavored gelatine
 4 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
 1 Cupful of sugar
 $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of hot water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Lemon

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Put sugar and hot water in a saucepan, bring to a boil and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Add a portion of the boiling syrup to the gelatine and stir until all the gelatine is dissolved. Peel, core and slice the apples, drop the slices into the remaining boiling syrup and continue cooking until the apples are lightly cooked (avoid overcooking them). Return the gelatine syrup mixture to the apples, add the juice of the lemon and cool until partly jellied. Pour the partially jellied mixture into a baked pastry or graham cracker shell, arranging the apple slices symmetrically, and place in the refrigerator until firm. Serve with or without cream.

Apple-Prune Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Cupful of cooked prunes
 3 Cupfuls of raw apples
 $\frac{2}{3}$ Cupful of honey
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of lemon extract

Pit the prunes and cut them into small pieces, then arrange alternately with sliced apples, in a pie plate lined with pastry. Drizzle with honey and lemon extract and dot with butter. Cover with a pricked pastry top and pinch the edges together. Place in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 375 deg. Fahr., and bake until the apples are cooked and the pastry lightly browned.

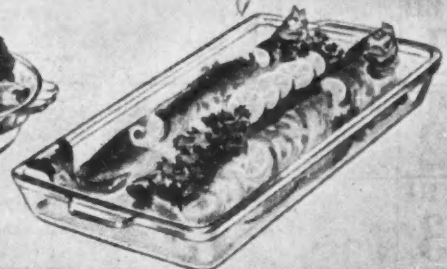
✦ Continued on page 86

You can see "what's cookin'" in PYREX WARE

BRAND



1. BAKED CHICKEN IN PYREX WARE will bake faster in this popular, new "Flavor-Saver" pie plate! At 425° you need only 1 1/4 hours oven time. This dish with glass handles was designed for fruit pies, but has many uses.



4. Let this Pyrex Utility Dish turn out tempting BAKED FISH piping hot. In the oven for 40 minutes at 350°. Use this handy utensil for chops, hot breads, rolls and desserts.



2. Another time-saving Pyrex Ware budget dish—MACARONI AND CHEESE! Baking time, at 350°, only 25 minutes! Serve and keep it in the same clear Pyrex Mixing Bowl in which it was cooked. Set of 3 bowls, nesting to save space. Has dozens of uses.



3. Your Pyrex Double Duty Casserole cuts down on baking time and makes BAKED BEANS BOSTON STYLE, rich with tender goodness! In a 350° oven. Cover keeps food hot . . . serves as a pie plate or shallow utility dish.



5. Appetizing CLOVER LEAF ROLLS bake to a crisp, golden brown in dainty Pyrex Custard Cups. Plan just 30 minutes in a 350° oven. Ideal for individual servings and desserts too! Ask for the handi-kit set of 6 Pyrex Cups.



6. Colorful BLUSHING BAKED APPLES! Cooked to a juicy turn in 45-50 minutes if you use a Pyrex Cake Dish! Neat glass handles. Grand for layer cakes, rolls, chops, potatoes. So many uses you'll want a pair!

3 WAYS YOU SAVE WITH PYREX WARE!



MOM SAYS, "I've found out how to make the best use of food . . . serve meals that are tasty and attractive. Even leftovers have a 'party look' when they're cooked and served in sparkling Pyrex Ware."



SIS SAYS, "Now that Mom cooks with Pyrex, I don't mind dishwashing at all." There are fewer dishes to wash because you can cook, serve and keep food in the same smart Pyrex Ware utensil.



POP SAYS, "The budget looks pretty good these days—we're saving on fuel and food since the wife started to use Pyrex Ware." It bakes up to 1/2 faster, and you can see when food is properly cooked!

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 OVENWARE
 FLAMEWARE



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SHIRRIFF'S
Lushus A JELLY DESSERT

Made by the makers of Sherriff's NEW DESSERTS and Sherriff's MARMALADE



"I'm delighted with my floors since using Hawes!"



"I like the rich, mellow glow that Hawes' Floor Wax imparts to my floors and linoleums—and the hard, dry finish that protects them from wear and scuffing."

You, too, will be delighted with Hawes'. Buy a tin today. You will find it easy to apply and very economical.

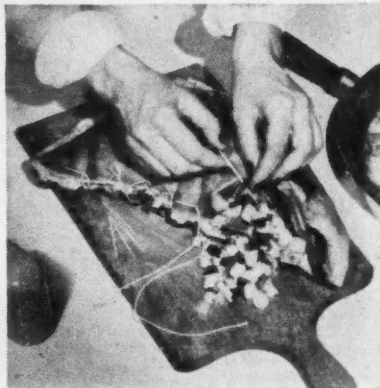
HAWES' Canada's Favorite FLOOR WAX

LASTS LONGER • POLISHES BETTER • COSTS LESS

Mary Buys A Little Lamb

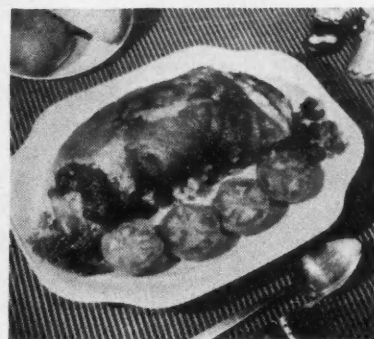


Good lamb filled with savory stuffing—as fine a dish as anyone could think up in a month of Sundays. Start with a lamb breast weighing around 2 pounds or so with the bone in. Make a pocket by slitting from the wide end along the cut rib side between the bones and the meat. Salt lightly inside and out.



Pile well-seasoned bread dressing in the meat "pocket," then insert toothpicks every two inches or so to pin the cut edges together. Loop a piece of string (3 times as long as the cut) around the first toothpick, then lace crisscross—same as you'd lace your shoes of a morning.

Half a crushed garlic clove is a nice addition to the dressing for lamb.



Place the stuffed lamb fat side up on a rack in the roaster. Don't put a cover on the pan and don't add any water; you want a nice roasted flavor to your meat. Cook in a medium oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 2½ hours, or until tender. Serve with broiled tomato slices (red or green) and garnish with parsley.



Happily ever After

Sunbeam MIXMASTER

To live happily—that's what we're fighting for—on land, on the sea, in the air, and on the home front.

Yes, on the home front, thousands of women are working harder than ever before, preparing bigger and better meals, night and day, to supply the energy required of war workers. They also keep the home the bright and cheerful place it must be to maintain the morale of the family.

Indeed, all are in it now—even the materials and machines that produced the labour-saving appliances which helped make our lives so enjoyable. We are in it to the utmost, because Nothing Matters Now But Victory. And when Victory has brought Peace we shall again have the things we want.

You would be wise, indeed, to plan for the future so as to make sure of getting the things you desire as soon as they again become available. Let us suggest then that you buy War Savings Certificates regularly and put them away safely in an envelope marked "For my Sunbeam MIXMASTER (and other Sunbeam electrical appliances) — after the war."



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Look at that big smile on the face of Sgt. F. L. "Bill" Perry of 58 King St., Summerside, P.E.I., as he shows some snapshots from home to WO2 A. M. Casey of Peterborough, Ontario.

RCAF PHOTO

What do they think about and talk about in their precious off-moments? Mostly about home . . .

That's why snapshots mean so much to them . . . snapshots of the home folks and home scenes. Send snapshots often to your man in the Service.

Film isn't easy to get (most of it goes for military purposes), but keep

on asking . . . think what the familiar faces and home scenes mean to those far away. When you get a roll, use it for them. As far as you can, make your letters "snapshot visits from home."

When film is not available you can still send them prints from your old negatives. Have some made today.

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BUY VICTORY BONDS

With film so scarce

**LET SNAPSHOTS FOR HIM
COME FIRST**

Kodak

Meals of the Month

for NOVEMBER

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
WED 1	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Pea Soup Soda Biscuits or Melba Toast Tossed Green Salad Baked Pears Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Cornstarch Mold Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 2	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Curried Eggs and Celery Carrot Sticks Brown Bread or Toast Apple Sauce Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Raw Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
FRI 3	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Lettuce with Dressing Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Codfish Baked in Milk Parsley Potatoes Peas Gingerbread Coffee Tea
SAT 4	Cranberry and Orange Juice Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Scalloped Corn Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Browned Hamburger with Gravy on Toast Mashed Squash Boiled Potatoes Ice Cream Coffee Tea
SUN 5	(Sunday) Prunes with Lemon Slices Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Breast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Baked Parsnips Jellied Apple Pie Coffee Tea
MON 6	Cereal with Raisins Bread and Butter Marmalade Coffee Tea	Tomato Juice Cheese Fondue Green Salad Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Meat Browned Potato Cakes Boiled Onions and Carrots Apple Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 7	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Creamed Dried Beef and Diced Vegetables Fruit Jelly Whip Tea Cookies Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Salad Chocolate Junket Coffee Tea
WED 8	Cereal Bread and Butter Stewed Prunes Coffee Tea	Sliced Bologna Relish Pan-fried Potatoes Grapefruit Salad Tea Cocoa	Broth with Macaroni Vegetable Plate (Baked Potatoes, Squash Patties, Harvard Beets) Cup Cakes Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 9	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Potato and Diced Bacon Salad Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Veal Fricassee Noodles Carrots Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
FRI 10	Sliced Orange and Bananas Plain Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Tomato Rarebit on Brown Toast Spanish Cream Tea Cocoa	Baked Haddock Scalloped Potatoes String Beans Baked Apples Coffee Tea
SAT 11	Apple Juice Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Creamed Haddock and Left-over Vegetables Potato Chips Carrot Sticks Canned Cherries Bran Bread Tea Cocoa	Sausages Mashed Sweet Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 12	(Sunday) Orange Halves Bacon Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Beet and Potato Salad Green Celery Oat Muffins Ice Cream Small Cakes Hot Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Continental Apple Pie Coffee Tea
MON 13	Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Vegetable Soup Cottage Cheese Salad Bread and Jelly Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Hot Roast Beef Sandwiches with Gravy Potato Chips Coleslaw Chocolate Mint Blancmange Coffee Tea
TUE 14	Stewed Prunes with Lemon Smoked Fish Baked in Milk Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Shepherd's Pie Catsup Tossed Green Salad Wafers Tea Cocoa	Apple Juice Grilled Pork Shoulder Slices Mashed Potatoes Peas Johnny Cake Syrup Coffee Tea
WED 15	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Johnny Cake (from Tuesday) Coffee Jam Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Brown Bread Carrot and Turnip Fingers Stewed Apples Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Braised Dressed Heart Browned Potatoes Corn Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 16	Stewed Apples (from Wednesday) Cereal Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Cold Sliced Heart Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Junket with Diced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Bacon and Eggs Hashed Brown Potatoes Boiled Shredded Cabbage Steamed Cranberry Pudding Molasses Sauce Coffee Tea
FRI 17	Orange Juice Cereal with Figs or Raisins Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Canned Plums Tea Cocoa	Fish Loaf Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Spinach Apple Betty Coffee Tea
SAT 18	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Boston Brown Bread Coleslaw Stewed Pears Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Flank Steak with Gravy Baked Potatoes Onions Rice Pudding Plum Sauce Coffee Tea



Above: Biscuit dough, spread with minced cooked meat. Roll up and pinch ends together to form a circle. Place on cookie sheet. Every inch or so cut with scissors almost through the ring—and turn each segment on its side. Bake. Serve with cooked shredded cabbage or sauerkraut and tomato soup sauce.

BEAN LOAF — Mashed beans and bread crumbs. Moisten with milk and "bind" with egg. Add peppery seasoning. Bake.

GRAPEFRUIT AND HONEY—Half grapefruit prepared for serving and drizzled with honey. Sweet-sharp freshness.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SUN 19	(Sunday) Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Fish Cakes Toast Coffee Tea	Clam Chowder Green Salad Bowl Hot Biscuits Tea Honey Cocoa	Stewed Chicken with Dumplings Mashed Potatoes Minted Carrots Orange Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
MON 20	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Creamed Chicken (left-over) and Peas on Toast Canned or Stewed Fruit Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Onion Soup Frankfurters Mustard Fried Potatoes Sauerkraut Jam Roll Coffee Tea
TUE 21	Sliced Oranges Buckwheat Pancakes and Syrup Coffee Tea	Casserole of Lima Beans and Tomatoes Head Lettuce French Dressing Molasses Baked Pears Tea Cocoa	Hot Veal Loaf Baked Potatoes Sliced Beets Bread Pudding with Raisins Coffee Tea
WED 22	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cold Veal Loaf Relish Pan-fried Potatoes Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Pan-broiled Herring Mashed Potatoes Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
THU 23	Orange Juice Cereal Corn Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Pea Soup Cabbage and Raisin Salad Apple Sauce Tea Cookies Cocoa	Kidney Stew Boiled Potatoes Parsnips Steamed Ginger Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 24	Raw Cranberry Sauce Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Creamed Pilchard and Hard-cooked Egg Prune and Peanut Butter Salad Tea Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Vegetable Plate (Bean Loaf, Lyonnaise Potatoes, Brussels Sprouts) Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 25	Chilled Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Raw Beet Salad Orange and Banana Jelly Tea Cocoa	Boiled Beef Brisket Potatoes Carrots Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 26	(Sunday) Half Grapefruit Poached Eggs on Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Brisket Green Celery Ice Cream Tea Pickles Cake Cocoa	Dressed Spareribs Baked Potatoes Scalloped Onions Apple Dumpling Coffee Tea
MON 27	Orange Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Cheese Toast and Bacon Green Salad Bowl Canned Berries Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Finnan Haddie Cooked in Milk Mashed Potatoes Peas Plum Roly-poly Corn Syrup Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 28	Cranberry Juice Bacon Brown Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Potato Soup Sardines on Lettuce Orange Bread and Jelly Tea Cocoa	Meat Pie String Beans Turnips Half Grapefruit with Honey Coffee Tea
WED 29	Sliced Oranges Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Syrup Tea	Meat Balls with Spaghetti Green Celery Sticks Fruit Salad Tea Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Dutch Apple Pie Coffee Tea
THU 30	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Corn Casserole Raw Carrot Strips Prunes Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Steamed Cranberry Pudding Coffee Tea

On the Spot!

Play by play information on removing stains.

by Helen G. Campbell

YOU SHOULD by rights have attacked that stain as soon as the accident happened. But in any case get after it before laundering. For many spots become "set" in the wash water and it's twice the job—if not impossible—to remove them afterward.

Every unwanted mark requires its own antidote, and last month—remember?—a supply of bleaches, absorbents and solvents was suggested as standard equipment of the well-appointed laundry.

First thing in banishing a stain is to find out what caused it. Then you have to know your fabric too, and the technique of applying a suitable remover—or the cure may be worse than the blemish.

The water treatment—Some fresh stains—tea, coffee, fruit juice, for example—will yield to this measure. Lay the soiled part of the goods, if washable, over a bowl and soak in cool or tepid water, or pour boiling water through the material from a height of about two feet or so.

To use a solvent—Lay the material on a pad—stain down—then sponge with a soft lintless cloth dampened (but not wet) with the solvent, using a light hand and working from the outer edge toward the centre to prevent a "ring" forming. If the fabric is dark-colored, the sponging cloth should also be dark.

To apply absorbent powder—Place the stained material on a table and spread the powder over the unwanted spot. Work into the stain with a spatula or finger tips, and as it becomes gummy or colored, shake or brush off. Repeat as often as necessary.

When using a bleach—Stretch the stained part over a bowl of cold water, moisten the stain with water, then with a medicine dropper or a glass rod apply the bleach and let it stand about a minute—no longer. Dip in the water to rinse well. Repeat, if necessary, rinsing between each application of the chemical. It may be necessary to apply two solutions to the stain—an acid one to remove it, then an alkali to counteract the action on the fabric. In that case, use two glass droppers, one for each solution.

Now, Getting Down to Cases

Water Spots—Remove by washing, if the material is washable. Press an unwashable garment under a cloth wrung out in warm water. Or cover the spout of a teakettle with two or three thicknesses of cheesecloth, and shake the garment in the jet of steam.

Tea or Coffee—if the material is washable, pour boiling water through it from a height. Bleach stubborn stains with hydrogen peroxide. Rinse well, and dry in the sun, if possible.

Sponge unwashables with lukewarm water, then apply warm glycerine and let stand half an hour. Sponge again with water. If a grease spot remains from the cream in the beverage, sponge with carbon tetrachloride.

Fruit or Fruit Juice—For fresh stains on white linens or cottons, pour boiling water through them. Old or stubborn stains must be bleached out; use hydrogen peroxide and rinse well.



Sponge unwashable fabrics first with cool water, then with white vinegar.

Chocolate or Cocoa—For washable materials use hot water and soap. If old and stubborn, use a bleach such as hydrogen peroxide, and rinse well. If unwashable fabric, sponge first with clear warm water, then remove the grease spot by sponging with carbon tetrachloride, or other safety solvent.

Cream, Ice Cream, Salad Dressing, Gravy—If the material is washable soak in cool water, then wash in warm suds. If unwashable, sponge with a grease solvent such as carbon tetrachloride, then if necessary sponge with cool water to remove egg or sugar stain.

Grass Stain—On washable fabrics, fresh stains will likely yield to soap and water. Old or very bad stains should first be rubbed with lard or other cooking fat. If any spot remains, bleach with hydrogen peroxide. To treat grass stains on unwashable materials, sponge with a clean cloth dampened with dilute alcohol (1 cupful alcohol to 2 cupfuls of water). Be careful in using alcohol; keep it away from flame. Use outdoors if possible or near an open window. Label Poison.

Blood—Soak fresh stains in cold water, then wash in warm suds. If stubborn, soak in salt water (five tablespoonfuls of salt to one pint of water) or in water to which a little ammonia is added (one tablespoonful of ammonia to two quarts of water). Raw starch paste is effective for stains on unwashable fabrics. Mix the starch with cold water, brush the paste over the stain, then brush off when dry. Repeat if necessary.

Scorch—Light stains usually yield to

✦ Continued on page 90

What will it be like..?



Your AFTER-VICTORY GENERAL ELECTRIC Kitchen

YOU will want your after-Victory kitchen to be just as labour-saving, just as beautiful, as electricity can make it! Plan to take full advantage of every General Electric appliance for better living—in your home of tomorrow! Plan to let a G-E Refrigerator and Hotpoint Range save your money and guard your family's health. . . . Plan to let the G-E Sink—with its Dishwasher and Garbage Disposal units—release you from disagreeable routine tasks! Plan, today, a post-war kitchen—completely equipped with General Electric Appliances that will be a pleasure to use and a pride to own!

Victory Recipe

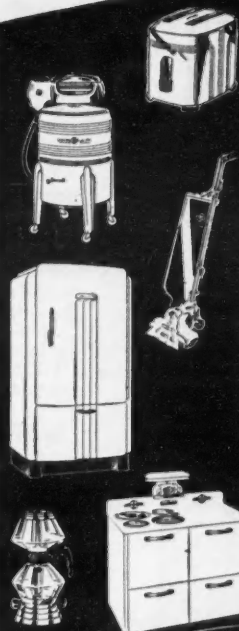
APPLE CRANBERRY SHORTCAKE

2 ripe apples
1 cupful of raw cranberries
1 small orange
3/4 to 1 cupful of sugar

Wash and core the apples and put, with the cranberries, through the food chopper. Add the grated rind and juice of the orange then stir in the sugar. Let stand in a cool place for several hours.

Make a plain biscuit dough, and roll out to 3/4-inch thickness. Shape in one large round, bake in a hot oven (425 to 450 deg. Fahr.). Split, butter and serve hot with the cranberry mixture between and on top.

EM-94



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO LIMITED



New Kind of Chocolate Pudding!

Sure to be liked—easy to make!

ALL-BRAN DEVIL'S FOOD PUDDING

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening
1 egg
1 cup sifted flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup All-Bran
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla

Combine $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, and chocolate; cook until thick (stir occasionally). Cool. Blend shortening, remaining sugar and egg; beat until fluffy. Add chocolate mixture. Sift flour with soda and salt; add to first mixture alternately with remaining milk. Add All-Bran and vanilla. Pour into shallow greased baking pan; bake in moderate oven (300°F.) about 40

minutes. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.

It's your favorite "Chocolate Devil's Food" served up in a delicious hot pudding. And All-Bran's toasty nut-sweet flavor makes it *better than ever!* Tender, crunchy All-Bran does marvelous things to the texture, too! Clip the recipe now and get Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer today. 2 convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada. Helps keep you regular—naturally!

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN



Toy planes and blocks and tiny feet scuffing busily over your treasured hardwood floors can do a lot of damage. But don't banish the children. Instead, protect your floors with Chan Floor Wax. Easily applied, easily shined, Chan gives a hard surface, a beautiful lustre. Saves money, too! Because the thinner you spread Chan, the harder and longer-lasting the finish. If your dealer is temporarily out of Chan, keep asking for it.

O'CEDAR OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO

Apple Pie Order

Continued from page 83

Apple Cheese Cake Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

3 Medium-sized apples
3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
6 Tablespoonfuls of fruit sugar
Juice of one small lemon
Rind of one-half lemon
3 Eggs, well beaten

Line a nine-inch pie plate with pastry. Peel and core the apples and cook in a small amount of water until soft. Put through a sieve. Add the butter and the sugar and stir until well blended. Add the grated lemon rind, lemon juice and the well-beaten eggs. Mix well, then pour this mixture into the lined pie plate and bake in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 350 deg. Fahr. and continue cooking until the filling is "set."

Dutch Apple Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

10-12 Apples
1 Cupful of brown sugar
1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of cinnamon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of ground cloves
1 Tablespoonful of flour
2 Tablespoonfuls of butter

Peel, core and slice the apples, then place about half of them in the bottom of a pastry-lined, nine-inch pie plate. Arrange the remaining slices in rows around the plate, beginning at the outer edge. Mix the sugar, spices and flour together and sprinkle thickly over the apples, dot with the butter cut in small pieces. Place in a hot oven—425 deg. Fahr.—and bake for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 375 deg. Fahr. and bake until the apples are tender and the pastry well cooked.

Prune Oaties

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

$\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of cooked prunes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of butter or shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{5}{8}$ Cupful of granulated sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of honey
1 Egg, well beaten
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sifted flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of soda
1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
 $2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of quick-cooking oats

Pit the prunes. Putting a few of them aside, cut the remaining prunes into small pieces. Cream the butter, add the sugar and cream together well. Add the honey and cut prunes and continue creaming. Then add the beaten eggs and beat. Sift the flour, salt, soda and cinnamon together and stir into the mixture. Add the oats and blend together thoroughly. Drop onto a well-greased cookie sheet and top each cookie with a piece of the reserved prunes. Bake in a moderately hot oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for about 15 minutes. Makes $2\frac{1}{2}$ dozen cookies.

Recipe for cookies shown on page 81.



ON

MEATS · FISH
EGGS · MACARONI ·
and
CHEESE DISHES

SHIRRIEF'S

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A JELLY DESSERT
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EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR, SOOTHE IN SECONDS

Shelf Respect

by EVELYN KELLY

IN LIFE, often it's the clutter that causes the flutter. And very often inadequate or disorderly cupboards and shelves have a lot to do with slowing up household routine and eating away our time and energy.

Shelf respect means more time on your hands, less weight on your feet and golden minutes saved when you don't have to say, "Now where in the world did I put that new dishcloth . . . it isn't in the upstairs cupboard, so it should be *here* . . . but where . . . ?"

Sugar 'n' Spice

Is the cinnamon jar snuggled in behind the brown sugar? Is the paprika hiding coyly under a pile of serviettes? Wait a minute, is that vanilla in your hand, or is it fly spray? Now, let me see, is this plant food or pancake flour?

"Step-up" shelves for your spice cupboard are a perfectly grand idea. About three small steps, with flavoring bottles and spice containers lined up like soldiers on parade, make for excellent visibility and save turning out half the cupboard when you want a certain seasoning.



Catch 'em Young

Much as you may like to pick up after your bairns, often the rest of the world is not so kindly inclined. People accustomed from childhood to things piling up around their ears miss a lot of fun in life, because so much leisure time goes for hunting articles that turn up in the funniest places. Too, small toys lying forgotten in dark corners or on stairways can result in painful accidents. Roomy, low-placed shelves can be built in easily and inexpensively, and you're giving a child a gift when you teach him a bit of system. He'll very soon be highly pleased with himself when he can find a favorite toy or book all on his own.

Sweet Sleeping

It's wonderful to gloat over a well-ordered linen closet—with its stacks of blankets, sheets and pillowcases—pastel face cloths, finger towels, and reserve supplies of bathroom odds and ends—all fresh and inviting. If you like sweet sleeping, make a jar of pot-pourri next summer when the rose petals are in their dewiest bloom, to sit on the linen shelf. Or try the elusive fragrance of a spiced orange. (We'll tell you how to make them if you'd like to know.)

Use it up or Give it up

It's a thought to store away articles not in actual use, so that shelves and cupboards are cleared for everyday action. Anything not needed can be turned in for overseas boxes or salvage. Amazing how much can be discarded.

(Consider what pops up and out at housecleaning time!) And amazing the uses that someone may find for your cast-offs.



Things of Beauty

It's a pretty sight to open a fruit cupboard and feast your eyes on jar after jar of delectable fruits, jellies and pickles, clearly labelled, and in orderly arrangement so that you're not constantly squinting to distinguish between plums and pickled beets, applesauce and pineapple, or raspberry and red currant jelly. (Good idea to write on the name and date of "doing up," too!)

Attractive shelving paper (if you can get it) more than enhances the view of the rows of ruby reds, brilliant mustards and greens, deep purples and golden pastels—the reward of your summer's canning.

A Place for Polishes

How about cleaning things? Is the silver polish out in the garage, the furniture polish down on the fruit shelf beside the maple syrup? A cleaning closet, for small brushes, polishes and dusters, is worth its weight in woman power. Keep the duster line moving—with your duster supply generous to allow for frequent launderings. Dirty dusters do a dirty dusting. Get yourself a pair of "dusting" gloves (inexpensive gardening ones) for those cleaning and polishing jobs which ruin your manicure and give your hands that careworn expression.

Stop and Look, Then Look Again

How's your medicine chest? Under lock and key—where there are kiddies—with poisonous or dangerous medical supplies high out of the reach of curious little hands? Have you bottles in your medicine cupboard without any labels? Dangerous business, that! Are you sure you know what's in that bottle? When you want medicine in the night, do you turn on the light to make sure of the label or do you do a pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey act? It's a very good rule always to read the label and directions first, then pour out the medicine, or take out a pill, then read the label again. Sometimes just one mistake is fatal! Have you on hand medicine which dates back to the time when your 18-year-old had the colic about 17½ years ago? Is the mineral oil sitting beside the rubbing alcohol? Is the iodine in front of the nose drops? Whew, be careful, please! Put "poisons" away all together at the top of the cupboard. Keep first-aid equipment, salves and ointments in exclusive little groups by themselves, so that you can put your hand on anything you want in case of emergency. Medicine to be taken internally really should be on a shelf kept just for that one purpose.

HE DIDN'T WANT TO RETIRE.
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC ISN'T BUYING
HIS BRISTLES ANYMORE!



Remember this, the next time you buy a tooth brush: Years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles.

"Prolon" is our trade name for the very finest grade of this synthetic bristle.

PROLON—No Finer Bristle Made

Among these new synthetic bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer . . . none is more durable . . . none is more costly to produce than Prolon, the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

Only PROLON has "Round Ends"

Prolon, in fact, has a very important plus which no other synthetic bristle has. It is the only bristle that is rounded at the ends.

Yes, it's a fact! Under a special pat-

ented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": 1. The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. 2. Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. 3. A written guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

P.S. We also make
this 25¢ brush . . .
the best buy in the
lower-price field.



Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
Lowest priced Nationally Advertised
Tooth Brush in the Country

MADE IN CANADA

CANADA'S VETERANS *Their Post-War Opportunities*

This is the first of a series of advertisements to inform the people of Canada of plans to re-establish men and women of the armed forces. To get the full details save and read every advertisement.



For complete information write for the booklet "Back to Civil Life."

The Future After Discharge —

A MESSAGE TO RELATIVES OF THOSE IN THE ARMED FORCES

When your boys and your girls come home, when they lay aside the uniform, when they go out into the world as normal peace-loving Canadians, what lies ahead? Can they pick up their lives as civilians, where they laid them down, months or long years ago? Are there plans to help them do the things they wanted to do before the war? Will they have security? Can they continue education, or receive needed training? Will they be assisted in home owning, or to establish their own business, and will they be enabled to pick up their family life once again?

These are questions which concern all those Canadians who have loved ones in the services. They are questions which this series of advertisements is designed to answer.

OPPORTUNITY THE OBJECTIVE

Canada has been making plans for your boy's and your girl's return to civilian life since early in 1940. These plans are in effect and operating now. The aim is that every person who has served shall have opportunity. Thousands, already back in civilian life, have benefitted by training, by maintenance grants, by advice of departmental officials, and by the social security provisions. There is ample help for those men and women who want to help themselves.

ASSISTANCE ON DISCHARGE

When your boys and girls are discharged from the service, they will be given:

1. A clothing allowance of \$100.00 (if discharged after August 1, 1944).
2. Their pay to date of discharge.
3. One month's additional pay, if they have 183 days' continuous service, as a rehabilitation grant.

Dependents will receive:

1. Their normal dependents' allowance to date of discharge, with assigned pay.
2. An additional months' dependents' allowance, with assigned pay, if there has been 183 days' continuous service.

Your boy or girl will be allowed to retain certain items of uniform. They will be given a complete medical and dental examination and will be eligible for free needed treatment for a year after discharge. Those discharged not physically fit, in need of continuing treatment and unable to work, will have their pay and allowances of rank continued for at least a year if necessary and, if the disability is pensionable, for as long as curative treatment is beneficial. All are interviewed by Veterans' Welfare Officers and told of the re-establishment programme.

WAR SERVICE GRATUITY

On discharge, those enlisted to service outside Canada, or those who served in the Aleutian Islands, are eligible for a war service gratuity.

It provides \$7.50 for each thirty days' service in Canada and the Western Hemisphere and \$15.00 for each thirty days' service overseas or in the Aleutian Islands. For those with overseas service or with service in the Aleutian Islands, there is an additional seven days' pay and allowances for each six months of such service. Payments will be made at the end of each month in the months following discharge. Complete details of the war service gratuity will be given in a later advertisement.

RE-ESTABLISHMENT CREDIT

In addition to the war service gratuity, there is a re-establishment credit of \$7.50 for each thirty days' service in the Western Hemisphere and \$15.00 for each thirty days' service overseas. This is for things such as the purchase or repair of a home, the buying of furniture, a business, or government life insurance, and for certain other purposes which will assist your boy or your girl in becoming re-established. This credit, which is reduced by grants given for training or education, or under the Veterans' Land Act, is primarily for those who do not wish assistance under these three plans.

RETURN TO FORMER JOBS

If your boy or girl held a civilian position before enlisting, and was not engaged to replace somebody already in the forces, and if the position still exists, and your boy or girl is capable of filling it, it is the employer's duty, under the law of Canada, to reinstate him or her in that position with seniority. Application for reinstatement must be made to the former employer within three months of discharge from the forces or from hospital.

Veterans' Welfare Officers are stationed in key centres throughout Canada. They are the friends of ex-Service men and women. It is their duty to advise and assist all ex-Service personnel with their re-establishment problems. If there is anything about the Rehabilitation programme which you do not understand, consult your nearest Veterans' Welfare Officer.

TRAINING AND EDUCATION

The surest way to permanent employment—the thing your boy or girl will want—is a skill to get and to hold a job. Canada's plans give opportunity to acquire needed skill either at university or in preparation for a business or industrial career. Fees are paid by the state, along with living allowances, while training or continuing education.

WHILE ILL OR UNEMPLOYED

There is protection against illness or unemployment by maintenance allowances which can be drawn against in the first eighteen months after discharge. There is also protection under the Unemployment Insurance Act for those who enter insured employment and remain in it fifteen weeks.

HOME OWNING AND FARMING

There is provision to assist city and other workers to have homes of their own, either on small acreages of land outside the high taxation area, or in town, under the National Housing Act. Full-time farmers can be given financial assistance in full-time farming, while commercial fishermen may secure financial help in getting their own homes, on small acreages of land, and in buying needed fishing equipment.

FREE TREATMENT

In the year following discharge, service men and women are eligible for free treatment, hospitalization and allowances for any condition, even if not the result of service. Pensioners are entitled to this for life for their pensioned disability.

THE POLICY ON PENSIONS

Canada's Pension Act is administered by an independent commission, all former members of the services. Any permanent disability suffered overseas, not a result of misconduct, is pensionable. Where service is in Canada only, the disability must be a result of service.

Published under the authority of Hon. Ian A. Mackenzie.

MINISTER OF VETERANS' AFFAIRS

★ SEND THIS ADVERTISEMENT TO SOME MAN OR WOMAN OVERSEAS




THE FAMILY FAVOURITE!

The tastiest MARMALADE that ever topped a slice of toast!

In E. D. SMITH'S Pure Three-Fruit Marmalade you get a delicious blend of sweet, flavourful oranges...plump, juicy grapefruit...tender, sun-ripened lemons — Three tangy flavours blended in perfect harmony by an exclusive E. D. SMITH recipe! No wonder it's the family favourite!

Your GUARANTEE OF FINEST QUALITY!

ED. SMITH'S
JELLIES *Jams* MARMALADES



SURE!

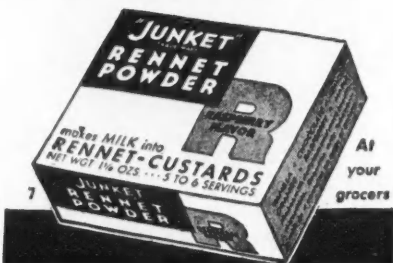
Everybody loves MILK

when you make it into rennet-custards

Desserts the whole family enjoys! Desserts that give your children the full nourishment and protective values of milk — and more, because the rennet enzyme makes the milk more readily digestible. Quick to make.

RENNET-CUSTARD IS A HIGHLY NUTRITIONAL FOOD

Write for free recipe book
Copyright 1943, "The 'Junket' Folks"
Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Toronto, Can.



Coffee, it's Wonderful!

by Evelyn Kelly



China courtesy Copeland & Duncan Ltd.
Coffee maker courtesy The Sillex Co. Ltd.

NOW WE can have a second cup of coffee when we want it, for praises be, coffee is plentiful again, and we can pour with a more generous hand.

What good meal doesn't hinge on flavorsome, steaming, aromatic coffee? Sunday breakfast, with pancakes, sausages and super coffee almost a national indispensable... coffee at lunch time, at home or carried away steaming in a vacuum bottle... coffee winding up the family dinner.

Keynotes to an autumn dinner party: delicate china, clear crystal, shining silver, excellent food... fragrant coffee and sparkling conversation in the living room!

Good coffee and good conversation go together. In almost every language there's an equivalent for "How about a cup of coffee?"

In war zones, hospitals and Blood Donor centres, piping hot mugs of coffee are among the grandest of all pickups.

Many an affair of state or affair of the household is settled over a cup of coffee. The better the coffee the more amicable the discussion.

What with rationing and everything, we've learned to be careful with coffee. Let's keep on being careful—generous but not wasteful—by observing a few simple rules:

- (1) Buy your favorite brand in small quantities (coffee loses flavor quickly)... get proper grind for the pot and the method you use.
- (2) Keep coffee utensil scrupulously clean with hot soapy water, using a slender brush for spouts and crevices... rinse and dry well... scald pot before using... wash cloth filters or bags with water and baking soda, not soap; rinse and keep submerged in clean cool water.
- (3) Measure coffee and freshly boiled water accurately... don't kill the flavor by boiling it... time carefully... serve quickly... don't let it stand on the grounds. Yes, coffee, it's wonderful! ♦

Make a STEW with DUMPLINGS



Floating in Delicious OXO Gravy

The flavour will be meaty, the gravy rich and brown, because Oxo will add concentrated prime beef goodness... and Oxo will mean extra colour, flavour, and extra quantity in your gravy. Use Oxo cubes or Oxo Fluid, whichever you prefer. The recipe tells you how.

New Flavour FOR OLD FAVOURITES

Add to Cream Soups

1 teas. Oxo Fluid
1 Oxo Cube
for each cup liquid.
Extra tang and taste

Make Gravy for Hamburgers

2 teas. Oxo Fluid
2 Oxo Cube
to 2 cups hot water.
Thicken and season.
Lunch or supper special

For Vegetable Water Soup

Add 1 teas. Fluid Oxo
1 Oxo cube
for each cup heated vegetable water. Beefy and vitamin rich.

For Sandwich Fillings

Add Oxo for flavour to egg or cheese mixtures. Smartens them up.

BALMORAL STEW With FLUFFY DUMPLINGS

The Stew: Dredge 1½ or 2 lbs. lamb or beef with seasoned flour and brown in fat cut from the meat. Add 4 cups boiling water and simmer, covered, until meat is almost tender. Add 2 OXO Cubes dissolved in 2 cups boiling water. Add 1 cup tomato juice, 4 medium-sized onions, sliced, and 4 cut-up carrots. Cook gently 30 minutes. Have dumpling dough ready. If necessary, remove a little gravy, so that dumplings may rest on stew-solids. Drop dough by spoonfuls. Cover pot closely and cook, still gently, for 15 minutes without raising cover.

Note: For stew without dumplings, or if thicker gravy is desired, stir in (after dumplings are removed) a little flour blended with cold water; stir and cook until smoothly thickened.

The dumplings: Measure and sift together 2 cups sifted pastry flour or 1¾ cups sifted bread flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1 teaspoon salt. Cut in finely 3 tablespoons shortening. Lightly mix in 1 cup milk.

Be close friends with your Oxo. It helps improve so many dishes. And serve hot Oxo often. Give it to the children for lunch or after school. Enjoy hot Oxo at bedtime. Quick, you know... made in a minute. Just 1 Oxo cube or 1 teas. Fluid Oxo to a cup of hot water and it's ready—delicious, warming, healthful.



Use
OXO

A Timely Message from
Mildred Mae McKenzie,
Home Service Director of
The Ogilvie Flour Mills



"Nutritionally
Yours"

"WHOLE grain cereals are easy to buy, economical to serve,—and highly nutritious. Children especially need their energy-building carbo-hydrates. The Dominion Government urges consumers to eat more cereals for their body-building proteins, in order to save on less plentiful foods.

With cereals so plentiful, it's merely a matter of shopping for better value. In rolled oats, the answer is OGILVIE OATS. They're better value in every way,—in quality, nourishment and flavour. Once you serve OGILVIE OATS, the family will prefer them above all others,—as a delicious cereal or in meat-saving dishes like those listed below. Treat your family to OGILVIE OATS. I know they'll remain 'nutritionally yours' for keeps!"

OGILVIE OATS MEAT LOAF

½ pound pork liver, ¾ pound ground beef, veal or pork, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg, ½ cup catsup, 1 cup water, 1½ cups OGILVIE OATS.

Scald liver in boiling water, drain and grind. Mix all ingredients together thoroughly and pack in greased loaf tin, 4½" x 10". Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., 1 hour. Slice and serve hot or cold. Yield: 12 servings.

If lean meat is used, add 2 tablespoons melted fat to ingredients.

TOMATO WEINER SCALLOP

¾ cup minced onion, 2½ cups tomato juice or milk, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1½ teaspoons salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 cup OGILVIE OATS, 2 cups finely diced potatoes, 6 weiners, 1 tablespoon fat.

Combine onion, tomato juice, sugar, salt, pepper, mustard and OGILVIE OATS. Place ½ of the potatoes in a shallow greased baking dish; cover with ½ of the tomato mixture and repeat until all of tomato mixture and potatoes are used. Brush weiners with melted fat and a little prepared mustard and place on top. Bake covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., until potatoes are cooked, removing cover for last 15 minutes to brown weiners. Yield: 6 servings.

44-40



washing, then drying in sunlight. Hard to remove heavy scorch. About the only thing you can do for unwashable woollen fabrics or heavy pieces such as a blanket is to brush them lightly with emery paper.

Mildew—Soap and water and sunlight for mild stains. If old and stubborn, bleach with salt and lemon juice, Javelle water or hydrogen peroxide (don't use Javelle on silk or wool and even on linens or cottons never let it remain on longer than one minute). Rinse thoroughly after the treatment and dry in the sun. Don't ask me how to remove mildew from nonwashables.

Grease—On washable goods, soap and hot water well rubbed in will do the trick. On unwashable, sponge with a solvent such as carbon tetrachloride. Or apply an absorbent powder—French chalk, talcum, Fuller's earth—or place the stained portion between two pieces of blotting paper and press with a warm iron. Old grease stains—motor oil, axle grease, etc.—should first be softened with lard or vaseline.

Ink—Inks differ, and require different treatment. Rinse in clear cool water. Then try lemon juice or vinegar or soak in sour milk or buttermilk for a day or two. Wash. Try hydrogen peroxide on white washable fabrics. Or oxalic acid bleach (three tablespoonfuls of crystals to two cupfuls of water) carefully applied and neutralized with dilute ammonia solution. *Label oxalic acid POISON and keep well sealed and safely out of reach of the children. Use with care. Throw out solution as soon as you've finished with it. Wash the container and sponging cloth immediately, and throw out the water at once.*

Use an absorbent—cornmeal, French chalk, cornstarch, talcum—for moist stains on unwashable garments.

Iron Rust—Salt and lemon and sunshine for white washables. Or oxalic acid (poison) and ammonia as for ink.

Iodine—Wash in warm soapy water. Or moisten with water and hang in the sun. Sponge an unwashable fabric with denatured alcohol (poison) diluted (one of alcohol to two of water) for colored pieces or acetate rayon. *Inflammable; use sparingly and carefully away from flame—outdoors if possible or near an open window.*

Cod-Liver Oil—Apply carbon tetrachloride as soon as the garment becomes stained, following by washing in warm suds. Old stains are extremely difficult to remove. If the material won't stand washing, sponge with carbon tetrachloride solvent, then with warm water.

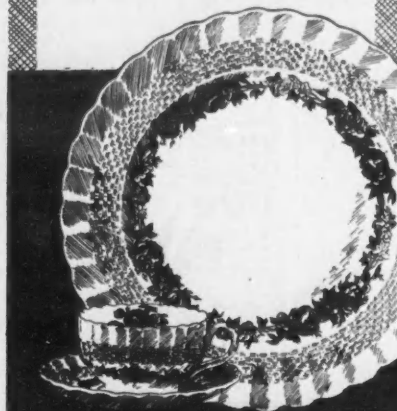
Egg—Soak in cold water, then wash in warm suds. Sponge unwashable goods with cool water, let dry, then sponge with carbon tetrachloride solvent.

Perspiration—Wash in hot suds, then dry in the sun to bleach. Try hydrogen peroxide for a stubborn stain. Have unwashable garments dry-cleaned, or if only a light stain sponge with soapy water, or water with a few drops of vinegar added. If perspiration has taken the color from the cloth, there is no way of restoring it—other than dyeing the whole garment.

Paint or Varnish—Treat when fresh by lifting off as much as you can, then washing in rich suds. Old stains may be softened with lard or oil, then sponged with turpentine or turps and ammonia—equal parts. Launder. Use carbon

Note—Carbon tetrachloride may not be available at present, but commercial grease solvents, under different trade names, are sold by your druggist or hardware store.

Spode DINNERWARE



Rose Briar

Almost two centuries ago, the first Spode artists found inspiration in the lovely flowers of England's hills and dales... today, these designs are still favorites, unsurpassed in simple beauty and exquisite colors. There is a Spode dealer near you... write for his name.

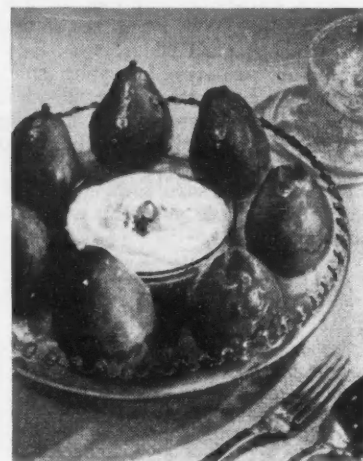
Wholesale Distributors
Copeland & Duncan, Ltd.
222 Bay Street, Toronto

tetrachloride solvent to sponge nonwashable fabrics.

Candle Wax—Scrape off as much as possible. Place the stained cloth between two blotters and press with a warm iron. Then sponge the stain with carbon tetrachloride. Suitable for all fabrics.

Gum—Rub with ice to harden, scrape off. Or soften the gum spot with egg white, then launder. For unwashables, apply ice, then sponge alternately with carbon tetrachloride and water.

Lipstick and Rouge—Softened up with vaseline or lard, then wash in hot suds. Don't use soap before the stain is loosened. If color remains, bleach with hydrogen peroxide. If the material is not washable rub with lard or vaseline, then sponge with carbon tetrachloride and then, if necessary, with dilute denatured alcohol (one-half cupful of alcohol to one cupful of water). *Label denatured alcohol Poison. Use sparingly and carefully—away from flame—outdoors if possible or near an open window.*



BAKED PEARS

Clove flavored

6 Pears

½ Cupful of sugar, white or brown

¾ Cupful of water

Wash and prick the fruit. Remove stems and replace each with a whole clove. Stand the pears in a baking dish, sprinkle with the sugar, pour the water around them, and add 4 or 5 whole cloves. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—until tender, basting frequently. Remove and baste again to give a glaze. Serve hot or cold, with sour cream dressing—thick freshly soured cream flavored with a little lemon juice and a bit of fruit sugar.

With molasses:

6 Pears

¾ Cupful of water

½ Cupful of molasses

½ Lemon, thinly sliced

Halve and core the pears; peel if desired. Arrange in a baking dish and pour over them the water and molasses. Add the lemon slices, then cover and bake until tender. Serve warm or chilled, with or without cream.

Honey baked:

6 Pears

½ Cupful of liquid honey

¼ Cupful of lemon juice

¼ Cupful of water

½ Teaspoonful of cinnamon

1 Tablespoonful of butter (may be omitted)

Arrange the pears in a baking dish and drizzle with the honey and lemon juice. Add the water, sprinkle with cinnamon and dot with butter. Bake, covered, in a moderate oven and serve hot with cream.

DISCOVER MAPELINE

A Little
Does a Lot!



★ MAYBE you have never thought of Mapeline except as a syrup maker supreme. Which it is! But discover, too, these extra wartime menu makers:

STRETCHES MEAT FLAVOR

MAPELINE is not sweet—except with sugar. With meat, it "points up" meat flavor. Grand for meat pies, croquettes, "meat-stretching" meat loaves. Improves gravy, too. Try it!

STRETCHES CHOCOLATE

SHEER magic the way Mapeline brings out the chocolate flavor. You can use less chocolate when you accent the chocolate flavor in cakes, cookies, frostings—with Mapeline.

STRETCHES SPICES

SPICES getting scarce? They'll last longer—with Mapeline! Use less spice—make the most of what you use! Bring out all the rich spice flavor with Mapeline. Get a bottle of Mapeline from your grocer today!

MAPELINE
The "Extra Help" Flavor in Wartime

EXPERTS have APPROVED Baby's Own



Doctors, nurses and skin-specialists all say "there's no finer soap for baby's delicate skin than Baby's Own Soap." They know that Baby's Own is the result of over 75 years of scientific research and that strict laboratory control keeps it always safe and gentle. That's why they recommend Baby's Own Soap—they have discovered that it is the purest and best!



CONTAINS LANOLIN

Baby's Own

SOAP • OIL • TALC

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO., (CANADA) Limited

experience is rather frightening, even to an adult patient. The patient wheezes when he breathes and is more uncomfortable when he lies down. Injections and drugs by mouth can be given which relieve the attack, but it is nearly always followed by some bronchitis, which is characterized by coughing. Asthma may be caused by sensitivity to horse dander or dandruff, cat hair, dog hair, feathers in pillows or to other materials in the patient's environment. Less frequently it follows the eating of certain foods such as eggs or wheat. In a few cases the cause can be easily discovered—for instance when the patient develops it a few weeks after the adoption of a kitten. Removing the kitten and avoiding cats generally then prevents further attacks.

Usually the solution is not nearly so simple, and first-class sleuth work by a physician is needed to solve the problem. Besides the history of the attacks and the study of the patient's environment the doctor has at least two other useful tools to help him. The first is skin testing. In one type of skin test a tiny scratch is made on the patient's skin and then a small amount of suitably prepared horse dander, if it is a suspected cause, is placed on the scratch. It is moistened with a little fluid. If the patient is sensitive to the horse dander he usually develops within the next 20 minutes a red patch or hive around the scratch. A series of different materials are tested in this manner, each in a different scratch. The other test that the physician uses is for food sensitivity alone. The patient is put on a simple diet consisting of a few foods to which very few patients are susceptible. After a few weeks on this diet, if no asthmatic attacks have occurred, a few more foods are added. If this precipitates an attack, you suspect one of these foods and it can be tested separately. In this way the offending food can sometimes be detected. All these efforts of course are to find out the cause of the trouble. Once it is found it can often be removed, and the best treatment of asthma, as of any other disease, is prevention. Sometimes it is not possible to prevent the patient from coming into contact with the offending substance. In this case it may be possible to partially or completely desensitize him to it, by giving him a series of gradually increasing doses of the substance in question. As a result he is completely or partially relieved of his asthma.

THE SNEEZING, running nose and itchy eyes of hay fever are too common to need comment. The season at which the attacks occur and skin tests usually reveal the noxious agent. Desensitization treatment usually gives relief. Hives, which consist of flat, white, raised areas surrounded by redness, are often due to food sensitivity. Their itching is most irritating. If the offending substance can be discovered, usually by noting the foods eaten shortly before the attack came on, it can be omitted from the diet and future trouble avoided.

There is one other precaution that parents of allergic children should not neglect to take. As you know, lockjaw or tetanus is a very dangerous disease. It can only be treated effectively by the use of tetanus antitoxin. Allergic children may be sensitive to antitoxin and therefore cannot be given it. However, fortunately it is easy to immunize a child against lockjaw by the use of tetanus toxoid. This procedure is absolutely harmless—in fact all our armed forces are protected in this way.✦

"I help to win a big war
...and also a little one"



I BECAME a nurse's aid when I realized the desperate need for them. My husband is in the Navy, and I wanted to help, too. I know now that I chose an important and worth-while job, and a gratifying one.



WHENEVER I work at the hospital, I take Tommy, my little boy, over to my next-door neighbor's. Dot's glad to help me out . . . and since she has a child of her own, Tommy has a fine time.



BUT WHEN I called for Tommy once, I found a small battle raging. Dot was about to spank her little girl. "I hate to," she sighed, "but I've got to make her take this laxative."



"Dot," I said, "it's wrong to force bad-tasting medicine on children. I give Tommy Castoria—made especially for children. It tastes good, and it's gentle and effective."



TO PROVE my point, I ran home and got my Castoria. Dot gave it to her little girl, who loved it! Dot was amazed. "Say, you've settled a big problem in this family for good!" she smiled.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

{ DO } { THIS } If Child Has a Cold

Don't take needless chances with untried remedies—
relieve miseries this home-proved double-action way that

WORKS 2 WAYS AT ONCE TO BRING RELIEF.

Penetrates
to upper breathing
passages with soothing
medicinal vapors.

Stimulates
chest and back sur-
faces like a warming,
comforting poultice.

KEEPS WORKING FOR HOURS—EVEN WHILE CHILD SLEEPS!

NOW to get all the benefits of this combined **PENETRATING-STIMULATING** action as shown above, just rub throat, chest and back with Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Then . . . see how this family standby goes to work instantly—2 ways at once—to relieve coughing spasms, ease muscular soreness or tightness—bring grand relief from distress! Its soothing med-

ication invites restful, comforting sleep—and often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone. Try Vicks VapoRub.

COUGHING SPASMS—To relieve distress, melt a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water. Inhale the steaming, medicated vapors. Feel relief come right with the first breath!

**VICKS
VAPORUB**

IF YOUR BABY DOESN'T GAIN

By MEREDITH MOULTON REDHEAD, Ph. B., Baby Counsellor of Heinz Home Institute



● If your baby doesn't gain according to standard weight charts, don't become alarmed; for every infant has his own individual rate of gaining weight. Weigh your baby according to a regular schedule suggested by your doctor, remembering that a steady gain is all-important and indicates that your baby is developing normally—that his formula agrees with him. Remember, too, that Heinz Baby Foods are made to a rigidly inspected formula which insures a full quota of precious natural vitamins and minerals.

57

**HEINZ
BABY FOODS**

CHILD HEALTH

Clinic



To test food sensitivity,
the patient is first put
on a very simple diet.

Sketches by
Laura Gibson

My Child is Allergic

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

SOME BALL players are allergic to umpires. They react violently to them whenever they come into contact. Medically speaking, of course, allergy has another special meaning, but who would begrudge the popular use of such an expressive word!

True allergy or atopy is a particular sensitivity to one or more substances in the individual's food or in his environment—such as, for example, strawberries or horse dander or ragweed pollen. The commoner allergic diseases are eczema, asthma, hay fever, allergic rhinitis and hives. Very often children inherit the sensitivity from their parents, although it often varies in its manifestation; for instance, grandfather might have asthma, mother hay fever and baby son eczema. If you are allergic, don't be

—say a ragweed hay fever sufferer—and inject this just into the skin of a normal individual, that little area of his skin will be sensitive or react to ragweed pollen, whereas all the rest of his skin will not respond at all to this pollen.

SOME TYPES of allergy are commoner at different ages. Eczema is commonest in infants, asthma usually appears after the age of two (although it may occur as early as one month of age) and hay fever is more frequent after puberty.

Eczema usually appears first on a baby's face. It begins as small red spots, but these soon run together and become moist and covered with crusts. It is extremely itchy and is invariably scratched, with the result that it becomes infected, which makes matters worse. Very often eczema is caused by some food to which the baby is sensitive. So if you notice a red scaly patch on your baby, consult your physician at once before it spreads over a larger area. Usually many different measures have to be undertaken in the treatment of eczema, such as a change in the feeding, the application of special ointments and the use of oil instead of soap and water for washing. Often it is very persistent, despite the most expert treatment, but in many babies it disappears during the second or third year.

The symptoms of asthma are very different. In an attack of this disease the small tubes or bronchioles of the lung become blocked and as a result the patient has difficulty in breathing. This



In some cases the cause is easily discovered . . . when the patient develops it a few weeks after the adoption of a kitten.

surprised if your youngsters show signs of it sooner or later and, if they do, get the best medical advice you can for them when their symptoms appear. Allergic families are wisest not to have dogs or cats or other furry animals as pets in their homes—because one or other member may easily develop asthma or allergic rhinitis as a result.

Allergic individuals are constitutionally different from normal people—they have a substance in their blood which reacts with the material to which they are sensitive, and this combination in some way produces the trouble. You might wonder how we know there is this unusual substance in their blood. One way of demonstrating it is as follows. If you take a little serum (the clear part of the blood) from an allergic individual



If you are allergic don't be surprised if your youngsters show signs of it.



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for school is pandemonium, usually because the mother, and often the father, accept the responsibility for getting the children to school on time. By the time a child has reached the grades the responsibility for punctuality should be passed on to him. He should be made to accept the consequences for being late. The mother's responsibility is to call the child, to see that his clothes are in proper order and that breakfast is served, and then she can maintain a calm composure with reference to the child's time of departure from home or arrival at school.

And so with other parts of the day, the atmosphere of the home creates in the child an attitude of bustle or an attitude of repose. In order to relax satisfactorily one must have privacy or semi-privacy. One cannot relax when strangers are about, no matter whether they are friendly guests or mere acquaintances. A child should be trained from infancy to spend part of the day alone. It may sound strange but the more experience one has had, the richer the background of memories, the fuller the mind, the easier it is to relax and subtract oneself from the immediate environment. Children have so little matter for contemplation, that they become easily bored with their own thoughts, so it is more difficult for children to relax than it is for the trained adult.

During relaxation the mind does not become a blank but is occupied with thoughts that have no immediate reference. Daydreaming is a form of relaxation. It is a mistake to think that daydreaming is a harmful practice. The problem is one of the relative importance of the occupation of the moment. If a child is forced to accept a task which is meaningless to him and hence uninteresting, there will be a tendency to daydream.

This habit of escape from responsibility might be harmful. The solution of the problem then is to investigate the teaching program. It is relatively easy to direct children's interest toward congenial tasks through the early management of routine responsibility. But it is always well to keep in mind that what seems important to the adult may seem trivial to the child.

We come back to the importance of example. There should be periods of the day in the home which are restful and serene. This does not mean that the home should be like a morgue. There is a time for excitement and bustle and flurry but there is also time for a period like Longfellow's "Children's Hour":

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

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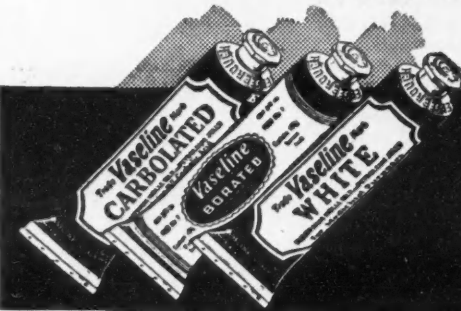
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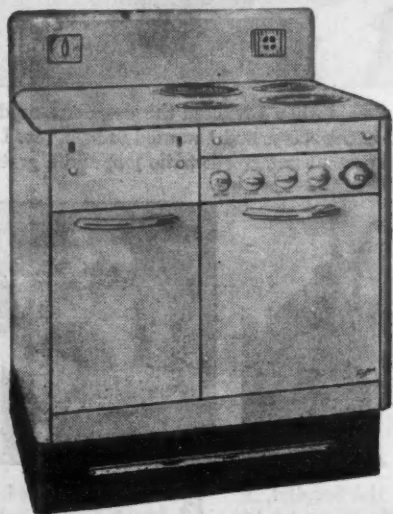
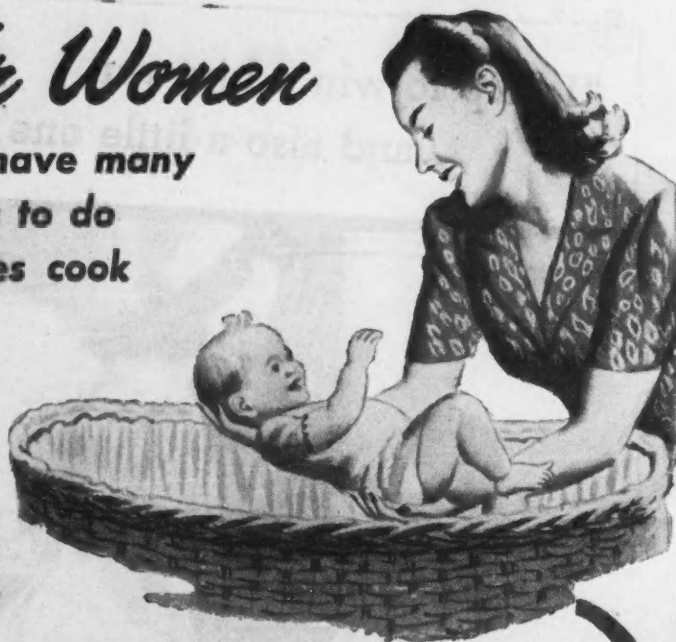
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Relaxation

POEMS AND odes have been written about and to "sleep." Everyone not only realizes how important it is to sleep but also, with the passing years, appreciates and enjoys the anticipation and realization of "a good night's sleep."

Relaxation, on the other hand, is still suspect. The man-on-the-street thinks of relaxation as something which old people and invalids must endure. Vigor, push, pep, zip, vitality, bursting biceps, speed, time-saving, the early bird, the midnight oil, sweat and even tears; these are the words, phrases and ideas that represent modern life. Even war must be a blitz or we who stay behind become impatient.

Time, as measured by the clock, especially an electric gadget, has become the dictator of modern existence. The dead line, aptly named, controls the daily activities of thousands. The height of success is to push time forward, never back. Tuesday's papers are on the street Monday evening. October's magazines may be purchased in September. Winter fashions are shown in the summer. Reading is predigested. There is "no time" to read the whole book or article, it must be tabloided. The acme of success will be reached by the human digester who reduces every article to one word or phrase and, if one may venture to prophesy, the word will be "next" and the phrase "move along." "Antique" furniture is aged in the factory, and whisky is aged overnight. Speedometers register 90 miles when the speed limit is 40. A man was overheard to boast complacently that he had breakfast in New York, tea in London and dinner in Cairo. He had certainly "arrived" — but where?

Fortunately for the human race, sleep is instinctive, but unfortunately relaxation is a learned pattern. Unless a person learns to relax he can no more perform this act than he can play the violin without learning and practicing. Unless we arrange the environment of a young child so that he may learn to relax he never acquires the habit until old age compels him to slow down, or his physician orders him to do so.

Relaxation is not just a matter of "resting," of ceasing to exert oneself. It is largely a habit of mental discipline.

Human beings, like all living things, are born with needs which must be satisfied: hunger, thirst, sex, etc., but through consciousness the particular arrangement that best satisfies a need becomes a *want*. Thus a child needs food but *wants* a banana, or an ice-cream cone or chocolate milk. The wants are infinite in variety. Although the needs are at the basis of all behavior, as one grows older wants more and more dictate how the needs will be satisfied.

There is a need for rest and, although sleep is one form of satisfaction, relaxation during the waking hours is also a need. But with the many wants which

fill our waking hours it is necessary to train the child to want to relax as a second form of satisfying the need for rest. This is one of the most difficult training programs in the bringing up of children, largely because the parents themselves seldom want to relax, as indicated in the first paragraphs of this article. The motto, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, Consider his ways and be wise," is frequently placed before the child and seldom, if ever, the motto, "Go to the cow, thou dynamo."

There are a few hints which can be given, but the example of the parents is far more effective than any set of rules. Breakfast time in many homes where there are two or three children preparing



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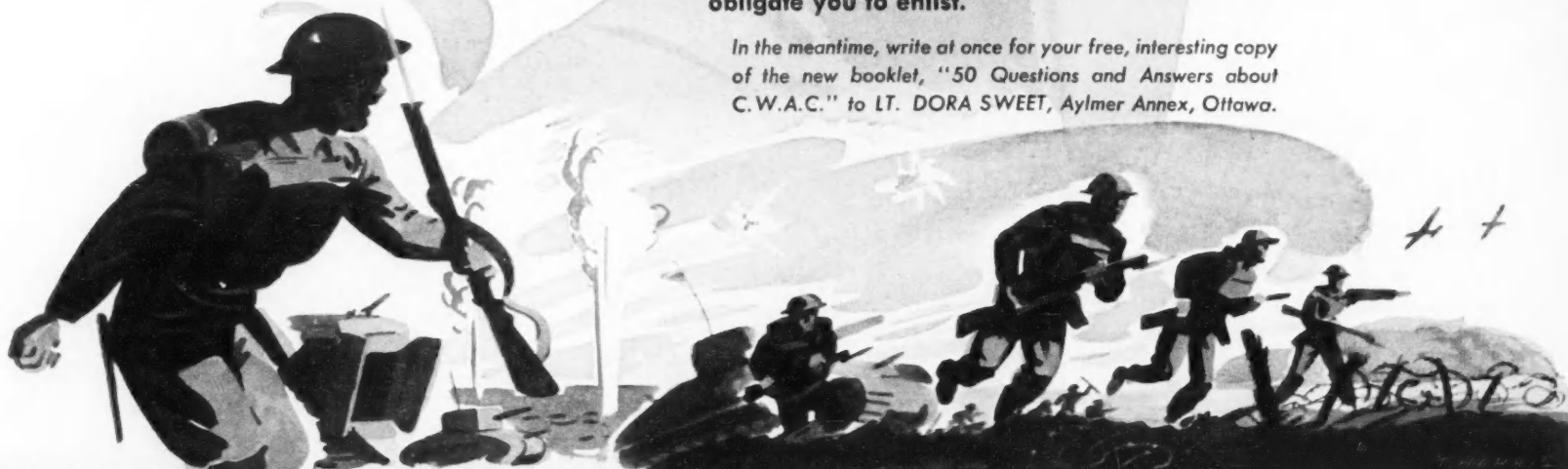
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CANADIAN WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS

Bill of Fare

NOW THAT plans are being shaped for a bigger and better tourist industry after the war, it might not be amiss to call attention to one important lack in our setup to win friends and influence people. It has to do with that little matter of three meals a day, and where to find reasonably decent ones when you're away from home base in this Dominion.

Our food supply, so far as raw materials are concerned, is probably second to none the world over, but what happens to those fine fruits and vegetables and cuts of meat in their translation from the produce markets to restaurant tables remains one of our national mysteries. In far too many cases they undergo a period of maltreatment that would make the good-average housekeeper shudder; aside altogether from the admitted lack of imagination in our cuisine, the meals sold to the travelling public in this country fall far short of the ordinary standards for plain home cooking. And the sad fact is that this situation is the same east and west; all the provinces, it seems, have reached a truly amazing unanimity of opinion on the subject of mashed potatoes with the bone left in, watery vegetables, roast beef cooked to a neutral grey, and apple pie of the kind that no mother ever, ever used to make. Small towns are the worst offenders, but even in the big cities a visitor appreciates being steered to the few restaurants where he can depend on cleanliness and attractive, well-cooked food.

I don't know if the world is still beating a path to the maker of better mouse traps, but I do know it will go right to the end of the road to buy a good meal or to sample the specialty of a region. An Omelet Omamee or Prairie Chicken Prince Albert, once the word-of-mouth advertising gets around, could do as much for those communities as bouillabaisse did for Marseilles or clam chowder for New England. In the days of easy travel people went to Britain for history and cathedrals, and to France for fine food. They came to Canada for lakes and mountains and beaches, for skiing and swimming. They didn't exactly starve en route, but I wonder how many of us natives have felt an apologetic twinge as we've watched a carload from Texas or Illinois disgorge hopefully in front of a dismal restaurant at lunchtime? But the twinge was momentary; we could hurry home to our well-made salad and good cup of coffee, and it wasn't our responsibility to worry overmuch about Main Street menus.

However, in this present breathing space of national stocktaking and planning, we could do with some critical attention to the standard of restaurant food, not only for the benefit of holiday tourists from abroad, but for the comfort of our own citizens when they move about the country. Provincial governments and their travel bureaus could give some leadership, although the real impetus will probably have to come from the individual community, through service clubs and other organizations concerned with advancing the good name of the town. Annual awards for well-tended gardens are no novelty, so why not prizes for Mine Host who can serve a first-class dinner for a dollar, or a salad plate which packs 'em in at 50 cents a head? If we could get really roused to the simple fact that eating is a national pastime but, up to date, cooking isn't, we might get somewhere.

Mary-Elta Macpherson

NOVEMBER Chatelaine 1944



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